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CHRONICLE
OF
SCOTTISH POETRY;

FROM
THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY,
TO
THE UNION OF THE CROWNS:

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A GLOSSARY,

BY J. SIBBALD.

Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidere.—HOR.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

EDINBURGH:

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ERRATA.

ERRATA.

VOLUME FIRST.

P. 7. l. 6. read "ORYGYNALE."

P. 166. l. 6. read "Infelicité."

P. 167. l. 24. read "Creseide."

P. 168. l. 21. read "grofe."

P. 453. l. 12. read, as in the MS. "at the gangat
all for gate woll;" or, according to the editions, "and
thay gang at."

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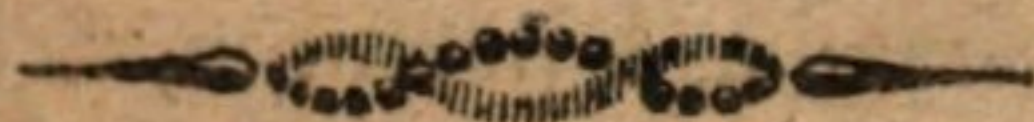
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ADVERTISEMENT.



THE purpose of the following Volumes is to present a more compleat collection of the antient miscellaneous Poetry of Scotland than has hitherto appeared; and, by arranging it chronologically, or according to the order of time, to exhibit the progress of the Scottish language. This design might have been compleated in two volumes of moderate size; but it soon appeared that three such volumes would contain not only all that was valuable in our miscellaneous poetry, but specimens of the larger works from the most antient production of the Scottish Muse to the Union of the Crowns in 1603, when the best Poets began to write in the same dialect with their Southern neighbours. An enlarged plan was therefore adopted, and the original design, it is hoped, thereby considerably improved.

THE greater part of the antient Scottish poetry, of a miscellaneous nature, has been handed down to modern times in two large manuscript volumes; one of them known by the name of the *Maitland*; the other by that of the *Bannatyne* Manuscript. The most valuable articles in the former were communicated to
the

the public by Mr Pinkerton in two vols. 1786; together with an excellent biographical list of Scottish poets. Of George Bannatyne, the compiler of the other Manuscript (1568) nothing appears upon record, except that, according to Mr Tytler, he was one of the canons of the cathedral of Murray. The first page of the book bears, in an old hand, the name of "*Jacobus Foulis, 1623.*"—that is, I presume, Sir James Foulis of Collington; whose brother, George Foulis of Ravilstone, in 1601 married Jonet Bannatyne, probably a daughter or niece of the compiler of the Manuscript; which, through this connection, may have come into the possession of the family of Foulis. In 1712, Sir William Foulis "gifted it" to William Carmichael, advocate, of the Hyndford family; and in 1772, his son, John Earl of Hyndford presented it to the Advocates' Library of Edinburgh, where it now remains.

THE person who first perceived the value of this Miscellany was Allan Ramsay, who in 1724 published a selection from it under the title of *The Evergreen*. But in that selection, the antient language and antient manners of his country were but secondary objects with the Editor; and accordingly his transcripts being not only incorrect, but sometimes unfaithful, Lord Hailes, in 1770, published in a more accurate manner, from the same Manuscript, another selection, under the title of "*Antient Poems.*" Both these publications are now scarce, and the Editor of the present collection has been led to think that a new Edition of them on the above plan might be acceptable to the Public.

BESIDES

BESIDES the poems in the publications of Allan Ramfay and Lord Hailes, the lovers of antient poetry are now accommodated with a better edition of the Works of *Sir David Lindsay* than has been given to the public for these two hundred years. They will likewise find those of *Alexander Hume of Polwarth*, *James VI.* and many other poems not to be had in any similar miscellany. For compleating the Works of *Dunbar*, and for many of the most valuable articles in this chronological series, the Editor is indebted to the Maitland and other collections of Mr Pinkerton, who has contributed, in an eminent degree, to excite a spirit of research into the antient monuments of Scottish literature; and whose name, as an historian, promises to descend to posterity with those of Hailes and Robertson.

THE Editor makes no pretensions to a talent for critical disquisition: neither does he conceive it allowable in any publisher of antient poems to anticipate the reader, and by officious and premature observations to deprive him of the pleasure of judging for himself. All that the nature of his plan requires, is to state in a concise manner the circumstances upon which he has formed his judgment with respect to the æra and author of any particular poem, in cases of comparative uncertainty. If, in his attempts to ascertain these, it shall be found that he has not often erred; that he has not omitted any known poem which in a peculiar degree throws light on the state of the language, manners, or taste of the times, he presumes the chief object of his compilation has been attained. From some late publications, he might indeed

deed have added one or two pieces to those under the reign of James VI. but the merit of these pieces would not have compensated for the increased size and price of the work.

IN a few instances, such as the allegories of the *Cherry and Slae*, *Houlat*, and *Palice of Honour*, it was found impossible to print the poems at full length, without greatly exceeding the prescribed limits: while, on the other hand, the entire omission of such remarkable compositions would have been considered as a great imperfection. It was therefore judged expedient to adopt a middle course, by omitting digressions and redundant passages, so as not materially to injure the general scope or design of the composition. This, it must be confessed, is a task of no small delicacy; and punctilious critics will probably condemn it as an unwarrantable liberty, which upon no occasion ought to be taken. To this the Editor has to answer, that such liberties have been taken but seldom; and chiefly with poems of the allegorical kind: that the alternative was curtailment or total rejection; and that, upon the whole, a judicious abridgement seemed preferable to mutilated quotations. How far he has performed this part of his task with discretion, must be decided by the public. Perhaps the generality of readers will be of opinion that the pieces alluded to are still sufficiently long. "Let us, for a moment," (says the late ingenious Mr Headly, on a similar occasion,) "recollect the fate of Cowley. As the unnatural relish for tinsel and metaphysical conceit declined, his bays gradually lost their verdure: He was no longer to be found

in the hands of the multitude, and untouched even in the closets of the curious ;—in short, the shades of oblivion gathered fast upon him. In consequence, however, of an edition in which the most exceptionable parts, (which had operated like a millstone, and sunk the rest,) were omitted, he has now a dozen readers, where before he had scarce one." If such be not also the fortune of the *Cherry and Slae*, the task of abridgment has fallen into improper hands.

IN these instances only, or in those of palpable mistake, has any liberty been taken with the text of the authors. At the same time, all possible regard has been had to accuracy ; the merit of a work of this nature consisting chiefly perhaps in its fidelity. Another principal recommendation, being a *moderate price*, the publisher of these volumes has not thought it necessary to print them upon a superfine wire-wove hot-pressed paper. He believes, that Sir David Lindsay, " were he now on lyve," would be as well received in a plain suit of home-spun gray, as in the superb mantle of Lyon king at arms.

THE earliest production of the Scottish Muse extant, is said to be a voluminous romance called Sir Tristram, by Thomas of Ercildon, or Earlston, who flourished in the reign of Alexander the Third, or towards the conclusion of the thirteenth century. A copy of this work, belonging to the Advocates Libr. Edinb. has for some years been in the hands of a gentleman of the faculty, who proposes to favour the world with an edition of it in due time. If it shall appear to be a genuine Scottish production of that early period, the

purchasers

purchasers of this compilation will be supplied with a few pages as a specimen; without which, they might consider the present chronological series as incomplete. It is reported, however, that the orthography is more modern than that of the *Adventures of Sir Gawane*; a specimen of which is subjoined to this preface.

THE publisher cannot conclude without acknowledging his obligation to Mr George Paton for the use of some of the rarest volumes which he had occasion to consult. The liberality with which this Gentleman communicates his valuable Library, has been felt with gratitude by all who have undertaken to elucidate the antient history or literature of Scotland.

For some other observations connected with the subject of these volumes, the reader is referred to the preface to the Glossary.

SPECIMEN

SPECIMEN OF THE AUENTURES OF SIR GAWANE, SUPPOS-
ED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN ABOUT THE TIME OF
DAVID II. 1341—1371.

Androw of Wynton, in 1420, mentions a poet of the
name of HUCHOWN, (or HUGH,) of the Awle Ryale,

That cunnand wes in literature,
He made the gret *Gest of Arthure*,
And the *Awntyre of Gawane*;
The Pistil als of *Swete Susane*.
He wes curyws in his style;
Fair of Facund, and subtile;
And ay to plesans of delyte,
Made in meter meit his dyte. . . .

Of *Arthowris* gret douchtynes,
Hys wyrshype and hys prys prowes.
Quhare he and hys rownd tabyl qwyte,
Wes undone and discomfyte.
Huchown hes tretim curyowfly,
In *Gest of Broyttys* auld story.
But of his dede and his last end,
I fand na wryt couth make that kend.
Syn I fand nane that thareof wrate,
I wyll say na mare than I wate.

*Apparently this is not the manner in which one would
speak of a cotemporary. On the contrary, we may
presume from this passage, that Huchown had been
dead before Wynton began to collect materials for
his history, or even before he had arrived at the age
of manhood; which must have been about 1375. If so,
the*

the great Gest of Broyttys, which in all probability comprehended the adventures of Sir Gawane, may have been written early in the fourteenth century; or, at the latest, during the reign of David the Second; that is between the years 1341 and 1371.

A work of such magnitude, and of so popular a nature, could not easily be lost. But, of all the romances or fragments which have hitherto been discovered upon that subject, there are none which bear such evident marks of antiquity, and at the same time have so much the appearance of belonging to some great work as the two poems published by Mr Pinkerton, under the titles of Sir Gawane and Sir Galaron, and Gawane and Gologras, in his collection of "Reprinted Poems, 1792." So uncouth is their style, (says Mr. P.) that they present difficulties sufficient to puzzle the most skilful commentator, or etymologist." Hence it seems not improbable that these romances may be fragments of Huchown's "Gret gest of Arthur;" or at least that they may be co-eval with it. There is also room for a conjecture that Huchown (Hugh) may be the christian name of Clerk of Tra-
nant,

"That made the adventures of Sir Gawane."

DUNBAR'S LAMENT.

Or Huchown may be the same with Sir Hew of Eglington, mentioned in the same Lament; in either of which cases, or until some evidence appear to the contrary, the Gest of Arthur may be considered as a Scottish composition, of which Sir Gawane and Sir Galaron is a fragment. As such, I shall here insert a specimen, assuming for its era the reign of David the Second; although the extreme rudeness of the language might warrant us to place it almost a century farther back. Upon a strict comparison, Holland's allegory of The Houlat appears considerably more intelligible; a circumstance of which

I was

I was not fully aware when the abstract of that poem, (page 62.) was in the press.

It is scarcely necessary to mention, that Gaynor, or Guenever, was the wife of King Arthur ; and Sir Gawayne, one of the most famous knights of the round table. Upon a great hunting expedition, while Sir Gawayne is separated from the rest of the company, the Ghost of Guenever's mother is represented as appearing to him in the following manner :

I.

IN the tyme of Arthur, an aunter betydde,
By the Turnewathelan, as the boke telles ;
Whan he to Carlele was comen, and conqueror kydd,
With Dukes and Duffiperes, that with the dere dwelles,
To hunt at the herdes, that longe had ben hydde,
On a day thei hem deight to the depe delles ;
To fall of the femailes in forest and frydde,
Fayre by the Firmysthamis, in frithes and felles.
Thus to wode arn thei went, the wlonkest in wedes,
Both the Kyng, and the Quene :
And all the douchti by dene ;
Sir Gawayn, gayest on grene,
Dame Gaynour he ledes.

II.

Thus Schir Gawayn, the gay, Gaynour he ledes,
In a gleterand gide, that glemed full gay,
With riche ribaynes reidssett, ho so right redes,
Rayled with rybees of rial aray.
Her hode of a herde huwe, that her hede hedes,
Of pillour, of palwerk, of perre to pay ;

Schurde in a short cloke, that the rayne shedes,
 Set over with saffres, sothely to say.
 With saffres, and scladynes, set by the fides.
 Here sadel sette of that ilke,
 Sande with sambutes of filke.
 On a mule whyte as the mylke,
 Gaili she glides.

III.

Al in gleterand golde gayly ho glides
 The gates, with Sir Gawayn, bi the grene welle.
 And that barne, on his blonke, with the Quene bides;
 That borne was in borgoyne, by boke and by belle.
 He ladde that ladye so long by the lawe fides,
 Under a lone they light lore by a felle.
 And Arthur, with his Erles, earnestly rides,
 To teche hem to her tristres, the trouthe for to tell.
 To her tristres he hem taught, ho the trouth trowes,
 Eche lord, withouten lette,
 To an oke he hem sette;
 With bowe, and with barselette,
 Under the bowes.

IV.

Under the bowes thei bode, thes barnes so bolde,
 To byker at thes baraynes, in boukes so bare.
 There might hatheles in high herdes beholde;
 Herken huntynge in hast, in holtes so hare.
 Thei kest of here couples, in cliffes so colde,
 Conforte her kenettes, to hele hem of care;
 Thei fel of the femayles ful thik folde:
 With fresch houndes, and fele, thei folowen her fayre.
 With gret questes, and quelles,
 Both in frith and felles,
 All the deeren in the delles
 Thei durken, and dare.

V.

Thei durken the dere, in the dyme fkuwes,
 That, for drede of the deth, droupis the do.
 Thai werray the wylde fwyne, and worchen hem wo.
 The huntis thei hallow, in hurstis and huwes;
 And bluwe rechas ryally thei ran to the ro;
 They gef to no gamen, that on grounde gruwes:
 The grete grendes, in the grenes, so gladly thei go.
 So gladly thei gon, in greves so grene.
 The King blew rechas;
 And folowed fast on the tras;
 With many fergeant of mas,
 That folas to fene.

VI.

With folas thei femble, the pruddest in palle,
 And fuwen to the foveraine, within fchaghes fchene.
 Al but Schir Gawayn, gayest of all,
 Belenes with Dame Gaynour in greves so grene.
 Under a lorer ho was light, that lady so small,
 Of box, and of berber, bigged ful bene.
 Fast byfore undre this ferly con fall,
 And this mekel mervaille, that I shal of mene.
 Now wol I of this mervaille mene, if I mote.
 The day wex als dirke,
 As hit were mydnight myrke;
 Thereof the King was irke;
 And light on his fote.

VII.

Thus to fote ar thei faren, thes frekes unfayn,
 And fleen fro the forest to the fewe felles;
 For the fuetand fuawe fuartly hem fuelles.
 There come a Lede of the Lawe, in londe is not to
 layne,
 And glides to Schir Gawayne, the gates to gayne;
 Yauland, and yomerand, with many loude yelles,
 Hit yaules, hit yamers, with waymyng wete,

And

And feid, with fiking fare,
 " I ban the body me bare !
 " Alas now kindeles my care !
 " I gloppe, and I grete."

VIII.

Then gloppenet, and grete, Gaynour the gay,
 And feid to Sir Gawen, " What is thi good rede ?"
 " Hit ar the clippes of the fon, I herd a clerk fay."
 And thus he confortes the Quene for his knighthede.
 " Schir Cador, Schir Clegor, Schir Costandyne, Schir
 Cay,
 " Thes knyghtes arn curtays, by croffe, and by crede,
 " That thus oonly have me laft on my deythe day,
 " With the griffelift Gooft, that ever herd I grede."
 ' Of the gooft,' quod the grome, ' greve you no mare,
 ' For I fhall fpeke with the fprete,
 ' And of the wayes I fhall wete,
 ' What may the bales bete,
 ' Of the bodi bare.'

IX.

Bare was the body, and blak to the bone,
 Al biclagged in clay, uncomly cladde.
 Hit waried, hit wayment, as a woman ;
 But on hide, ne on huwe, no heling hit hadde.
 Hit ftemered ; hit ftonayde ; hit ftode as a ftone :
 Hit marred ; hit memered ; hit mused for madde.
 Agayn the grisly Gooft Schir Gawayn is gone ;
 He rayked out at a res, for was never drad ;
 Drad was he never, ho fo right redes.
 On the chef of the cholle,
 A pade pik on the polle ;
 With eighen holked full holle,
 That gloed as the gledes.

X.

Al glowed as a glede, the gofte there ho glides,
 Unbeclipped him, with a cloude of cleyng unclere,
 Skeled

Skeled with serpentis, all aboute the fides ;
 To tell the todes theron my tongue wer full tere.
 The barne braides out the bronde, and the body bides,
 Therefor the chevalrous knight changed no chere.
 The houndes highen to the wode, and her hede hides,
 For the grisly goost made a grym bere :
 The grete greundes wer agast of the grym bere,
 The birdes in the bowes,
 That on the goost glowes,
 Thai skryke in the skowes,
 That hatheles may here.

XI.

Hathelese might here so fer into halle,
 How chatered the cholle, the chalous on the chyne,
 Then comred the Knight, on Crist can he calle,
 ‘ As thou was crucifized on croys, to clanse us of syn,
 ‘ That thou sei me the sothe, whether thou shalle,
 ‘ And whi thou walkest thes wayes the wodes within?
 “ I was of figure, and face, fairest of alle ;
 “ Cristened, and knowen, with King in my kyne ;
 “ I have King in my kyn knowen for kene.
 “ God has me geven of his grace,
 “ To dre my paynes in this place.
 “ I am comen, in this cace,
 “ To speke with your Quene.

XII.

“ Quene was I somwile, brighter of browes,
 “ Then Berell, or Brangwayn, thes burdes so bolde ;
 “ Of al gamen, or gle, that on grounde growes ;
 “ Gretter than Dame Gaynour, of garson, and golde,
 “ Of palacis, of parkis, of pondis, of plowes ;
 “ Of townis, of touris, of treffour untolde ;
 “ Of castellis, of contreyes, of craggis, of clowes.
 “ Now am I caught out of kide to cares so colde :
 “ Into care am I caught, and couched in clay.
 “ Se, Schir curtays Knight,

“ How

"How dolfulle deth has me dight.

"Lete me onys have a fight

"Of Gaynour the gay."

XIII.

After Gaynour, the gay, Schir Gawayn is gon,
And to the body he hes brought, and to the burde
bright.

"Welcome Waynour ! I wis worthi in won.

"Lo how delful deth has thi Dame dight !

"I was radder of rode then rose in the ron ;

"My lever, as the lelè, lonched on hight.

"Now am I a graceless gäst ; and grisly I gron.

"With Lucyfer, in a lake, logh am I light.

"Take truly tent right nowe by me ;

"For al thi fresch favoure

"Muse on my mirrour.

"For King, and Emperour,

"Thus shal ye be.

XIV.

"Thus *deth* wil you dight, thare you not doute ;

"Thereon hertly take hede, while thou art here.

"Whan thou art richest araied, and richest in thi route,

"Have pitè on the poer, thou art of power.

"Barnis, and burdis, that ben ye aboute,

"When thi body is bamed, and brought on a ber,

"Then lite wyn the light, that now will the loute ;

"For then the helpes nothing, but holy praier.

"The praier of poer may purchas thè pes ;

"Of that thou yeves at the yete,

"When thou art fet in thi fete,

"With all merthis at mete,

"And dayntes on des.

XV.

"With riche dayntes on des thi droles art dight ;

"And I, in danger and doel, in donjon I dwelle ;

"Naxtè, and nedeful, naked on night ;

"Ther

“ Ther folo me a ferde of fendes of helle.
 “ They hurle me unhendeley, thai harme me in hight;
 “ In bras, and in brymston, I bren as a belle,
 “ Was never wrought in this world a wofuller wight.
 “ Hit were ful tore any tonge my torment to telle.
 “ Nowe wil I of my torment tel, or I go.
 “ Thenk hertly on this,
 “ Fonde to mende thi mys.
 “ Thou art warned I wys.
 “ Bewar be my wo !”

XVI.

“ Wo is me for thi wo !” quod Waynour, “ I wys.”
 “ But one thing wold I wite, if thi wil ware.
 “ If anyes matens, or mas, might mende thi mys,
 “ Or eny meble on molde ; my merthe were the mare.
 “ If bedis of bishoppis might bring the to blisse ;
 “ Or coventes in cloistre might kere the of care.
 “ If thou be my moder, grete wonder hit is
 “ That al thi burly body is brought to be so bare.”
 “ I bare the of my body ; what bote is hit I layn ?
 “ I brak a solempne vow,
 “ And no man wist hit, but thowé ;
 “ By that token thou trowe
 “ That sothely I sayn.”

XVII.

“ Say sothely what may ye faven, I wys ;
 “ And I shal make fere men to finge for thi sake.
 “ But the baleful bestis that on thi body is !
 “ Al bledes my ble, thi bones arne so blake.”
 “ That is luf paramour, listis, and delites,
 “ That has me light, and laft logh in a lake.
 “ Al the welth of the world, that away wites,
 “ With the wilde wermis that worche me wrake.
 “ Wrake thei me worchen, Waynour, I wys !
 “ Were thritty trentaies don,
 “ Bytwene under and non,

“ Mi .

“ Mi foule focoured with son,
 “ And brought to the blys.”

XVIII.

“ To blisse bring the the barne, that bought the on rode !
 “ That was crucified on croys and crouned with thorne.
 “ As you was cristened, and cresomed, with candle and
 code,
 “ Folowed in foute stone, on frely byforne;
 “ Mary the mighti, myldest of mode,
 “ Of whom the blisful barne in Bedlem was borne,
 “ Geve me grace that I may grete ye with gode ;
 “ And mynge ye with matens, and masses on morne.”
 “ To mende us with masses grete myster hit were.
 “ For him that rest on the rode,
 “ Gyf fast of thi goode
 “ To folk that failen the fode,
 “ While thou art here.”

XIX.

“ Here hertly my honde, thes hestes to holde;
 “ With a myllion of masses to make the mynyng.
 “ A !” quod Waynour, “ I wys yit weten I wolde,
 “ What wrathed God most at thi weting ?”
 “ Pride, with the appurtenance ; as prophets tolde
 “ Bifore the peple, apt in her preching.
 “ Hit beres bowes bitter, therof be thou bolde,
 “ That mak barnes so bly to breke his bidding ;
 “ But ho his bidding brek, bare thei ben of blys.
 “ But thei be salved of that fare,
 “ Er thei hepen fare,
 “ They mon weten of care,
 “ Waynour, I wys.”

XX.

“ Wyffe me,” quod Waynour, “ som wey, if thou wost,
 “ What bedis might me best to the blisse bring.”
 “ Mekenesse, and mercy, thes arn the moost. [king.
 “ And sithen have pité on the poer : that pleses heven
 “ Sithen

“ Sithen charité is chef, and then is chaste ;
 “ And then almesse dede cure al thing.
 “ Thes arn the graceful giftes of the Holy Goste,
 “ That enspires iche sprete, withoute speling.
 “ Of this spiritual thing spute thou no mare.
 “ Als thou art Quene in thi quert,
 “ Hold thes wordes in hert.
 “ Thou shal leve but a stert :
 “ Hethen shal thou fare.”

XXI.

‘ How shal we fare,’ quod the Freke, ‘ that fonden to
 ‘ fight,
 ‘ And thus defoulen the folke, on fele king londes,
 ‘ And riches over reymes, withoutten eny right,
 ‘ Wynnen worshipp in werre, thorgh wightnesse of
 ‘ hondes?’
 “ Your King is covetous, I warne thé, Schir Knight.
 “ May no man stry him with strength, while his whele
 “ stondes.
 “ Whan he is in his magesté, moost in his might,
 “ He shal light ful lowe on the se fondes.
 “ And this chivalrous knight chef shal thorgh chaunce
 “ Falsely fordone in fight,
 “ With a wonderful wight,
 “ Shal make lordes to light ;
 “ Take witnesse by Fraunce.

XXII.

“ Fraunce hath haf the frely with your fight wonnen ;
 “ Freol, and his folke, fey ar they leved.
 “ Bretayne, and Burgoyne, al to you bowen,
 “ And all the Dussiperes of Fraunce with your dyn
 “ deved.
 “ Gyan may grete the werre was bigonnen ;
 “ There ar no lordes on lyve in that londe leved.
 “ Yet shal the riche remayns with one be overronen,
 “ And with the Rounde Table the rentes be reved.

" Thus shal a Tyber untrue tymber with tene.
 " Gete the Schir Gawayn,
 " Turne the to Tuskayn,
 " For ye shal lese Bretayn
 " With a King kene.

XXIII.

" This Knight shal be clanly enclosed with a crowne ;
 " And at Carlele shal that comly be crowned as King ;
 " A fege shal he feche with a fessioun,
 " That myche baret, and bale, to Bretayn shal bring.
 " Hit shal in Tuskayn be tolde of the trefoun,
 " And ye shullen turne ayen for the tything.
 " Ther shal the Rounde Table lese the renoun.
 " Beside Ramsey ful rad, at a riding,
 " In Dorsetshire shal dy the doughtest of alle.
 " Gete the Schir Gawayn,
 " The boldest of Bretayn ;
 " In a flake thou shal be flayne.
 " Sich ferlyes shul falle !

XXIV.

" Such ferlies shul fal, withoute eny fable,
 " Uppon Cornewayle coost, with a knight kene,
 " Schir Arthur the honest, avenant, and able,
 " He shal be wounded, I wys, woyeley I wene.
 " And al the rial rowte of the Rounde Table,
 " Thei shullen dye on a day, the doughty bydene.
 " Supprifit with a surget, he beris hit in fable,
 " With a fauter engreled, of silver full shene :
 " He beris hit of fable, sothely to fay.
 " In riche Arthures halle,
 " The barne playes at the balle,
 " That ontray shal you alle,
 " Delfully that day.

XXV.

" Have gode day Gaynour, and Gawayn the gode ;
 " I have no lenger to me tidinges to telle.

" I mote

" I mote walke on my wey, thorgh this wilde wode,
 " In my wonyng-ftid, in wo for to dwelle.
 " Fore him, that right wisly rofe, and reft on the rode,
 " Thenke on the danger, that I yn dwell.
 " Fede folke, for my fake, that failen the fode ;
 " And munge me with matens, and maffes in melle.
 " Maffes arn medecynes, to us that bale bides.
 " Us thenke a maffe as fwete,
 " As eny fpice that ever ye yete."
 — With a grisly grete,
 The gofte away glides.

XXVI.

With a grisly grete the gofte away glides ;
 And goes, with gronyng fore, thorgh the greves grene.
 The wyndes, the weders, the welken unhides ;
 Then unclosed the cloudes, the fon con fhene.
 The King his bugle has blowen, and on the bent bides,
 His fare folke in the frith thei flokken bydene.
 And al the rial route to the Quene rides.
 She sayis hem the felcouthes, that thai hadde yfeene :
 The wife of the weder forwondred they were.
 Prince proudest in palle,
 Dame Gaynour, and alle,
 Went to Rondoles halle,
 To the fuppere.

Here are many words and phrafes which feem to belong rather to the beginning than the middle of the fourteenth century ; as *bo* and *heo* for *ſhe* ; *her* for *their* ; *hem* for *them* ; none of which can be ſaid to have been introduced for the ſake of alliteration. Neither is it probable that they have been ſo written in imitation of ancient language. The following lines from the Chronicle of Robert of Brunne, who wrote between 1303 and 1338, will enable the reader to form ſome conjecture with reſpect to the antiquity of *Sir Gawane* :

Gude it is for many thynges
 For to here the dedes of kynges,

Whilk

Whilk were foles, and whilk were wyse,
 And whilk of tham couth most quantyse;
 And whilk did wrong, and whilk ryght,
 And whilk mayntened pes and fyght.
 Of thare dedes fall be mi sawe,
 In what time, and of what law. . . .
 Fro Brutus to Cadwelad-res,
 The last Briton that the land lees,
 All that kind and all the frute,
 That come of Brutus, that is the Brute,
 After the Bretons, the Inglis camen,
 The lordschip of this land that namen,
 When thai first among the Bretons,
 That now are Inglis, than were Saxons. . . .
 I mad nought for no disours,
 Ne for seggers, no harpours,
 But for the luf of symple men,
 That strange Inglis cannot ken:
 For many it ere that strange Inglis,
 In ryme wate never what it is. . . .
 I see in song in sedgeyng tale,
 Of *Erceldone* and *Kendale*,
 Non tham says as thai them wroght,
 And in ther saying it semes nought,
 That may thou here in *Sir Tristrem*;
 Over gestes it has the steem,
 Over all that is or was,
 If men it sayd as made *Thomas*.
 Thay sayd in so quaynte Inglis,
 That manyone wate not what it is.
 And forsooth I couth nought
 So strange Inglis as thai wroght. . . .

These verses are not so obsolete as to be unintelligible; but in the *Aventure of Sir Gawayn*, there are not a few words, and even whole lines, which I am unable to explain. Perhaps it ought to have been placed before the year 1300, or under the reign of Alexander III.

CHRONICLE

OF

SCOTTISH POETRY.

ROBERT II. 1371—1390.

The earliest specimen of the language of the Scottish Lowlands, so far as hitherto has appeared, is an elegiac sonnet on the death of Alexander III. 1285 ; which the reader will find in the preface to the Glossary ; and it is well worthy of particular attention. But the first genuine work of importance is the LIFE OF BRUCE by JOHN BARBOUR, archdeacon of Aberdeen, who seems to have been born about 1326 ; composed his history in 1375 ; and died in 1396. The only edition in which the antient orthography is preserved, is that of Mr Pinkerton, 1790 ; printed from a manuscript of 1489. From that edition the following specimen is selected.

SPEECH OF KING ROBERT THE BRUCE ON THE EVENING BEFORE THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

QUHEN the gud KING gan thaim fè,
Befor him swa assemblit be,
Blyth and glad, that thair fayis war
Rabutyt apon sic maner ;
A litill quhill he held hym still ;
Syne on this wyfs he said hys will.

“ Lordings, we aucht to love and luff

“ Almychty God, that fitts abuff,

VOL. I.

A

“ That

“ That sends us fa fayr beginnyng.
 “ It is a gret discomforting
 “ Till our fayis, that on this wyfs
 “ Sa sone has bene rabutyt twifs.
 “ For quhen thai off thair oft fall her,
 “ And knaw suthly on quhat manner
 “ Thair waward, that wes fa stout ;
 “ And syne yone othyr joly rout,
 “ That I trow off the best men war
 “ That thai mycht get amang thaim thar
 “ War rabutyt fa sedanly ;
 “ I trow, and knawis it full clerly,
 “ That mony a hart fall waverand be,
 “ That semyt er off gret bounté.
 “ And, fra the hart be discumfyt,
 “ The body is not worth a myt.
 “ Tharfor I trow that gud ending
 “ Sall folow till our begynnyng.
 “ And quheyr I say not this yow till,
 “ For that ye suld folow my will
 “ To fycht : bot in yow all fall be.
 “ For giff yow thinks speidfull that we
 “ Fecht ; we fall : and, giff ye will,
 “ We leve, your liking to fulfill.
 “ I fall consent, on all kyn wyfs,
 “ To do, rycht as ye will dewyfs.
 “ Tharfor sayis off your will planly.”
 And with a voce than gan thai cry :
 “ Gud King ! forowtyn mar delay,
 “ To morne alsone as ye se day,
 “ Ordane yow hale for the bataill ;
 “ For doute of dede we fall not fail.
 “ Na, na payn fall refusyt be,
 “ Quhill we haiff maid our countré fre !”
 Quhen the King had hard fa manlily
 Thai spak to fechting, and fa hardely,

In hart gret glaidfchaip gan he ta.
 And said, " Lordings, sen ye will sua,
 " Schaip we us tharfor in the mornyng,
 " Swa that we, be the sone ryfing,
 " Haff herd mefs , and buskyt weill
 " Ilk man intill hys awn eschell,
 " Without the pailyownys, arayit
 " In bataillis, with baners displayit.
 " And luk ye na wyfs brek aray.
 " And, as ye luff me, I yow pray
 " That ilk man for hys awne honour,
 " Purway hym a gud baneour.
 " And, quhen it cumys to the fycht,
 " Ilk man fet hart, will, and mycht,
 " To stynt our fayis' mekill prid.
 " On horfs thai will arayit rid ;
 " And cum on yow in full gret hy.
 " Mete thaim with spers hardely.
 " And think than on the meikill ill,
 " That thai and thairs has done us till ;
 " And ar in will yeit for to do,
 " Giff thai hafs mycht to cum tharto.
 " And certs me think weill that ye
 " Forowt abayfing aucht to be
 " Worthy, and off gret wasselags,
 " For we haiff thre gret awantags.
 " The fyrst is, that we haiff the rycht ;
 " And for the rycht ay God will fycht.
 " The tothyr is, that thai cummyn ar,
 " For lyppynnyng off their gret powar,
 " To sek us in our awne land ;
 " And has broucht her, rycht till our hand,
 " Ryches into sa gret quantité,
 " That the powerest off yow fall be
 " Bath ryche, and mychty tharwithall,
 " Giff that we wyne, as weill may fall.

" The

“ The thred is, that we for our lyvys,
“ And for our childre, and for our wywis,
“ And for our fredome, and for our land,
“ As strenyeit into bataill stand.
“ And thai, for thair mycht anerly,
“ And for thai lat off us leychtly,
“ And for thai wald destroy us all,
“ Maifs thaim to fycht : bot yeit may fall
“ That thai fall rew thair barganyng.
“ And certs I warne yow off a thing
“ That happyn thaim, as God forbed
“ That deyt on roid for mankyn heid !
“ That thai wyn us opynly,
“ Thai fall off us haf na mercy.
“ And, sen we knaw thair feloun will,
“ Methink it fuld accord to skill,
“ To set stoutnes agayne felony ;
“ And mak sa gat a juperty.
“ Quharfor I yow requer, and pray,
“ That with all your mycht, that you may,
“ Ye pres yow at the beguining,
“ Bot cowardys or abaysing,
“ To mete thaim at thair fyrst assemble
“ Sa stoutly that the henmaist tremble.
“ And menys off your gret manheid,
“ Your worfchip, and your douchty deid ;
“ And off the joy that we abid,
“ Giff that us fall, as weill may tid.
“ Hap to wencufs this gret bataill.
“ In your handys without fayle
“ Ye ber honour, price, and riches ;
“ Fredome, welth, and blythnes ;
“ Giff ye contene ye manlily.
“ And the contrar all halyly
“ Sall fall, giff ye lat cowardys
“ And wykkytne yow supprifs.

“ Ye

“ Ye mycht haf lewynt into threldome.
“ Bot, for ye yarynt till haff fredome,
“ Ye ar assemblyt her with me.
“ Tharfor is nedfull that ye be
“ Worthy and wyght, but abaysing.
“ And I warne yow weill off a thing;
“ That mar meyscheiff may fall us nane,
“ Than in thair handys to be tane:
“ For thai fuld slaw us I wate weill
“ Ryght as thai did my brothyr NELE.
“ Bot quhen I mene off your stoutnes,
“ And off the mony gret prowes,
“ That ye haf doyne sa worthely;
“ I traist, and trowis sekylly,
“ To have plane victour in this fyght.
“ For thouch our fayis haff mekill mycht,
“ Thai haf the wrang, and succudry,
“ And cowardys of senyowry,
“ Amowys thaim forowtyn mor.
“ Na us thar dreid thaim, bot befor;
“ For strenth off this place, as ye se,
“ Sall let us enweronyt to be.
“ And I pray yow als specially,
“ Bath mar and les commonaly,
“ That nane off yow for gredynes
“ Haff ey to tak off thair ryches;
“ Na prisoners for to ta;
“ Quhill ye se thaim contreryt sa,
“ That the feld anerly yowrs be.
“ And than, at your liking, may ye
“ Tak all the ryches that thar is.
“ Giff ye will wyrk upon this wyfs,
“ Ye sall haiff victour sekylly.
“ I wate not quhat mar say sall I.
“ Bot all wate ye quhat honour is;
“ Contene thaim on sic awifs,

“ That

" That your honour ay favyt be.
 " And Ik hycht her in leauté,
 " Giff ony deys in this bataille,
 " Hys ayr, but ward, releff, or taile,
 " On the fyrst day fall weld ;
 " All be he neuir sa young off eld.
 " Now makys yow redy for to fycht.
 " God help us, that is maist off mycht !
 " I rede armyt all nycht that we be,
 " Purwayit in bataill fwa, that we
 " To mete our fayis ay be boune."
 Than anfueryt thai all, with a sounne,
 ' As ye dewifs all fall be done.'
 Than till thair innys went thai sone ;
 And ordanyt thaim for the fechting.
 Syne assemblt in the ewynyng,
 And fwa gat all the nycht bad thai,
 Till on the morn that it wes day *.

JAMES

* 'The event of the battle is well known. " On this occasion,"
 says Fabyan, " the Scottes made this ryme."

Maydens of Englande, fore may ye morne,
 For your lemmans ye have lost at Bannocky's Burne,
 With a heve a lowe.
 What ! weneth the king of England
 So soon to have won Scotland ?
 With rumby lowe !

JAMES I. 1405—1437.

[*It is not known that any Poet flourished in Scotland during the reign of ROBERT III. or regency of the Dukes of Albany, until about the year 1420, when ANDREW WINTON, Prior of the Inch of Lochleven, composed his ORYGNAL CRONYKIL of Scotland, from Fergus, son of Eric, down to his own time. It was first published in 1795, in two volumes, royal 8vo. The following Legend is a sufficient specimen of his language ; and, it is also a specimen of those absurd tales which served to amuse our ancestors in the earlier ages of Christianity.*]

LEGEND OF SANCT. SERF.

QUHEN the thrid (Pope) John was dede,
Sanct SERF sevyn yer helde that stede.
He was of lif a haly man :
The kyng's son of Canaan.
His fader's landes, of heritage,
Fel til hym be cleyr lynage,
And lauchful leil, befor al other,
That gaf he till his yongar brother.
All swylk cumbyr he forsuyk :
And till haly lif hym take.
God fende hym a fuet angelle
To giff hym comfort and confell.
And wyth the angel alfa fast
Fyrst to Alexandyre he past.

Tyl Constantynopile syne he come :
 And to the Cyte (fra thine) of Rome.
 Thar than vakyt the Popis se :
 And chosyn syne til it was he.
 Than governyt he that fevyn yere.
 And, quhen thai al ourpassit wer,
 The angel that his ledar was
 Syne hym behufit fra Rome to passe :
 For God ordanyt nocht that he
 Langar in that lande fuld be ;
 Than, on a solempnyt day,
 Or he begouth to tak his way,
 He made a predicacion,
 And a solempne fair sermon,
 To the Romanys, that he gert cal
 Befor hym ; and thar at thaim all
 His leif he tuk, but mar delay :
 With thar bleffing he past his way.
 And with the angel apon chaunse
 Fra theyne, throw the realme of Fraunse ;
 Straucht to the see departande,
 Fra Fraunse, the kynrik of Inglande.
 Schippen thar he gat reddy ;
 Withe hym a hundyr in company.
 In the schippis he made entré :
 Syne tuk up sayl and helde the se.

Withe wynde at wil and furth he past,
 In Forthe quhil thai come at the last.
 And arryvit at *Inch Keyth*,
 The ile betwix *Kyngorne* and *Leith*.
 Of Icolmkyll the abbot than,
 Sanct Adaman that holy man,
 Come til hym ; and thar fermly
 Mad spirituale bande of company.

And

And tretit hym to cum in *Fyff*,
 The tyme til dryf our of his liff.
 Than til *Disart* he his menyie,
 Of that confail, furth fende he.
 Syne at *Kynneil* he come to lande :
 Thar our the watyr he kest his wande,
 That suddandly grew in a tre,
 And bare of appilis gret plente.
 And that stede eftyr ay
Morglas was callit mony day.
 Syne our the watyr, of purpose,
 Of *Fortbe* he passit til *Culrosse*.
 Thar he begouthe to rede a grounde,
 Quhar that he thought a kyrk to founde.
Brude, Dargard's son, in Scotlande
 Kyng our the Peychts than regnande,
 Was movit in gret crewelte
 Agane Sanct SERF, and his menyie.
 He fende felon men forthi,
 To sla thaim aldon, but mercy.
 Bot this kyng ourtakyn was
 Suddandly with gret feiknes :
 And at the prayer specyale
 Of Sanct SERF he was made hail.
 The kyng than fel fra that purposse ;
 And gaf til Sanct SERF al *Culrosse* ;
 With alkyn profits all frely.
 Syne til his prayers devoutly
 Hym he commendit, and his state ;
 And put away alkyn debate :
 And reffavit with honesté
 Sanct SERF thar, and his menyie.
 Thar fyrst Sanct SERF tuk his resset
 To lif on that at he mycht get.
 And thar he broucht up Sanct Mongow,
 That syne was bischope of *Glasgu*.

Syne fra *Culrosse* he past evyn
 To the *Ynche of Louchlevyn*.
 The kyng *Brude*, of devocion,
 Mad til Sanct SERF donacion,
 Of that *Ynche*: and he dwelt thar
 Til sevyn yer ourpassit war.
 In *Tulybothy* ane il sprite
 A cristyn man, that tyme, taryit.
 Of that spyrit he was than
 Delyverit throw that haly man.
 In *Tulycultry* til a wif
 Twa sonys he rayfit fra ded to lyf.

This holy man had a ram,
 That he had fed up of a lam:
 And oyfit hym til folow ay,
 Quherevir he passit in his way.
 A theyf this scheappe in *Achren* stal;
 And et hym up in pecis smalle.
 Quhen Sanct SERF his ram had myst,
 Quha that it stal was few that wist:
 On presumpcion nevirtheles
 He that it stal arestyt was.
 And til Sanct SERF syne was he broucht,
 That scheipe he said that he stal noucht:
 And tharfor for to fwer ane athe,
 He said that he walde nocht be laythe.
 Bot sone he worthit rede for schayme;
 The scheype thar bletyt in his wayme!
 Swa was he tayneit schamfully;
 And at Sanct SERF askyt mercy.

In dubbyng of devocion,
 And prayer, he flew a fel dragon.
 Quhar he was slayn that plasse was ay
The Dragonys den callt to this day.

Quhil

Quhil Sanct SERF, intil a stede,
Lay eftyr matynys in his bedde ;
The devil come, in foulle intent
For til fandde hym with argument.
And faid, " Sanct SERF, be thi werk,
" I ken thow art a connande clerk."
Sanct SERF faid, ' Gif a fwa be ;
' Foulle vretche quhat is that for the ?'
The devil faid, " This question
" I ask in our colacion.
" Sa quhar was God, witt ye oucht,
" Befor that hevyn and erde was wroucht ?"
Sanct SERF faid, ' In hymself stedles
' Hys Godheide hamprede nevir wes.'
The devil than askyt, " Quhat cause he hade
" To mak the creaturs that he made ?"
To that Sanct SERF anfuerde thar,
' Of creaturs made he was makar.
' A makar mycht he nevir be,
' Bot gif creaturs made had he.'
The devil askyt hym, " Quhy God of noucht
" His werks al ful gud had wroucht ?"
Sanct SERF anfuerde, ' That Goddis wil
' Was nevir to mak his werks ill.
' And als invyus he had beyn feyn ;
' Gif noucht bot he ful gud had beyn.'
Sanct SERF the devil askyt than
" Quhar made God Adam the fyrst man ?"
' In Ebron Adam formyt was,'
Sanct SERF faid. And til hym Sathanas
" Quhar was he eft that, for his vice,
" He was put out of Paradyse ?"
Sanct SERF faid, ' Quhar he was made.'
The devil askyt, " How lang he bade
" In Paradyse, eftir his fyn."

" Sevyn

‘ Sevyn hours,’ SERF said, ‘ he bad tharin.³
 “ Quhan was Eve made ?” said Sathanas.
 ‘ In Paradyse,’ SERF said, ‘ scho was.’
 And at Sanct SERF the devil askyt than,
 “ Quhi God let Adam, the fyrst man,
 “ And Eve synn in paradyse ?”
 Sanct SERF said, ‘ That monywyfe,
 ‘ For God wist and understude
 ‘ Thairof fuld cum ful mekyl gude.
 ‘ For Crist tuke flesche, mankynde to wyn,
 ‘ That was to payne put for thar syn.’
 The devil askyt, “ Quhy mycht not be
 “ Al mankynde delyverit fre,
 “ Be thaim self, set God had nocht
 “ Thaim with his precioufe passion boucht.”
 Sanct SERF said, ‘ Thai fell nocht in
 ‘ Be tharsel into thar syn.
 ‘ Bot be the fals suggestion
 ‘ Of the devil, thar sa fellorn.
 ‘ For that he cheysit to be born
 ‘ To sauf mankynde, that was forlorn.’
 The devil askyt at hym than,
 “ Quhi walde noucht God mak a new man,
 “ Mankynde for to delyver fre ?”
 Sanct SERF said, ‘ That fulde nocht be.
 ‘ It suffycit weil that mankynde
 ‘ Anys fulde cum of Adamys strynde.’
 The devil askyt “ Quhy that ye,
 “ Men, ar quyt delyverit fre,
 “ Throw Crist’s passion precioufe boucht,
 “ And we devils swa ar noucht.”
 Sanct SERF said, ‘ For that ye
 ‘ Fel throw your awyn iniquyte.
 ‘ And throw ourself we nevyr fel ;
 ‘ Bot throw your fellow fals confell.

And

‘ And for the devillis was noucht wroucht
 ‘ Of brukyl kynde, ye walde noucht
 ‘ Withe ruthe of hart forthynk your syn,
 ‘ That throw yourself ye war fallyn in.
 ‘ Tharfor Cristis passion
 ‘ Suld noucht be your redempcion.’

Than sawe the devil that he couth noucht,
 Withe all the wilis that he wroucht,
 Ourcum Sanct SERF: he said than
 He kende hym for a wyfe man.
 Forthi thar he gaf hym quhit,
 For he wan at hym na profyt.
 Sanct SERF said ‘ Thow wretche ga
 ‘ Fra this stede; and noye na ma
 ‘ Into this stede, I bid ye.’
 Suddandly thine passit he:
 Fra that stede he helde his waye;
 And nevir was seyn thar to this daye.

Eftyr al this Sanct SERF past
 West onto *Culrosse* alfa fast.
 And be his state that he knew
 That til his endying ner he drew;
 This wretchit warlde he forsuyk;
 His sacraments thar al he tuk,
 Withe schrift, and ful contricion.
 He yalde, withe gude devocion,
 His cors till halowit sepulture:
 And his faulle to the Creatur.

THE QUAIR, MAID BE KING JAMES OF SCOTLAND
THE FIRST, CALLIT THE KING'S QUAIR. MAID
QN. HIS MA. WAS IN ENGLAND *.

[In the year 1405, when he was about 13 years old, JAMES was taken prisoner by the English on his passage to France; and was not liberated until the year 1424. Previous to his departure for his own kingdom, he espoused a Princess of the Blood-Royal of England, (Lady JANE, daughter of the EARL OF SOMERSET, and first cousin to K. HENRY V.) the subject of the following allegorical Poem. The scenery which he describes in stanza 11th, &c. is the Royal Gardens under the walls of Windsor Castle, the place of his confinement.]

L.

IN Ver that full of vertu is and gude,
Quhen nature first begyneth hir enprise,
That quhilum was be cruel frost and flude,
And schouris scharp opprest in mony wise,
And Cynthus gyneth to aryse
Heigh in the est, a morrowe soft and suete,
Upward his course to drive in Ariete.

II.

* Such is the title of the MS. copy in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. *Quair* is Book. The Prologue and Epilogue are here omitted, as adding only to the prolixity of the Poem. This is the first corrected copy.

II.

Passit bot myd-day foure greis ; evin
 Of lenth and brede, his angel wingis bryt
 He spred upon the ground, doun fro the hevin,
 That for gladnesse and freshnesse of the fight,
 And with the tiklyng of his hete and light,
 The tender flouris opynit thame and sprad,
 And in thair nature thankit him for glad.

III.

Not far passit the state of innocence
 Bot nere about the nowmer of yeiris thre,
 Were it caufit throu hevinly influence
 Of Goddis will, or other casualtee,
 Can I not say, bot out of my contree,
 By thair avise that had of me the cure
 Be see to pas, tuke I my aventure.

IV.

Purvait of all that was us necessarye,
 With wynd at will, up airely by the morowe,
 Streight unto schip, no longere wold we tarye,
 The way we tuke the tyme I tald to forowe,
 With mony fare wele, and Sanct Johne to borowe
 Of falowe and frende ; and thus with one assent,
 We pullit up saile and furth our wayis went.

V.

Upon the wevis weltring to and fro,
 So infortunate was we that fremyt day,
 That maugre plainly quethir we wold or no,
 With strong hand, by forse schortly to say,
 Of inmyis taken and led away,
 We weren all, and brot in thaire contree,
 Fortune it schupe non othir wayis to be.

VI.

VI.

Quhare as in strayte ward, and in strong prision,
 So fere forth of my lyf the hevy lyne,
 Without confort, in sorowe abandoune,
 The secund sistere lukit hath to tayne
 Nere by the space of yeris twice nyne,
 Till Jupiter his merci list advert,
 And fend confort in relefche of my smert:

VII.

Quhare as in ward full oft I wold bewaille
 My dedely lyf, full of peyne and penance,
 Saing ryght thus, quhat have I gilt to faille,
 My fredome in this warld and my plesance?
 Sen every wight has thereof suffisance,
 That I behold, and I a creature
 Put from all this, hard is myn aventure?

VIII.

The bird, the beste, the fisch eke in the see,
 They lyve in fredome everich in his kynd;
 And I a man, and lakith libertee
 Quhat fall I feyne, quhat reson may I fynd,
 That fortune suld do so? thus in my mynd,
 My folk I wold argewe, bot all for noucht;
 Was none that myght that on my peynes rought:

IX.

Than wold I say, Giff God me had devisit
 To lyve my lyf in thraldom thus and pyne,
 Quhat was the cause that he more me comprisit,
 Than othir folk to lyve in such ruyne?
 I suffere alone amang the figuris nyne,
 Ane wofull wrache that to no wight may spede,
 And yit of every lyvis help has nede.

X.

The long dayes and the nyghtis eke,
 I wold bewaille my fortune in this wise.
 For quhich, again distresse confort to feke,
 My custum was on mornis for to rise
 Airly as day, O happy exercise !
 By the come I to joye out of turment !
 Bot now to purpose of my first entent.

XI.

Bewailling in my chamber thus allone,
 Despeired of all joye and remedye,
 For-tirit of my thocht and wo-begone,
 And to the wyndow gan I walk in hye,
 To see the warld and folk that went forbye,
 As for the tyme, though I of mirthis fude
 Mycht have no more, to luke it did me gude.

XII.

Now was there maid fast by the Touris wall
 A gardyn faire, and in the corneris set,
 Ane herbere grene, with wandis long and small,
 Railit about, and so with treis set
 Was all the place, and hawthorn hegis knet,
 That lyf was non, walkying there forbye,
 That mycht within scarce any wight aspye.

XIII.

So thick the bewis and the leves grene
 Beschadit all the allyes that there were,
 And myddis every herbere mycht be sene
 The scharp grene fuete jenepere,
 Growing so fair with branches here and there,
 That, as it femyt to a lyf without,
 The bewis spred the herbere all about.

XIV.

And on the small grene twiftis fat
 The lytil suete nygtingale, and fong
 So loud and clere, the ympnis consecrat
 Of luvys use, now soft now lowd among,
 That all the gardynis and the wallis rong
 Rycht of thaire fong; and on the copill next
 Of thaire suete armony, and lo the text:

XV.

Worschippe ye that loveris bene this May,
 For of your blifs the kalendis are begonne,
 And sing with us, Away winter away,
 Come somer come, the suete seson and sonne,
 Awake, for schame! that have your hevynis wonne,
 And amourously lift up your hedis all,
 Thank lufe that list you to his merci call.

XVI.

Quhen thai this fong had fong a littil thrawe,
 Thai stent a quhile, and therewith unafraid,
 As I beheld, and kest myn eyen a lawe,
 From beugh to beugh, thay hippit and thai plaid,
 And freschly in thair birdis kynd araid,
 Thaire fatheris new, and fret thame in the sonne,
 And thankit lufe, that had thair makis wonne.

XVII.

This was the plane ditie of thaire note,
 And therewith all unto myself I thought,
 Quhat lyf is this, that makis birdis dote?
 Quhat may this be, how cummyth it of ought?
 Quhat nedith it to be so dere ybought?
 It is nothing, trowe I, bot feynit chere,
 And that me list to counterfeten there.

XVIII.

XVIII.

Eft wold I think, O Lord, quhat may this be?

That lufe is of fo noble mycht and kynde,

Lufing his folk, and fuich prosperitee

Is it of him, as we in bukis fynd?

May he oure hertis fetten and unbynd?

Hath he upon our hertis fuich maiftrye?

Or all this is bot feynit fantafye?

XIX.

For giff he be of fo grete excellence,

That he of every wight hath cure and charge,

Quhat have I gilt to him, or doon offense,

That I am thrall, and birdis gone at large,

Sen him to ferve he mycht fet my corage?

And, gif he be not fo, than may I feyne

Quhat makis folk to jangill of him in veyne?

XX.

Can I not ellis fynd bot giff that he

Be lord, and, as a god, may lyve and regne,

To bynd, and louse, and maken thrallis free,

Than wold I pray his blifsful grace benigne,

To hable me unto his fervice digne,

And evermore for to be one of tho

Him trewly for to ferve in wele and wo.

XXI.

And therewith keft I doun myn eye ageyne,

Quhare as I faw walkyng under the Toure,

Full fecretely, new cumyn hir to pleyne,

The faireft or the frescheft young floure

That ever I fawe, methought, before that houre,

For quhich fodayne abate, anon aſtert

The blude of all my body to my hert.

XXII.

XXII.

And though I stood abaft then a lyte,
 No wonder was, for quhy? my wittis all
 Were so ouercome with plesance and delyte,
 Only through latting of myn eyen fall,
 That sudaynly my hert become hir thrall
 For ever; of free wyll, for of manace
 There was no takyn in hir fuede face.

XXIII.

And in my hede I drew ryght hastily,
 And eft sones I lent it forth ageyne,
 And saw hir walk that verray womanly,
 With no wight mo, bot only women tueyne.
 Than gan I study in myself and feyne,
 Ah fuede! are ye a warldly creature,
 Or hevingly thing in likeneffe of nature?

XXIV.

Or ar ye god Cupidis owin princeffe?
 And cumyn are to louse me out of band,
 Or are ye veray Nature the goddesse,
 That have depayntit with your hevinly hand,
 This gardyn full of flouris, as they stand?
 Quhat fall I think, allace! quhat reverence
 Sall I mester to your excellence?

XXV.

Giff ye a goddesse be, and that ye like
 To do me payne, I may it not astert;
 Giff ye be warldly wight, that dooth me fike,
 Quhy lest God mak you so, my dereft hert!
 To do a fely prifoner thus smert,
 That lufis you all, and wote of noucht but wo,
 And, therefore, merci fuede! fen it is so.

XXXVI.

XXVI.

Quhen I a lytill thrawe had maid my mone,
 Bewailing myn infortune and my chance,
 Unknawin how or quhat was best to done,
 So ferre I fallying into lufis dance,
 That sodeynly my wit, my contenance,
 My hert, my will, my nature, and my mynd,
 Was changit clene rycht in ane other kind.

XXVII.

Of hir array the form gif I sal write,
 Toward her goldin haire, and rich atyre,
 In fretwise couchit with perlis quhite,
 And grete balas lemyng as the fyre,
 With mony ane emerant and faire saphire,
 And on hir hede a chaplet fresch of hewe,
 Of plumys partit rede, and quhite, and blewe.

XXVIII.

Full of quaking spangis brycht as gold,
 Forgit of schap like to the amorettis,
 So new, so fresch, so pleasant to behold,
 The plumys eke like to the floure jonettis,
 And other of schap, like to the floure jonettis;
 And, above all this, there was, wele I wote,
 Beautee eneuch to mak a world to dote.

XXIX.

About hir neck, quhite as the fayre anmaille,
 A gudelie cheyne of small orfeverye,
 Quhare by there hang a ruby, without faille
 Like to ane hert schapin verily,
 That, as a sperk of lowe so wantonly
 Semyt birnying upon hir quhite throte.
 Now gif there was gud pertye, God it wote.

XXX.

XXX.

And for to walk that fresche Mayes morowe,
 Ane huke she had upon her tiffew quhite,
 That gudeliare had not bene sene to forowe,
 As I suppose, and girt sche was alyte ;
 Thus halflyng lowse for haste, to fuich delyte,
 It was to see her youth in gudelihed,
 That for rudenes to speke thereof I drede.

XXXI.

In hir was youth, beautee, with humble aport,
 Bountee, richesse, and womanly faiture,
 God better wote than my pen can report,
 Wisdome, largeffe estate, and conyng sure
 In every point, so guydit hir mesure,
 In word, in dede, in schap, in contenance,
 That nature mycht no more hir childe auance.

XXXII.

Throw quhich anon I knew and understude
 Wele that sche was a warldly creature,
 On quhom to rest myn eye, so mich gude
 It did my woful hert, I yow assure
 That it was to me joye without mesure,
 And, at the last, my luke unto the hevin
 I threw furthwith, and said thir versis sevin :

XXXIII.

O Venus clere ! of goddis stellifyit,
 To quhom I yelde homage and sacrificise,
 Fro this day forth your grace be magnifyit,
 That me ressaueit have in such wise,
 To lyve under your law and lo seruise ;
 Now help me furth, and for your merci lede
 My hert to rest, that deis nere for drede.

XXXIV.

XXXIV.

Quhen I with gude entent this orison
 Thus endit had, I stynt a lytill ffound,
 And eft myn eye full pitoufly adoun
 I kest, behalding unto hir lytill hound,
 That with his bellis playit on the ground;
 Than wold I fay, and figh therewith a lyte,
 Ah! wele were him that now were in thy plyte!

XXXV.

An othir quhile the lytill nyghtingale,
 That fat upon the twiggis, wold I chide,
 And fay, ryght thus, Quhare are thy notis smale,
 That thou of love has song this morowe tyde?
 Seis thou not hir that fittis the besyde?
 For Venus' sake, the blifsfull goddesse clere,
 Sing on agane, and mak my Lady chere.

XXXVI.

And eke I pray, for all the paynes grete,
 That, for the love of Proigne, thy fister dere,
 Thou sufferit quhilom, quhen thy brestis wete
 Were with the teres of thyne eyen clere
 All bludy ronne, that pitee was to here
 The crueltee of that unknychtly dede,
 Quhare was fro the bereft thy maidenhede.

XXXVII.

Lift up thyne hert, and fing with gude entent,
 And in thy notis fuede the treson telle,
 That to thy fister trewe and innocent,
 Was kythit by hir husband false and fell,
 For quhois gilt, as it is worthy well,
 Chide thir husbandis that are false, I fay,
 And bid them mend in the XX deuil way.

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

O lytill wreich, allace ! maist thou not se
 Quho comyth yond ? Is it now time to wring ?
 Quhat fory thought is fallin upon the ?
 Opyn thy throte ; hastow no left to sing ?
 Allace ! sen thou of reson had felyng,
 Now, fwete bird, fay ones to me pepe.
 I dee for wo ; me think thou gynis flepe.

XXXIX.

Hastow no mynde of lufe ? quhare is thy make ?
 Or artow seke, or smyt with jelousye ?
 Or is sche dede, or hath sche the forsake ?
 Quhat is the cause of thy melancolye,
 That thou no more list maken melodye ?
 Sluggart, for schame ! lo here thy golden houre
 That worth were hale all thy lyvis laboure.

XL.

Gif thou suld sing wele ever in thy lyve,
 Here is, in fay, the time, and eke the space :
 Quhat wostow than ? Sum bird may cum and stryve
 In song with the, the maistry to purchace.
 Suld thou than cesse, it were great schame, allace !
 And here to wyn gree happily for ever ;
 Here is the tyme to syng, or ellis never.

XLI.

I thought eke thus gif I my handis clap,
 Or gif I cost, than will sche flee away ;
 And, gif I hald my pes, than will sche nap ;
 And gif I crye, sche wate not quhat I say :
 Thus quhat is best, wate I not be this day,
 Bot blawe wynd, blawe, and do the lewis schake,
 That sum tuig may wag, and make hir to wake.

XLII.

XLII.

With that anon rycht fche toke up a fang,
 Quhare com anon mo birdis and alight ;
 Bot than to here the mirth was tham amang ;
 Ouer that to, to see the fucte ficht
 Of hyr ymage, my fpirit was fo light,
 Methought I flawe for joye without areft,
 So were my wittis boundin all fo feft.

XLIII.

And to the nottis of the philomene
 Quhilkis fche fang, the ditee there I maid
 Direct to hir that was my hertis quene,
 Withoutin quhom no fongis may be glade ;
 And to that fanct walking in the fchade,
 My bedis thus with humble hert entere,
 Deuotly I faid on this manere.

XLIV.

Quhen fall your merci rew upon your man,
 Quhois feruice is yet uncouth unto yow,
 Sen quhen ye go, there is not ellis than.
 Bot, hert ! quhere as the body may not throu
 Folow thy hevin ; quho fuld be glad bot thou,
 That fuch a gyde to folow has undertake ?
 Were it throu hell, the way thou noucht forfake.

XLV.

And, efter this, the birdis everichone
 Take up ane other fang full loud and clere,
 And with a voce faid, Well is vs begone,
 That with our makis are togider here ;
 We proyne and play without dout and dangere,
 All clothit in a foyte full fresch and newe,
 In luffis service befy, glad, and trewe.

XLVI.

And ye fresch May, ay mercifull to bridis,
 Now welcum be, ye floure of monethis all,
 For not onely your grace upon us bydis,
 Bot all the warld to witnes this we call,
 That strowit hath so plainly over all,
 With new fresch suete and tender grene,
 Our lyf, our lust, our governoure, our quene.

XLVII.

This was their sang, as femyt me full heye,
 With full mony uncouth swete note and schill,
 And there withall that faire vpward hir eye
 Wold cast amang, as it was Goddis will,
 Quhare I micht se, standing alone full still,
 The faire faiture that nature, for maistrise,
 In hir visage wroucht had full lusingly.

XLVIII.

And, quhen sche walkit, had a lytill thrawe
 Under the suete grene bewis bent,
 Hir faire fresch face, as quhite as any snawe,
 Sche turnyt has, and furth hir wayis went.
 Bot then began myn axis and turment !
 To sene hir part, and folowe I na mycht ;
 Methocht the day was turnyt into nycht.

XLIX.

Than said I thus, Quharto lyve I langer ?
 Wofullest wicht, and subject unto peyne :
 Of peyne ? no : God wote ya, for thay no stranger
 May wirk in ony wicht, I dare wele seyne.
 How may this be, that deth and lyf both tueyne ?
 Sall bothe atonis, in a creature
 Togidder dwell, and turment thus nature ?

L.

I may not ellis done, bot wepe and waile
 Within thir cald wallis thus ylokin :
 From hensfurth my rest is my travaile ;
 My drye thirst with teris fall I flokin,
 And on my self bene all my harmys wrokin :
 Thus bute is none ; bot Venus, of hir grace,
 Will schape remede, or do my spirit pace.

LI.

As Tantalus I travaile, ay buteles
 That ever ylike hailith at the well
 Water to draw, with buket bottemless,
 And may not spede, quhois penance is ane hell ;
 So by myself this tale I may well telle,
 For unto hir that herith not I pleyne,
 Thus like to him my travaile is in veyne.

LII.

So fore thus fighit I with myself allone,
 That turnyt is my strength in febilnesse,
 My wele in wo, my frendis all in fone,
 My lyf in deth, my lycht into dirkness,
 My hope in feere, in dout my sekirnesse ;
 Sen sche is gone, and God mote hir conuoye,
 That me may gyde fro turment and to joye.

LIII.

The long day thus gan, I pryde and poure
 Till Phebus endit had his bemes brycht,
 And bad go farewele every lef and floure ;
 This is to say, approch gan the nycht,
 And Esperus his lampis gan to licht,
 Quhen in the wyndow, still as any ston,
 I bade at lenth, and, kneeling, maid my mone.

LIV.

LIV.

So lang till evin for lak of mycht and mynd,
 For-wepit and for-pleynit piteously,
 Ourset so sorrow had bothe hert and mynd,
 That to the cold stane my hede on wrye
 I laid, and lenit, amaisit verily !
 Half-sleeping and half-suoun, in such a wise,
 And quhat I met I will you now deuise.

THE VISION. LV.

METHOUGHT that thus all sodeynly a lyt,
 In at the wyndow come quhare that I lent,
 Of quhich the chambere wyndow schone full bryt
 And all my body so it hath ouerwent,
 That of my sight the vertew hale I blent,
 And that with all a voce unto me said,
 I bring the comfort and hele, be not affrayde.

LVI.

And furth anon it passit sodeynly,
 Quhere it come in, the rycht way ageyne,
 And sone methought furth at the dure in hye
 I went my weye, was nathing me ageyne,
 And hastily, by bothe the armes tueyne,
 I was araisit up into the aire,
 Clippit in a cloude of crystall clere and faire.

LVII.

Ascending vpward ay fro spere to spere,
 Throuch aire and watere and the hote fyre,
 Till that I come vnto the circle clere
 Off Signifere, quhare fair brycht and schere
 The signis schone, and "In the glad empire
 Off blisful Venus !" ane cryit now
 So sudaynly, almost I wist not how.

LVIII.

LVIII.

Off quhich the place, quhen I com there nye,
 Was all methought of chrystal stonis wroucht,
 And to the port I listit was in hye,
 Quhare sodaynly, as quho sais at a thocht,
 It opnyt, and I was anon inbroucht
 Within a chamber, a large rowm and faire,
 And there I fand of people grete repaire.

LIX.

This is to seyne, that present in that place,
 Methought I saw of every nacion
 Loueris that endit thaire lyfis space
 In lovis service, mony a mylion
 Of quhois chancis maid is mencion
 In diuerse bukis quho thame list to se,
 And therefore here thaire namys lat I be.

LX.

The quhois aventure and grete laboure
 Abone their hedis writen there I fand,
 This is to seyne martris, and confessoure,
 Ech in his stage, and his make in his hand;
 And therewith all thir peple sawe I stand,
 With mony a solempt contenance,
 After as lufe thame lykit to auance.

LXI.

Off gude folkis that faire in lufe befell
 There saw I sitt in order; by thame *one*
 With *bed sa bore*, and with thame stude *gude will*
 To talk and play; and after that anon
 Besyde thame and next, there saw I gone
Curage, amang the fresche folkis yong,
 And with thame playit full merily, and song.

LXII.

LXII.

And in ane other stage, endlong the wall,
 There saw I stand in capis wyde and lang
 A full grête nowmer, but thaire hudis all
 Wist I not why, atoure thair eyen hang,
 And ay to thame come *Repentance* amang,
 And maid thame chere degyfit in his wede,
 And downward efter that yit I tuke hede.

LXIII.

Rycht ouer thwert the chamber was there drawe
 A trevesse thin and quhite, all of plesance,
 The quhich behynd standing there, I sawe
 A warld of folk, and by thaire contenance
 Thair hertis semyt full of displeance,
 With billis in thaire handis of one assent,
 Vnto the judge thaire playntis to present.

LXIV.

And there withall apperit vnto me
 A voce, and said, Tak hede, man, and behold :
 Yonder there thou seis the hiest stage and gree
 Of agit folk, with hedis hore and olde ;
 Yone were the folk that never change wold
 In lufe, but trewly servit him alway,
 In every age, vnto thaire ending day.

LXV.

For fro the time that thai could vnderstand
 The exercise of lufis craft and cure,
 Was non on lyve that toke so much on hand
 For lufis sake, nor langer did endure
 In lufis service ; for, man, I the assure,
 Quhen thay of youth reffavit had the fill,
 Yit in thaire age thame lakkit no gude will.

LXVI.

LXVI.

Here bene also of suich as in counfailis,
 And all thare dedis were to Venus trewe;
 Here bene the Princis faucht the grete bataillis,
 In mynd of quhom ar maid the bukis newe;
 Here bene the poetis that the sciencis knewe,
 Throwout the warld, of lufe in thair suete layes,
 Such as Ovide and Omere in thair dayes.

LXVII.

And efter thame down in the next stage,
 There, as thou seis, the yong folkis pleye:
 Lo! these were thay that, in thaire myddill age,
 Servandis were to lufe in mony weye,
 And diversely happenit for to deye,
 Sum sorrowfully for wanting of thaire makis,
 And sum in armes for thaire ladyes sakis.

LXVIII.

And other eke by other diuerse chance,
 As happin folk all day, as ye may se;
 Sum for dispaire, without recoverance;
 Sum for desyre, surmounting thaire degree;
 Sum for dispite, and other inmytee;
 Sum for vnkyndnes, without a quhy;
 Sum for to mock, and sum for jelousye.

LXIX.

And efter this, vpon yone stage down,
 Tho that thou seis stand in capis wyde;
 Yone were quhilum folk of religion,
 That from the warld thaire governance did hide,
 And frely fervit lufe on every fyde,
 In secreet with thaire bodyis and thaire gudis,
 And lo! quhy so, thai hingen down thair hudis.

LXX.

LXX.

For though that thai were hardy at assay,
 And did him service quhilum prively,
 Yit to the warldis eye it semyt nay,
 So was thaire service half cowardly,
 And for thay first forfuke him opynly,
 And efter that thereof had repenting,
 For schame thaire hudis oure thaire eyen they hyng.

LXXI.

And feis thou now yone multitude on rawe,
 Standing behynd yone traveffe of delyte,
 Sum bene of thame that haldin were full lawe,
 And take by frendis, nothing thay to wyte,
 In youth from lufe, into the cloistere quite,
 And for that cause are cummyn recounfilit,
 On thame to pleyne that so thame had begilit.

LXXII.

And othir bene amongis thame also,
 That cummyn are to Court on lufe to pleyne,
 For he thair bodyes had bestouit so,
 Quhare bothe thaire hertes bruckt there ageyne,
 For quhich in all thaire dayes soth to seyne,
 Quhen other lyvit in joye and plesance,
 Thaire lyf was noucht bot care and repentance.

LXXIII.

And quhare thaire hertis gevin were and set,
 Were copilt with other that could not accord ;
 Thus were thai wranged that did no forfet,
 De-parting thame that never wold discord,
 Off yong ladies faire, and mony lord,
 That thus by maistry were fro thaire chose dryve,
 Full ready were thaire playntis there to gyve.

LXXIV.

LXXIV.

And other also I sawe compleynnyng there
 Vpon fortune and hir grete variance,
 That quhere in love so well they coplit were
 With thair suete makis coplit in plesance,
 So sodeynly maid thair disseverance,
 And tuke thame of this warldis companye,
 Withoutin cause there was non other quhy :

LXXV.

And in a chiere of estate besyde,
With wingis bright, all plumyt, bot his face,
 There saw I fitt the blynd god *Cupide*
 With bow in hand that bent full redy was,
 And by him hang thre arowis in a case,
 Off quhich the hedis grundyn were full rycht,
 Off diverse metalis forgit fair and brycht.

LXXVI.

And with the first that hedit is of gold,
 He smytis soft, and that has esy cure ;
 The secund was of silver, mony fold
 Wers than the first, and harder aventure ;
 The third of stele is schot without recure ;
 And on his long yallow lokkis schene,
 A chaplet had he all of levis grene.

LXXVII.

And in a retrete lytill of compas,
 Depeyntit all with fighis wonder sad,
 Not suich fighis as hertis doith manace,
 Bot suich as dooth lufaris to be glad,
 Fond I *Venus* vpon hir bed, that had
 A mantill cast ouer hir schuldris quhite :
 Thus clothit was the goddesse of delyte.

LXXVIII.

Stude at the dure *Fair calling* hir vſchere,
 That coude his office doon in conyng wiſe,
 And *Secrete* hir thrifty chamberere,
 That beſy was in tyme to do ſeruife ;
 And othir mo that I cannot auiſe.
 And on hir hede of rede roſis full ſuete,
 A chapellet ſche had, faire, freſch, and mete.

LXXIX.

With quaking hert aſtonate of that ſight,
 Unethis wiſt I, quhat that I ſuld ſeyne ;
 Bot at the laſt ſebily as I mycht,
 With my handis on bothe my kneis tueyne,
 There I begouth my caris to compleyne,
 With ane humble and lamentable chere
 Thus ſalute I that goddeſs brycht and clere.

LXXX.

Hye Quene of Luſe ! ſterre of benevolence !
 Pitouſe princeſſe, and planet merciablie !
 Appesare of malice and violence !
 By vertew pure of your aſpectis hable,
 V. to your grace lat now bene acceptable
 My pure requere, that can no forthir gone
 To ſeken help, bot vnto yow allone !

LXXXI.

As ye that bene the focoure and ſuete well
 Off remedye, of carefull hertes cure,
 And in the huge weltering wavis fell
 Off luſis rage, bliſſfull havin, and ſure,
 O anker and trige, of oure gude aventure,
 Ye have your man with his gude will conqueſt ;
 Merci, therefore, and bring his hert to reſt !

LXXXII.

LXXXII.

Ye know the cause of all my peynes smert
Bet than myself, and all myn auenture
Ye may conueye, and, as yow list, conuert
The hardest hert that formyt hath nature,
Sen in your handis all hale lyith my cure,
Have pitee now, O brycht blifsfull goddesse,
Off your pure man, and rew on his distresse!

LXXXIII.

And though I was vnto your lawis strange,
By ignorance, and not by felonye,
And that your grace now likit hath to change
My hert, so seruen you perpetualye,
Forgiue all this, and schapith remedye,
To fauen me of your benigne grace,
Or do me steruen furthwith in this place.

LXXXIV.

And with the stremis of your Percyng lycht,
Conuoy my hert, that is so wo-begone,
Ageyne vnto that suete hevinly fight,
That I, within the wallis cald as stone,
So suetly saw on inorow walk, and gone
Law in the gardyn ryght tofore mine eye.
Now, merci, Quene! and do me not to deye.

LXXXV.

Thir wordis said, my spirit in dispaire
A quhile I stynt, abiding efter grace,
And therewith all hir cristall eyen faire
She kest asyde, and efter that a space,
Benignely sche turnyt has hir face
Towardis me full plesantly conueide,
And vnto me ryght in this uise sche seide:

LXXXVI.

LXXXVI.

Yong man, the cause of all thyne inward forowe
 Is not vnknawin to my deite,
 And thy request bothe nowe and eke to forowe,
 Quhen thou first maid profession to me,
 Sen of my grace I have inspirit the
 To knawe my lawe, contynew furth, for oft,
 There as I mynt full fore, I smyte bot soft.

LXXXVII.

Paciently thou tak thyne auenture,
 This will my son Cupide, and so will I.
 He can the stroke, to me langis the cure
 Quhen I se tyme; and therefore truely
 Abyde, and serue, and lat gude hope the gye,
 Bot for I have thy forehede here pent,
 I will the schewe the more of myn entent.

LXXXVIII.

This is to say, though it to me pertene
 In lufis lawe the septre to governe,
 That the effectis of my bemis schene
 Has thair aspectis by ordynance eterne,
 With otheris bynd; and mynes to discerne,
 Quhilum in thingis bothe to cum and gone,
 That langis not to me to writh allone.

LXXXIX.

As in thyne awin case now may thou se,
 For quhy, lo throu otheris influence,
 Thy persone standis not in libertee.
 Quharfore, though I geve the benevolence,
 It standis not yit in myn advertence,
 Till certeyne course endit be and ronne,
 Quhill of trew feruis thow have hir grace y-wonne.

XC.

XC.

And yit, confidering the nakitneffe
 Bothe of thy wit, thy perfone, and thy mycht,
 It is no match, of thyne vnworthineffe
 To hir hie birth, eftate, and beautee brycht,
 Als like ye bene, as day is to the nycht,
 Or sek-cloth is unto fyne cremefye,
 Or doken foule to the frefche dayefye.

XCI.

Vnlike the mone is to the fonne fchene,
 Eke Januarye is like vnto May,
 Vnlike the cukkow to the phylomene;
 Thaire tavartis are not bothe maid of aray;
 Vnlike the crow is to the papejay,
 Vnlike, in goldfmythis werk, a fischis eye
 To pere with perll, or maked be fo heye.

XCII.

As I have faid, vnto me belangith
 Specially the cure of thy fekneffe,
 Bot now thy matere fo in balance hangith,
 That it requireth, to thy fekerneffe,
 The help of other mo that bene goddes
 And have in thame the menes and the lore,
 In this mater to fchorten with thy fore.

XCIII.

And for thou fall fe wele that I entend,
 Vnto thy help thy welefare to preferue,
 The freight weye thy fpirit will I fend
 To the goddeffe that clepit is *Mynerve*,
 And fe that thou hir heftis well conferue,
 For in this cafe fche may be thy fupplye,
 And put thy hert in reft als well as I.

XCIV.

XCIV.

Bot for the way is vncouth vnto the,
 There as hir dwelling is, and hir sojurne,
 I will that *gud hope* seruand to the be,
 Youie alleris frende, to let the to murn,
 Be thy condyt and gyde till thou returne,
 And hir besech, that sche will in thy nede
 Hir counfelle geve to thy welefare and spede.

XCV.

And that sche will, as langith hir office,
 Be thy gude lady, help and counfeiloure,
 And to the schewe hir rype and gude auise,
 Throw quhich thou may be processe and laboure,
 Atteyne vnto that glad and goldyn floure,
 That thou wald have so fayn with all thy hart,
 And forthirmore sen thou hir fervand art.

XCVI.

Quhen thou descendis doun to ground ageyne,
 Say to the men, that there bene resident,
 How long think thay to stand in my disdeyne,
 That in my lawis bene so negligent,
 From day to day, and list thame not repent,
 Bot breken louse and walken at thaire large?
 Now is none that thereof gevis charge.

XCVII.

Say on than, Quhare is becommyn for schame
 The songis new, the fresch carolis and dance,
 The lusty lyf, the mony change of game,
 The fresche aray, the lusty contenance,
 The besy awayte, the hertly obseruance
 That quhilum was amongis thame so ryf?
 Bid thame repent in tyme, and mend thaire lyf.

XCVIII.

XCVIII.

Or I fall, with my fader old Saturne,
 And with alhale oure hevinly alliance,
 Oure glad aspectis from thame writhe and turne,
 That all the world fall waile thaire governance,
 Bid thame betyme, that thai haue repentance,
 And thaire hertis hale renew my lawe,
 And I my hand fro beting fall withdrawe.

XCIX.

This is to fay, contynew in my seruise,
 Worfchip my law, and my name magnifye,
 That am your hevin and your paradise,
 And I your comfort here fall multiplie,
 And, for youre meryt here perpetualye,
 Refsaue I fall your faulis of my grace,
 To lyve with me as goddis in this place.

C.

With humble thank, and all the reverence
 That feble wit and conyng may atteyne,
 I tuke my leve; and from hir presence
Gude Hope and I togider both tueyne
 Departit are, and schortly for to feyne
 He hath me led redy wayis ryght
 Vnto *Minerve's Palace*, faire and brycht.

CI.

Quhare as I fand, full redy at the yate,
 The *maister portare*, callit *Paciencie*,
 That frely lete vs in, vnquestionate,
 And there we sawe the perfyt excellence,
 The feignoreye, the state, the reuerence,
 The strenth, the beautee, and the ordour digne,
 Off hir court-riall, noble and benigne.

CII.

CII.

And straught vnto the presence sodeynly
 Off dame Minerue, the pacient goddesse,
 Gude Hope my gyde led me redily,
 To quhom anon, with dredefull humylness
 Off my cummyng, the cause I gan expresse,
 And all the processe hole, vnto the end,
 Off Venus charge, as likit her to send.

CIII.

Off quhich rycht thus hir anfuere was in bref:
 My son, I have wele herd, and vnderstond,
 Be thy reherse, the mater of thy gref,
 And thy request to procure, and to fond
 Off thy penance sum comfort at my hond,
 Be counsele of thy lady Venus clere,
 To be with hir thyne help in this matere.

CIV.

Bot in this case thou fall well knawe and witt,
 Thou may thy hert ground on fuich a wise,
 That thy laboure will be bot lytill quit,
 And thou may set it in otherwise,
 That wil be to the grete worschip and prife;
 And gif thou durst vnto that way enclyne,
 I will the geve my lore and discipline.

CV.

Lo, my gude son, this is als much to seyne,
 As gif thy lufe be set all uterly
 Of nyce lust, thy travail is in veyne,
 And so the end fall turne of thy folye
 To payne and repentance, lo wate thou quhy?
 Gif the ne list on lufe thy *vertew* set,
Vertu fall be the cause of thy forset.

CVI.

CVI.

Tak him before in all thy gouernance,
 That in his hand the stere has of you all,
 And pray vnto his hye purveyance,
 Thy lufe to gye, and on him traist and call,
 That corner-stone, and ground is of the wall,
 That failis not, and trust, withoutin drede,
 Vnto thy purpose sone he fall the lede.

CVII.

For lo, the werk that first is foundit sure,
 May better bere apace and hyare be
 Than otherwise, and langere fall endure
 Be mony fald, this may thy reson see,
 And stronger to defend aduersitee;
 Ground thy werk, therefore, upon the stone,
 And thy desire fall forthward with the gone.

CVIII.

Be trewe, and meke, and stedfast in thy thocht,
 And diligent her merci to procure,
 Not onely in thy word, for word is nought,
 Bot gif thy werk and all thy besy cure
 Accord thereto, and vtrid be mesure,
 The place, the houre, the maner, and the wise,
 Gif mercy fall admitten thy servise.

CIX.

All thing has tyme, thus sais *Ecclesiaste*;
 And wele is him that his tyme will abit:
 Abyde thy tyme; for he that can bot haste
 Can not of hap, the wise man it writ;
 And oft gud fortune flourith with gude wit:
 Qubarefore, gif thou will be well fortunyt,
 Lat wisdom ay to thy will be junyt.

CX.

Bot there be mony of so brukill fort,
 That feynis treuth in lufe for a quhile,
 And setten all thaire wittis and disport,
 The fely innocent woman to begyle ;
 And so to wynne thaire lustis with a wile ;
 Suich feynit treuth is all bot trechorye,
 Vnder the vmbre of ypocrisye.

CXI.

For as the foulere quhistlith in his throte,
 Diuerfely to counterfete the bird,
 And feynis mony a suete and strange note,
 That in the busk for his desate is hid,
 Till sche be fast lok in his net amynd,
 Rycht so the feator, the false theif, I say,
 With suete treason oft wynith thus his pray.

CXII.

Fy on all such ! fy on thaire doubilnesse !
 Fy on thaire lust, and bestly appetite !
 Thaire wolfis hertis, in lambis liknesse ;
 Thaire thoughtis blak, hid vnder wordis quhite :
 Fy on thaire labour ! fy on thaire delyte !
 That feynen outward all to hir honour,
 And in thair hert her worship wold denour.

CXIII.

So hard it is to truften now on dayes
 The world, it is so double and inconstant,
 Off quhich the futh is hid be mony assayes ;
 More pitee is ; for quhich the remanant
 That menen well, and are not variant,
 For otheris gilt are suspect of vntreuth,
 And hyndrit oft, and treuely that is reuth.

CXIV.

CXIV.

Bot, gif the hert be gronndit ferm and stable
 In Goddis law, thy purpose to atteyne,
 Thy labour is to me agreable,
 And my full help with counsele trew and pleyne,
 I will the schewe, and this is the certeyne ;
 Opyn thy hert, therefore, and lat me see
 Gif thy remede be pertynent to me.

CXV.

Madame, quod I, sen it is your plesance
 That I declare the kynd of my loving,
 Treuely and gude, withoutin variance,
I lufe that flour abuse all other thing,
 And wold bene he, that to hir worschipping
 Mycht ought availe, be *him* that *starf* on rude,
 And nowthir spare for trauaile, lyf, nor gude.

CXVI.

And, forthirmore, as touching the nature
 Off my lusing, to worschip or to blame,
 I darre wele say, and therein me assure,
 For ony gold that ony wight can name,
 Wald I be he that suld of hir gude fame
 Be blamischere in ony point or wyfe,
 For wele nor wo, quhill my lyf may suffice.

CXVII.

This is the effect trewly of myn entent,
 Touching the suete that smertis me so sore,
 Giff this be faynt, I can it not repent,
 Allthough my lyf suld forfaut be therefore :
 Blissfull princeffe ! I can seye you no more,
 Bot so desire, my wittis dooth compace
 More joy in erth, kepe I noucht bot your grace.

CXVIII.

CXVIII.

Desire, quod sche, I nyl it not deny,
 So thou it ground and set in cristin wise;
 And therefore, son, opyn thy hert playnly.
 Madame, quod I, trew withoutin fantise,
 That day fall I neuer vp rise,
 For my delyte to couate the plesance
 That may hir worschip putten in balance.

CXIX.

For our all thing, lo this were my gladnesse,
 To sene the fresche beautee of hir face;
 And gif it mycht deserue be processe,
 For my grete lufe and treuth to stond in grace,
 Hir worschip fauf, lo here the blisfull cace
 That I wold ask, and thereto attend,
 For my most joye vnto my lyfis end.

CXX.

Now wele, quod sche, and sen that it is so,
 That in vertew thy lufe is set with treuth,
 To helpen the I will be one of tho
 From hensforth, and hertly without sleuth,
 Off thy distresse and excesse to have reuth,
 That has thy hert, I will pray full faire,
 That fortune be no more thereto contraire.

CXXI.

For suth it is that all ye creatures,
 Quhich vnder vs beneth have your dwellyng,
 Ressauen diuersely your auenturis,
 Off quhich the cure and principal melling
 Apperit is withoutin repellyng,
 Onely to hir that has the cuttis two
 In hand, both of your wele and of your wo.

CXXII.

CXXII.

And how so be, that sum clerkis trete,
 That all your chance causit is tofore,
 Heigh in the hevin, by quhois effectis grete,
 Ye movit are to wrething less or more,
 Quhare in the warld, thus calling that therefore,
 Fortune, and so that the diversitee
 Off thaire werking fuld cause necessitee.

CXXIII.

Bot other clerkis halden that the man,
 Has in himself the chose and libertee
 To cause his awin fortune, how, or quhan,
 That him best lest, and no necessitee
 Was in the hevin at his nativitee;
 Bot yit the thingis happin in commune,
 Efter purpose, so cleping thame fortune.

CXXIV.

And quhare a persone has tofore knawing
 Off it that is to fall purposely,
 Lo fortune is bot wayke in such a thing,
 Thou may wele wit, and here ensample quhy,
 To God it is the first cause onely
 Off euery thing, there may no fortune fall,
 And quhy? for *he* foreknawin is of all.

CXXV.

And therefore thus I say to this sentence,
 Fortune is most and strangest euermore,
 Quhare, lest foreknawing or intelligence
 Is in the man, and *sone* of wit or lore,
 Sen thou art wayke and feble, lo, therefore,
 The more thou art in dangere, and commune
 With hir, that clerkis clepen so *fortune*.

CXXVI.

CXXVI.

Bot for the fake, and at the reuerence
 Off Venus clere, as I the said tofore,
 I have of thy distresse compaciencie,
 And in confort and relefche of thy fore,
 The schewit here myn avise therefore,
 Pray fortune help; for suich vnlikely thing
 Full oft about sche sodeynly dooth bring.

CXXVII.

Now go thy way, and haue gude mynd upon
 Quhat I have said, in way of thy doctryne:
 I fall, Madame, quod I, and rycht anon
 I tuke my leve, als straught as ony lyne
 Within a beme, that fro the contree dyvine,
 Sche Percyng throw the firmament extendit,
 To ground ageyne my spirit is descendit.

CXXVIII.

Quhare in a lusty plane tuke I my way,
 Endlang a ryuer, plesand to behold,
 Enbroudin all with fresche flouris gay,
 Quhare throu the grauel, brycht as ony gold,
 The cristal water ran so clere and cold,
 That in myn ere maid contynualy,
 A maner foun mellit with armony.

CXXIX.

That full of lytill fischis by the brym,
 Now here now there, with bakkis blewe as lede,
 Lap and playit, and in a rout can swym
 So prattily, and drestit thame to sprede
 Thaire curall fynis, as the ruby rede,
 That in the sonne on thaire scalis brycht,
 As gesserant ay glitterit in my sight.

CXXX.

CXXX.

And by this ilke ryuer fyde alawe
 Ane hyeway fand I like to bene,
 On quhich, on euery fyde, a long rawe
 Off trees saw I full of levis grene,
 That full of fruyte delitable were to fene ;
 And also, as it come vnto my mynd,
 Of bestis sawe I mony diuerse kynd.

CXXXI.

The lyon king and his fere lyoneffe,
 The pantere like vnto the smaragdyne,
 The lytill squerell full of besynesse,
 The flawe asse, the druggare beste of pyne,
 The nyce ape, the werely porpapyne,
 The percyng lynx, the lusare vnicorn,
 That voidis venym with his euoure horne.

CXXXII.

There sawe I dresse him, new out of hant,
 The fere tigere full of felony,
 The dromydare, the stander oliphant,
 The wyly fox, the wedouis inemye,
 The clymbare gayte, the elk for alblastrie,
 The herknere bore, the holsum grey for hortis,
 The haire also, that oft gooth to the wortis.

CXXXIII.

The bugill draware by his hornis grete,
 The martrik sable, the foynzee, and mony m.
 The chalk quhite ermyn, tippit as the jete,
 The riall hert, the conyng, and the ro,
 The wolf, that of the murthir not say ho,
 The lesty beuer, and the ravin bare,
 For chamelot, the camel full of hare.

CXXXIV.

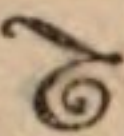
CXXXIV.

With many ane othir beste diverse and strange,
 That cummyth not as now vnto my mynd;
 Bot now to purpose straught furth the range,
 I held away oure hailing in my mynd,
 From quhens I come, and quhare that I fuld fynd
Fortune, the goddesse unto quhom in hye
Gude hope, my gyde, has led me sedeynly.

CXXXV.

And at the last behalding thus asyde,
 A round place wallit have I found,
 In myddis quhare eftfone I have spide
Fortune, the goddesse, hufing on the ground,
 And rycht befor hir fete, of compas round,
 A *qubele*, on quhich clevering I fye,
 A multitude of folk before myn eye.

CXXXVI.

And ane furcote sche werit long that tyde,
 That femyt to me of diverse hewis,
 Quhilum thus, quhen sche wald turn asyde,
 Stude this goddes of fortune, 
 A chapellet with mony fresch anewis
 Sche had upon hir hede, and with this hong
 A mantill on hir schuldries large and long.

CXXXVII.

That furrit was with ermyn full quhite,
 Degoutit with the self in spottis blake,
 And quhilum in hir chere thus alyte
 Lourcing sche was, and thus sone it wold flake,
 And sodeynly a maner smylyng make
 And sche were glad, at one contenance
 Sche held not, bot ay in variance.

CXXXVIII.

CXXXVIII.

And vnderneath the quhele sawe I there
 Ane vgly pit, depe as ony helle,
 That to behald thereon I quoke for fere;
 Bot a thing herd I, that quho therein fell,
 Com no more vp agane tidingis to telle;
 Off quhich, astonait of that ferefull fycht,
 I ne wist quhat to done, so was I fricht.

CXXXIX.

Bot for to se the fudayn weltering
 Of that ilk quhele that floppare was to hold,
 It semyt vnto my wit a strong thing,
 So mony I sawe that than clumben wold,
 And failit foting, and to ground were rold;
 And othir eke that far above on hye,
 Were overthrawe in twinklyng of ane eye.

CXL.

And on the quhele was lytill void space,
 Wele nere oure straught fro lawe to hye,
 And they were ware that long sat in place,
 So tolter quhilum did sche it to wreye,
 There was bot clymbe and rycht downward hye,
 And sum were eke that fallyng had fore,
 There for to clymbe, thair corage was no more.

CXLI.

I sawe also, that quhere sum were flungin,
 Be quhirlyng of the quhele vnto the ground,
 Full fudaynly sche hath vp ythrungin,
 And set theme on agane full sauf and found,
 And ever I sawe a new swarm abound,
 That to clymbe vpward upon the quhele,
 Insteede of thame that mycht no langer rele.

CXLII.

And at the last, in prefence of thame all
 That stude about, sche clepit me be name,
 And therewith upon kneis gan I fall
 Full fodaynly hailfing, abaiſt for ſchame;
 And, ſmylyng thus, ſche ſaid to me in game,
 Quhat dois thou here? quho has the hider ſent?
 Say on anon, and tell me thyne entent.

CXLIII.

I ſe wele, by thy chere and contenance,
 There is ſum thing that lyis the on hert;
 It ſtant not with the as thou wald, perchance.
 Madame, quod I, for luſe is all the ſmert
 That euer I ſele endlang and ouerthwert;
 Help of your grace me, wofull wrechet wight,
 Sen me to cure ye powere have and mycht.

CXLIV.

Quhat help, quod ſche, wold thou that I ordeyne,
 To bring the vnto thy hertis deſire?
 Madame, quod I, bot that your grace dedyne,
 Of your grete mycht, my wittis to inſpire,
 To win the *well*, that ſlokin may the fyre
 In quhich I birn: Ah, goddeſs fortunate!
 Help now my game that is in poynt to mate.

CXLV.

Off mate! quod ſche; a verray ſely wretch
 I ſe wele, by thy dedely coloure pale;
 Thou art to feble of thyſelf to ſtreche
 Vpon my quhele, to clymbe or to hale,
 Withoutin help; for thou has fund in ſtale
 This mony day withoutin werdis wele,
 And wantis now thy veray hertis hele.

CXLVI.

CXLVI.

Wele maistow be a wretchit man callit,
 That wantis the confort that suld thy hert glade,
 And has all thing within thy hert stallit,
 That may thy youth oppresen or defade;
 Though thy begynnyng hath bene retrograde
 Be froward opposyt quharetill; aspert
 Now fall thai turn, and luke on the dert.

CXLVII.

And therewith all vnto the quhele in hye
 Sche hath me led, and bad me lere to clymbe,
 Vpon the quhich I steppit sudaynly;
 Now hald thy grippis, quod sche, for thy tyme,
 An houre and more it rynis ouer prime
 To count the hole; the half is nere away;
 Spend wele, therefore, the remanant of the day.

CXLVIII.

Ensample (quod sche) tak of this tofore,
 That fro my quhele be rollit as a ball,
 For the nature of it is euermore
 After an hicht to vale, and geve a fall,
 Thus quhen me likith vp or down to fall.
 Farewele, quod sche, and by the ere me toke
 So ernestly, that therewith all I woke.

. CXLIX.

O besy goste, ay flikering to and fro,
 That never art in quiet nor in rest,
 Till thou cum to that place that thou cam fro,
 Quhich is thy first and verray proper nest;
 From day to day so fore here artow drest,
 That with thy flesche ay walking art in trouble,
 And sleping eke of pyne, so has thou double.

CL.

CL.

Couert myself all this mene I to loke,
 Thought that my spirit vexit was tofore,
 In fuenyng, affone as ever I woke,
 By XX fold it was in trouble more,
 Be thinking me with fighting hert and fore,
 That nane other thingis bot dremes had,
 Nor sekernes my spirit with to glad.

CLI.

And therewith fone I dressit me to ryfe,
 Fulfild of thought, pyne, and aduersitee,
 And to myself I said in this wise,
 Quhat lyf is this? quhare hath my spirit be?
 A! merci, Lord! quhat will ye do with me?
 Is this of my forethocht impressioun?
 Or is it from the hevin a visioun?

CLII.

And gif ye goddis of youre purviance
 Have schewit this for my reconforting,
 In relefche of my furiose penance,
 I yow beseke full truely of this thing,
 That of your grace I mycht have more takenyng,
 Gif it fal be, as in my slepe before
 Ye schewit have: and forth withoutin more.

CLIII.

In hye vnto the wyndow gan I walk,
 Moving within my spirit of this fight,
 Quhare sodeynly a *turture*, *quhite as calk*,
 So evinly vpon my hand gan lycht,
 And vnto me sche turnyt hir, full rycht,
 Off quham the chere in hir birdis aport
 Gave me in hert kalendis of confort.

CLIV.

CLIV.

This fair bird rycht in hir bill gan hold
 Of *red jeroffleris*, with thair *stalkis grene*,
 A fair branche, quhare *written* was *with gold*,
 On eury list, wicht branchis brycht and schene,
 In compas fair full plesandly to fene,
 A *plane sentence*, quhich, as I can deuise
 And have in mynd, said rycht on this wise.

CLV.

“ *Awake! awake!* I bring, lufar, I bring
 The newis glad, that blifsfull ben and sure
 Of thy confort; now lauch, and play, and sing,
 That art besid so glad an auenture:
 Fore in the hevyn decretit is thy cure.”
 And vnto me the flouris fair did present;
 With wyngis spred hir wayis furth sche went.

CLVI.

Quhilk vp anon I take, and as I gesse,
 Ane hundreth tymes, or I forthir went,
 I have it red, with hertfull glaidnesse,
 And half with hope and half with dred it hent,
 And at my beddis hed, with gude entent,
 I have it fair pynit vp, and this
 First takyn was of all my help and blisse.

CLVII.

The quhich treuly efter day be day,
 That all my wittis maistrit had tofore,
 Quhich he offerth, the paynis did away;
 And schortly, so wele fortune has hir bore,
 To quomkin, treuly day by day, my lore
 To my larges, that I am cum agayn
 To blisse with hir that is my sovirane.

CLVIII.

CLVIII.

To rekyn of every thing the circumstance,
 As happint me quhen lefferen gan my fore,
 Of my rancoure and wofull chance,
 It war to long, I lat it be tharefore.
 And thus *this flouris* I can seye no more,
 So hertly has vnto my help actendit,
 That from the deth hir man sche has defendit.

CLIX.

Go litill tretise, nakit of eloquence,
 Causing simplefs and pouertee to wit,
 And pray the reder to have pacience
 Of thy defaute, and to supporten it,
 Of his gudnesse thy brukilnesse to knytt,
 And his tong for to ruele and to stiere,
 That thy defaultis helit may bene here.

CLX.

Vnto unpunis of my maisteris dere,
Gowere and *Chaucere*, that on the steppis satt
 Of rethorike, quhill thai were lyvand here,
 Superlatiue as poetis laureate,
 In moralitee and eloquence ornate,
 I recommend my buk in lynis seven,
 And eke thair faulis vnto the blisse of hevin.

A M E N!

EXPLICIT, ZIC, ZIC.

Quod Jacobus Primus Scotorum Rex Illustrissimus.

SONG

SONG ON ABSENCE.

[*First Published in 1786, from the MAITLAND COLLECTION in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge, by MR PINKERTON ; who supposes it to be the song beginning with Yas sen, mentioned as a composition of JAMES I. by MAJOR, in his DE GESTIS SCOTORUM. MR RITSON, in his Essay on Scottish Song, appears to coincide with this opinion. The first line in the Manuscript, according to Mr Pinkerton's account, is mutilated, and stands thus,*

“ sen that eyen that works my welfair.”

Mr Ritson thinks, that MAJOR might, by mistake, have written Yt sen, instead of Sen yt. It is here given in the way Mr Pinkerton supposes it ought to be read, as it seems to agree better with the abrupt close of

“ Ha, now my muse !”

JAMES I. is said to have written many songs—MAJOR says “ plurimi ;” the language of this is, evidently, very ancient, and not unlike that of KING'S QUAIR ; there is, therefore, some probability that it may be the song mentioned by MAJOR ; or, at least, co-eval with JAMES I.]

YAS ! sen the eyne that workis my welfair
Dois no moir on me glance,
A thousand fitches, with fuelling fobbis fair,
Dois throw my bowels lance.

I die yairning ;

I leif pyning ;

Woe dois encres ;

I wax witles.

O findering, O woful doleance !

The

The day quhen as the fair pairtit me fra,
Plesour left me also.

When that from her I funderit was away,
Mischance me hint but ho.

I waxit wan,

The same hour than ;

Sorow senfyne

Dois still me pyne

O that *gud nicht* hes causit mekil wo :

Evin as men may the turtill trew persaif,

Once having lost hir feir,

On the dry brainche, ay faithful to the graif,

Bewayling perseveir.

So my defyre,

Kindlit in fyre,

Dois foir lament

My luif absent.

O God, gif amour be ane paine to beir !

Never in somer the hait canicular day

So hote with beamis brint,

As dois that fyre, quhilk, me devoring ay,

Hes faul and bodie tint.

And never a dairt

So perced my hairt,

As dois the bowt

Quhilk luif me schot.

O god Cupid, gif better be thy dint !

As he that swimmis the moir he ettil fast,

And to the schoire intend,

The moir his febil furie, throw windis blast,

Is bakwart maid to wend.

So wars be day

My greif growis ay.

The

The moir I am hurte,
 The moir I sturte.
 O cruel love, bot deid thow hes none end !

The faithful messinger, quhilk is the nicht,
 To luifars langorous,
 Augments my woe ; and als the dayis licht
 Maks me more dolorous.

The day I dwyne,
 The nicht I pyne ;
 Evin eikis my sorow
 Wors then the Morow.
 O God, in love gif I be malhourous !

And gif that neid to slumbir me constrainé,
 Faint throuch melancolie,
 Unrest dois (quikly) walkin me agane
 To muse my miserie.

Quhatevir chance
 Dois me outrance,
 Saif fals thinking
 In sueit dreming.
 O dreame maist sueit, gif it war not a lie !

In cairful bed full oft, in myne intent,
 To tuitche I do appear
 Now syde, now breist, now sueit, now redolent,
 Of that sueit bodye deir.

I stretche my hand,
 In vain ernand ;
 My luif is far,
 And not found nar.
 O scorne of luifars Cupid blind art heir !

Syne quhen the morning, (with hir mantil grein)
 Opinis the dayis face,

With Phebus' licht the cairful thochtis dein

Renewis thair woful raice.

My fyrie raige

Dois then aggrage :

My foir torment

Dois moir augment.

O gif abfence be paine in luifis caice !

So mony ftarris ar nocht in nichtis fein ;

Nor in drawing colouris :

Nor fcepping froggis, amid the medow grein ;

As I thocht of dolouris.

Noy upon noy

Marks to defroy

My woful lyfe,

Fechting in ftryfe.

O gif unhap be found in paramouris !

The Day, befoir the fuddane Nichtis chaice,

Dois not fo fuiftlie go ;

Nor hare, befoir the ernand grewhound's face,

With fpeid is careit fo ;

As I, with paine

For luif of ane,

Without remeid

Rin to the deid.

O God, gif deid be end of mekil woe !

O goddis hiche ! gif in the hevin be found

Sum band of amitie,

I yow befeik be movit with my wound ;

And have fum juft pitie.

My proper lyfe

I hate as ftryfe.

I me forfaik

For

For other's faik.
O gif luif caufis strange inamitie !

Ha now, my Muse ! my foucy, and my cair !
Leif of thy lamenting.
Ceis to complane of mischap ony mair.
End now. I ceis to sing.
He that can plaine
Dois thoill leifst paine.
Soir ar the hairtis
But playnt that smartis.
Silence to dolour is ane nourisching.

JAMES

My Mother's Fare

O God, I am in the same manner!

Ha now, my Mother! my money, and my care!

Left of my father's

Care to complete of my father's

And now, I care to sing.

He that can please

Does that I can please.

But at the same

But please that same.

Silence no doubt is the nothing.

JAMES

James J. 1807-1837

James J. 1807-1837

James J. 1807-1837

James J. 1807-1837

James J. 1807-1837

James J. 1807-1837

18

JAMES II. 1437—1460.

THE HOULAT, OR THE DANGER OF PRIDE.
MAID BE HOLLAND.

[*This allegorical Poem, apparently a satire on JAMES II. by a partizan of the House of Douglas, was first published in 1792, from the BAN-NATYNE MANUSCRIPT in the Advocates Library of Edinburgh, by Mr Pinkerton. HOLLAND, the author, has mentioned different circumstances which ascertain with precision the time when it was written. He dates it from TERNOWAY, the seat of the Earls of MORAY, and says,*

" Thus for a Dow of Dunbar drew I this dyte

" Dowit with a Douglas, and baith were they Dowis."

The Lady here meant, is MARY DUNBAR, who brought that Earldom to her husband, ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS, a younger son of JAMES, Seventh Earl of Douglas. The author, in a strange tedious digression (here omitted) concerning the armorial bearings, green tree, &c. of Douglas, mentions the four branches ; by which he certainly means 1. JAMES, Eighth Earl of Douglas ; 2. ARCHIBALD, Earl of Moray ; 3. HUGH, Earl of Ormond ; 4. JOHN, Lord Balvenie. In 1450, the favour and power of the Earl of DOUGLAS began to fail ; in 1452, he was slain by the King ; in 1453, MORAY was forced into exile ;

exile ; in 1455, all the brothers were attainted ; MORAY was slain in battle against his Sovereign ; and his brother ORMOND was, at the same time, taken and beheaded. The poem, then, must have been written before the attainder, and after the House of DOUGLAS had lost the King's favour ; probably in 1453. By the HOULAT, or Owl, in this satyrical fable, is meant JAMES II. whose face was somewhat deformed by a fiery redness in one of his cheeks. The style, even for that time, is particularly uncouth, from the constant alliteration and consequent necessity of using old and uncommon words. The metrical romance of SIR GAWANE, by CLERK OF TRANENT, written probably about this time, and in the same alliterative measure, is still more barbarous and unintelligible. The reader will be quite satisfied with the HOULAT as a specimen of this counterfeit language, formed more for the purpose of sound than sense.]

I.

IN the middis of Maii, at morne, as I went
 Throw mirth markit, on mold till a grene meid,
 The blemis blythest of blee fro the sone blent,
 That all brychnit about the bordouris on breid.
 With alkin herbis so ffair that war in erd lent
 The feildis flowryschit : and fretfull of fairhead,
 So soft was the seasons our sovrane doun sent,
 Throw the greabill gift off his godheid,
 That all was amiable ower the air and the erd,
 Thus throw the clifts so clere
 Above, but fallow or fere,
 I walkit till a riweir
 That ryallye rered.

II.

II.

This riche rywer down ran, but resting or rove,
 Throw a forest on fauld, that ferlye was fair.
 All the brayis of that buyrne buir brenchis above;
 And birdis blyitheft of ble on bloffomes bair.
 The land lony was and lie, with lyking and love,
 And for to lende by that lak thocht me levare,
 Becaus that thir hertis in herdis coud hove;
 Pransand and pridyand, be pair and be pare.
 Thus sat I in solace, sekrelye and fuire,
 Content of the fare firth,
 Mekle mare of the mirth;
 Als was blyith of the birth,
 That the ground buire.

III.

The birth that the ground bure was brondyn in bredis,
 With gerfs gay as the gold, and granis of grace,
 Mendis and medicine for all menis (neidis;)
 Help till hert, and till hurt, helefull it was.
 Under the circle solar thir fanourous fedis
 Were nurist be dame Nature, that nobill maistres.
 Bot all thair namys to nyum as now it nocht nedis;
 It wer prolixit and lang, and lenthing of space.
 And I haif mekle matter in metir to glofs,
 Of ane uthir sentence,
 And waik is my eloquence.
 Thairfoir in haist will I hence
 To the purpose.

IV.

Of that purpois in that place, be pryme of the day,
 I hard a peteous appeill, with a pure mane,
 Sowlpit in sorow, that sadly could say,
 "Woes me wreche! in this world wilsum of wane,
 "With

" With mair murnyng in mynd, than I mene may,
 " Rowpit reuchfully roulk in a rud rane."
 Off that ferly onfold I fell in affray;
 Nyrrar that noyis in nest I nycht anane,
 I saw a HOULAT in haist, under ane holyng,
 Lukand the lak throw,
 And saw his awin shadow,
 At the quhilk he culd grow,
 And maid a gowling.

V.

He gret gryllie grym, and gaif a grit youle,
 Hydand and bydand with churlich chere.
 " Quhy is my fate," quoth the fyle, "falleint so foule?"
 " My forme and my fetherin unfrenlie, but feir;
 " My neb is nytherit as a nob; I am but ane oule.
 " Againis natur in the nycht I waik into weir.
 " I dar do nocht in the day bot droup as a doule;
 " Nocht for shame of my shaip in pert till appeir.
 " Thus all the foulis, for my filth, hes me at feid;
 " That be I sene in thair sicht
 " To luke out on day lycht,
 " Sum will me dolefully dycht,
 " Sum ding me to my deid.

VI.

" Sum bird will bay at my beke, and sum will me byte;
 " Sum skirp me with sorne, sum skyrine at myn e.
 " I see be my shaddow my shap hes the wyte.
 " Quhame fall I bleme in this breth, a be sum that I be?
 " Is none bot dame Natur I bid not to wyte
 " Or to accus, in this caufs, in cais that I de.
 " Bot quha fall make me amendis of hir worth a myte,
 " That this hes maid on the mold a monfter of me?
 " I will appeill to the Paip, and pass to him plane;
 " For happin that his Halynace,

" Throw

“ Throw prayer, may purchase
 “ To reforme my foule face ;
 “ And than wer I fane.

VII.

“ Fane wald (I ken), quoth the fyle, or I furth fure,
 “ Quha is fader of all foule, pastour and Paip ?
 “ That is the plesand *Pacok*, pretious and pure,
 “ Constant and kirklyk, under his cleir kaip ;
 “ Myterit, as the maner is, mansuiet and demure ;
 “ Schrowd in his scheneweid, and schane in his schaip ;
 “ Sad in his sanctitude, sickerly and fure.
 “ I will go to that guid, his grace for to graip.”
 Off that boure I was blyeth ; and baid to behald.
 The *Howlat*, violent of vyce,
 Raikit under the ryce,
 To the *Pacok* of pryce,
 That was Pape cald.

VIII.

Beffoir the Paip quhen that pur present him had,
 With fit courtaffye, as he coud, on knees he fell ;
 Said, “ *Ave* Rabye ! Be the rude, I am rycht rade
 “ To behald your Halynes, or my taill tell.
 “ I may nocht suffise to se your Sanctitude sad.”
 The Paip wyissie, I wis, of worschip the well,
 Gawe him his braid bennefoun ; and balelie him bade,
 That he suld speanlie speik, and spair nocht to spell.
 “ I com to speir,” quoth the spreit, “ into speciall,
 “ Quhy I am formit fa foull ;
 “ Ay to yout and to youll,
 “ As ane horuble oull,
 “ Ougsum owir all ?

IX.

" I am nycherit ane oule thus be Nature,
 " Lykar a fulle, than a foull, in figure and face ;
 " Byffym of all birdis, that evir bodye bure,
 " Without caws or cryme kend in this cace.
 " I have appeillit to your prefence, pretious and puir,
 " To ask help into haist at your Holynace,
 " That ye wald crye upoun Christ, that all hes in cuir,
 " To schape me ane schand bird in a schort space.
 " And to accuse Nature, this is no way.
 " Thus throw your Halynes may ye
 " Make a fair foull of me ;
 " Or ellis dreidles I dee,
 " Or my end day."

X.

' Off thy deid,' quoth the Paip, ' pitie I hawe ;
 ' Bot of Nature to pleyne it is pariell.
 ' I can nocht say suddanlie, so me Christ sawe,
 ' Bot I fall call my cardinallis, and my counfell.
 ' Patriarkis and prophetis, oure lerit all the lawe,
 ' Thai fal be semblit full sone, that thow se fall.'
 He callit on his Cubiculare within his conclave
 That was the proper *Pape*, proud in his apparrell ;
 Bad send for his secretaire, and his sele sone,
 That was the *Turture* trewest
 Ferme, faithfull, and fest,
 That bure that office honest ;
 And enterit but hone.

XI.

The Paip commandit, but hone, to wryt in all landis,
 Be the said secretaire, that the sele yemyt,
 For all staitis of kirk, that under Christ standis,
 To semble till his summondis, as it weill semyt.

The

The trew *Turture* has tane with the titgandis,
 Done dewly his dett as the dere demyt :
 Syne belyve fend the lettres into fere landis,
 With the *Swallow* so swift in speanle expremitt,
 The Papis herald at poynt into present ;
 For he is furthward to flee,
 And ay will haif enterree
 In hous, and in hall hee,
 To tell his entent.

XII.

Quhat fall I tell ony mair of thir materis ?
 Bot thir lordis belyve thir lettres hes tane,
 Reffavit thame with reverence, to reid as efferis ;
 And richelye the heraldis rewardit ilk ane.
 Than busk thai but blin ; monye bewfckeris
 Graithis thame, but growching, that gait for to gane.
 All the staitis of kirk out of steid steris :
 And I fall note you richt now thair namis in ane.
 How thai apperit to the Paip, and present thame ay ;
 Fair farrand, and free,
 In ane guidlye degree,
 And manlyke ; as thocht me
 In middis of May *.

XIII.

Confess cleir can I nocht, nor kyth all the càs,
 The kynd of thair cunnyng, thir comparges eke ;
 The manere, nor the multitude somonyt than was.
 All se foull, and fede foull, was nocht for to seke.
 Thir ar no foulis of ref, nor of rethnas,
 Bot manfuate, but malice, mandrit and meke,
 And all apperit to the Paip, in that ilk place,

Salust

* Here follows a verbose enumeration of the birds in the character of Bishops, Abbots, Monks, &c. The names, common.

Salust his sanctitude with spirituall speke.
 The Pape gaif his beneson, and bliffit thame all.
 Quhen thai war rankit on rawis
 Off thair wing, the haill cawis
 Was said into schort sawis,
 As ye here fall.

XIV.

The Pape said to the *Oule*, "Propone thine appele,
 "Thy lamentabill langage, as lyke the best."
 'I am descernint of the foul, with faltis full fele,
 'Be nature nycherit ane oule noy quhar in nest,
 'Wrech of all wrechis, fra wirschip and wele;
 (All this tretye hes he tald be times intest.)
 'It nedis nocht to renew all my unhele,
 'Sen it was menit to your mynd, and maid manifest.'
 Bot to the poynt pietous he prait the Pape
 To call the clergie with cure
 And se gif that Nature
 Mycht reforme his figure
 In a fair schaip.

XV.

Than fairly the Fader thir foulis he frainyt
 Off thair cunsele in that cais, sen that the rycht knew;
 Gyff thai the *Houlat* mycht help, that was so hard panyt.
 And thai verelye avisit, full of vertewe,
 The mater, the manner, and how it remanyt;
 The circumstance, and the stait, all coude thai argewe.
 Monye alleageance lele, in lede nocht to laneit,
 Off ARISTOTLE, and all men, schairplye thai schewe.
 The prelatis thair apperance proponit generall.
 Sum said to, sum fra;
 Sum nay, and sum ya.
 Baith *pro* and *contra*
 Thus argewe thai all.

XVI.

XVI.

Thus argewe thai ernistlye wone offis ;
 And syn to the samyn forfuth thai assent hale ;
 That sen it nychlit Nature, thair alleris maistris,
 Thai coud nocht trete but entent of the temperale.
 Thairfore thai counsele the Pape to wryte on this wys,
 To the achil Emproure, fouerane in sale,
 Till addrefs to that diete, to deme his avis,
 With Dukis, and with digne Lordis, derrest in dale,
 Erlis of ancestry, and uthir ynewe.
 So that Spirituale State
 And the seculare confate,
 Mycht all gang in a gate
 Tendir and trewe.

XVII.

The trew *Turture*, and traist, as I heire tald,
 Wrate thir lettres at lenth, lelest in lede ;
 Syne throw the Papis pretext planelye thame yald
 To the *Swallow* so swift, harrald in hede,
 To etill to the Emproure, of ancestry ald.
 He wald nocht spare for to spring on a hind spede :
 Fand him in *Babilonis tour*, with bernis sa bald,
 Cruell kingis with crouns, and ducks but drede,
 He gave thir lordis * belyve the lettres to luke ;
 Quhilk the riche Emproure,
 And all other in the houre
 Reffavit with honour,
 Bayth Princis, and Duke.

XVIII.

Quhen thai confavit had the cas, and the credence,
 Be the herald in hall huse thai nocht ellis,

Bot

* Birds of prey, as temporal Lords.

Bot bownis out of *Babilon* with all obedience,
 Sekis our the salt see, fro the south fellis,
 Enteris in *Europ*, free but offence,
 Waillis wylie the wayis, be woddis and wellis,
 Till thai approch to the Pape in his presence,
 At the foirfaid triste quhar the trete tellis.
 Thai fand him in a forrest, frelye and fare.
 The Paip, and the Patriarkis, the Prelattis, I wist,
 Welcomit thame wyllie, but weir,
 With haly farmondis feir,
 Pardoun, and prayeir,
 And blythly thame blif.

XIX.

The bliffit Paip in the place prayd thame ilk ane
 To remane to the meit, at the midday ;
 And thay grantit that gud, but gruching, to gane :
 Than to ane wortheleth wane went thay thair way :
 Passit to a palice of price plesand allane,
 Was erectit ryelly, ryke of array,
 Pantit and apparalit prowldy in pane,
 Sylit semely with filk, futhly to say.
 Braid burdis, and benkis, our beld with bancouris of
 gold,
 Cled our with clene claithis,
 Raylit full of richis,
 The efreft wes the areffis
 That ye se schold.

XX.

All thus thay move to the meit : and the Marschale
 Gart bring watter to wesche, of a well cleir :
 That wes the *Falcone* so fair, frely but faile
 Bad bernis burdis upbred, with a blyth chere.
 The Paip past to his place, in his pontificale,
 The athil Emprour annon nycht him neir.

Kings,

Kings, and Patrearkis, kend with Cardynnallis all,
 Addressit thame to that deis, and Dukis so deir.
 Bischopis, Baronis, to the burd, and Marchonis of
 michtis;
 Erlis of honoris,
 Abbottis of ordoris,
 Provestis and Prioris,
 And many kene knyghtis.

XXI.

Denis, and digneteis as are demit,
 Schtiferis, and Sqyeris, and Bachelaris blyth:
 I pres nocht all to report; ye hard thame exprimit.
 Bot all wer marchellit to meit, mekly and myth:
 Syne servit semely in sale, forfuth as it semit,
 With all curers of cost that cukis coud kyth.
 In flesche tyme, quhen the fische wer away flemit,
 Quha was Stewart bot the *Stork*, stalwart and styth:
 Syne all the lentren but les, and the lang rede,
 And als in the advent,
 The *Soland* stewart was sent;
 For he coud fra the firmament
 Fang the fische deid.

XXII.

The *Boytour* callit was Cuke, that him weil kend
 In craftis of the kischin, costlyk of curis.
 Mony saouris sawce with sewans he send,
 And confectionnis of foris that phesick furth furis.
 Mony mair meitis, gife I fall mak end,
 It neidis not to renew all thair naturis;
 Quhair fit staitis will steir, thair style till ostend,
 Ye wait all welth and worschip daily induris.
 Syne, at the middis of the meit, in come the Menstral-
 lis,
 The *Mavis* and the *Merle* singis

Ofillis,

Ofillis, and *Stirlingis* ;
The blyth *Lark* that begynis,
And the *Nychingallis*,

XXIII.

And thair notis in ane, gif I rycht nevin,
Were of Mary the myld ; the maner I wifs ;
“ Hale temple of the trinite, crownit in hevin !
“ Hale muder of our makar, and medecyn of mis !
“ Hale fritte and salve for the synnis sevin !
“ Hale but of e, barret and beld of our blifs !
“ Hale granefull of grace that growis so evin !
“ Ferme our feid to the fet quhar thy sone is,
“ Haill lady of all ladies, lichtest of leine !
“ Haill chalin of chesite !
“ Haill charbuncle of cherite !
“ Haill ! Bliffit mot thou be
“ For thy barne seine,

XXIV.

“ Haill bliffit throch the bodwird of blith angellis !
“ Haill princes that expleitis all profetis pure !
“ Haill blyther of the Bapteist, within thy bowellis,
“ Of Elizabeth thy aunt, aganis nature !
“ Haill spritrous most specifeit with the spirituallis !
“ Haill ordanit or ordane, and ay to indure !
“ Haill oure hope, and oure help, quhen that harme
ailis !
“ Haile altare of *Ena* in ane briture !
“ Haile well of our weilfair ! We wait nocht of ellis ;
“ Bot all comittis the,
“ Saull, and lyfe, Ladye :
“ Now, for thy fruyte, mak us free
“ Fra feindis that fellis.

XXV.

XXV.

“ Fra thy gree to this ground lat thy grace glyde !
 “ As thow art grantare thair of, and the gevare ;
 “ Now foverane quhair thow fittis, be thy sonis fyde,
 “ Send sum succor doun sone to the synnare !
 “ The feind is our felloun fa, in the we confyde,
 “ Thou moder of all mercye, and the menare.
 “ For ws wappit in wo in this warld wyde,
 “ To thy sone mak thy mane and thy makar.
 “ Now ladye luke to the lede that ye so lele luifis,
 “ Thow fekir crone of *Salomon*,
 “ Thow worthy wand of *Aaron*,
 “ Thow joyis flece of *Jedron*,
 “ Us help the tahufis !”

XXVI.

All thus our Ladye thai lose, with lyking and list,
 Menstralis, and musicians, mo than I mene may.
 The *Psaltry*, the *Citholis*, the soft *atbarist*,
 The *Cronde*, and the *monycordis*, the *gythornis* gay ;
 The *rote*, and the *recordour*, the *ribus*, the *rif*,
 The *trump*, and the *taburn*, the *tympane* but tray ;
 The *lilt pype*, and the *lute*, the *cithill* and *fist*,
 The *dulsate*, and the *dulsacordis*, the *schalin* of affay ;
 The amyable *organis* usit full oft ;
Clarions loud knellis,
Portatibis, and *bellis*.
Cymbaellonis in the cellis,
 That foundis so oft.

XXVII.

Quhen thai had sangin, and said, softly a schoure ;
 And plaid as of paradyse it a poynt ware ;
 In come japane the *Ja*, as a Jugloure,
 With castis, and with cantelis, a quynt caryare.

He gart thame fee, as it femyt, in famin houre,
 Hunting at herdis, in holtis so haire ;
 Soune failand on the fee schippis of toure ;
 Bernis batalland on burd, brym as a bare ;
 He coud carye the coup of the kingis des,
 Syne leve in the ftede
 Bot a blak bunwede :
 He coud of a henis hede
 Mak a man mes.

XXVIII.

He gart the Emproure trow, and trewlye behald,
 That the *Corncraik*, the pundare at hand,
 Had poyndit all his pris hors in a poynd fald,
 Becaus thai eite of the corn in the kirkland.
 He could wirk windaris, quhat way that he wald ;
 Mak a gray gus a gold garland,
 A lang spere of a bittill for a berne bald,
 Noblis of nutschellis, and filver of sand.
 Thus jowkit with juxters the janglane *Ja*,
 Fair ladyis in ringis,
 Knychtis in caralyngis,
 Bayth danfis and fingis ;
 It femyt as fa.

XXIX.

Sa come the *Ruke* with a rerde, and a rane roch,
 A Bard out of *Irland* with *banochadee* !
 Said, *gluntow guk dynydrach bala mischty doch* ;
 Reke hir a rug of the roft, or scho fall ryve the.
Misch makmory ach mach momitir moch loch ;
 Set her doun, gif her drink ; quhat deill aylis ye ?
O Dermyn, O Donnal, O Dochardy droch ;
 Thir ar the *Ireland* Kingis of the *Erchrye*.
O Knewlyn, O Conoquhor, O Gregre M'Grane ;
 The *Gbenachy*, the *Gbarschack*,

The

The *Beneschene*, the *Ballach*,
 The *Krekrye*, the *Corach*,
 Scho kennis thame ilkane.

XXX.

Monye lefingis he maid ; wat lat for no man
 To speke quhill he spokin had, sparet no thingis.
 The Dene Rural, the *Ravin*, reprevit him than,
 Bad him his lefingis leue befoir thai Lordingis.
 The bard wes branewod, and bitterlye coud ban,
 “ Thou corby messinger,” quoth he, “ with forow now
 fingis ;
 “ Thow ischit out of Noxis ark, and to the erd wan,
 “ Tareit as tratour and brocht na tadingis ;
 “ I fall riwe the *Ravyn*, bayth guttis and gall.”
 Than the Dene Rurall worth rede,
 Sall for schame of the stede ;
 The bard held a grit plede
 In the hie hall.

XXXI.

In come twa flyrand Fulis with a fond fair,
 The *tuqubeit*, and the gukkit gowk, and yede hiddie
 giddie ;
 Rwischit bayth to the Bard, and ruggit his hare ;
 Callit him thris thevis nek, to thraw in a widdie.
 Than fylit him fra the foirtop to the fute thare.
 The Bard smaddit lyke a smaik smokit in a smiddie ;
 Ran fast to the dur, and gaif a grit raire ;
 Socht watter to wesch him thairout in ane ydy.
 The Lordis leuch upoun loft, and lyking thai had,
 That the Bard was so let.
 The Folis fend in the flet,
 And monye mowis at mete
 On the fluir maid.

XXXII.

XXXII.

Syne for a figonale of frutt thai strave in the stede ;
 The *tuqubeit* gird to the *gowk*, and gaif him a fall,
 Raiff his taill fra his heid, with a rache pleid ;
 The *gowk* gat up agane in the grit hall,
 Tuc the *tuqubeit* be the tope, and owirtirllit his heid,
 Flang him flat in the fyre, fedderis and all.
 He cryit, " Allace," with a rair, " revin is my reid !
 " I am ungretiouflye gorrit bayth guttis and gall."
 Yit he lopd fra ye low bycht in lyne.
 Quhen thai had remyllis raucht,
 Thai foirthocht that thai facht ;
 Kiffit syne, and facht,
 And fatt doun syne.

XXXIII.

All thus thir achilles in hall herlie remanit,
 With all welthis at wifs, and worschip to waill :
 The Pape beginnis to grace, as greablie ganit ;
 Wisch with thir wirchypis, and went to counsale.
 The puir *Howlattis* appele compleitlie was planit,
 His falt and foull forme, unfrelie but fale ;
 For the quhilk thir Lordis in lede nocht to lane it,
 He besocht of focour, as sovrane in faile,
 That thai wald pray Nature his present to renew ;
 For it was hale his beheste,
 At thair alleris requeste,
 Mycht dame Nature areste
 Of him for to rewe.

XXXIV.

Than rewit thir ryallis of that rach man,
 Bayth Spirituale and Temporale, that kennit the cas ;
 And, confiderand the caus, concludit in ane,
 That thai wald NATURE beseke, of hir grit grace,

To

To discend that faim hour as thair Sovrane,
 At thair alleris instance, in that ilk place.
 The Pape and the Patriarkis, the Prelatis ilk ane,
 Thus pray thai as penitent ; and all that thair was.
 Quhair throw dame NATURE the traist discendit that
 tyde,
 At thair hale instance ;
 Quham thai ressaue with reverance
 And bowsum obeyfance,
 As Goddes, and gyde.

XXXV.

“ It neides nocht,” quoth NATURE, “ to renew ocht
 “ Off your intent in this tyde, or for this to tell ;
 “ I waitt your will, and quhat way ye wald that I
 “ wrocht
 “ To reasoun the *Houlat*, of faltis full fell.
 “ It fall be done at ye deme, drede ye rycht nocht :
 “ I consent in this cais to your counsell.
 “ Sen myself for your sake hidder hes focht.
 “ Ye fall be specialye sped, or I mair spell.
 “ Now ilk foull of the firth a feddir fall ta,
 “ And let the *Houlat*, sen ye
 “ Of him hes pitie ;
 “ And I fall gar thame samyn be
 “ To grow or I ga.

XXXVI.

Than ilka foull o’ his facht a fether has tane,
 And let the *Houlat* in haste, hurthy but hone.
 Dame Nature the nobillest nychit in ane ;
 For so ferm this fetheren, and dochly hes done ;
 Girt it ground, and grow gaylye and gane,
 On the famin *Houlat*, semely and sone.
 Than was the schand of his schaip, and his schroud
 schane

Off all coloure, maist clere beldit abone ;
 The fairest foull of the firth, and hendest of hewis ;
 So clene, and so colourike,
 That no bird was him lyke
 Fro *Byron* to *Berwike*,
 Under the bewis.

XXXVII.

Thus was *Houlat* in herd herdly at hicht,
 Floure of all foulis, throw fetheris so faire,
 He lukit to his licame lemyt so lycht,
 So proper plesand of prent, proud to repaire.
 He thocht maid on the mold makles of mycht,
 As Sovrane him awin self, throw beautie he baire,
 Contitulate with the Pape our princis, I plicht ;
 Sy hielie he hyit him in Luciferis laire,
 That all the foulis of the firth he defoulit syne.
 Thus lete he no man his pere ;
 Gif ony nygh wald him nere,
 He bad thame rebaldis orere,
 With a ruyne.

XXXVIII.

‘ The Paip, and the Patriarkis, princis of prow,
 ‘ I am cum of thair blud, be coufingage knawin.
 ‘ So fair is my fetherin I haif no fallow ;
 ‘ My schrcud and my schene were schyre to the schaw-
 ‘ in.’

All birdis he rebawkit, that wald him nocht bow ;
 In breth as a battell wrycht full of boft blawin,
 With unlowable latis nocht till allow,
 Thus vitiit he the Valantene thraly and thrawin ;
 That all the foulis with assent assemblit agane,
 And plencyeit to Nature
 Off this intollirable injure ;

How

How the *Houlat* him bure
So hè, and so hautane.

XXXIX.

So pompeous, impertinax, and reproviable,
In excessis our arrogant thir birdis ilkane
Besocht Natur to ceifs that insufferable,
That with that Lady allyt lewch her allane.
“My first making,” quoth scho, “was unamendable,
“Thocht I alterit, as ye all askit in ane.
“Yit fall I preif you to pleifs, for it is possible.
Scho callit the *Houlat* in haist, that was so hautane,
“Thy pryd,” quoth the Princes, “approchis our he,
“Lyke Lucifer in estait,
“And for thow art so elait,
“As the Evangelist wrait,
“Thow fall law be.

XL.

“The rent, and the riches, that thow in rang,
“Wes of uthir menis all, and nocht of thyne awin;
“Now ilk fowll his awin feddir fall againe fang;
“And make the catyve of kynd, to thy self knawin.”
As scho hes demyt thay haif done thraly in thrang.
Thairwith dame Natur hes to the hevin drawin:
Ascendit sone, in my sight, with placence and fang,
And ilk foule tuke the flicht: and, schortly to schawin,
Held hame to thair hant, and to thair harbry,
Quhair thay wer wont to remane,
All thir gudly and gane:
And thair lenit allane
The *Houlat*, and I.

XLI.

Than this *Houlat* hideous of hair and of hyde,
Put first fra poverty to pris, and princes awin peir;

Syne

Syne degradit fra grace, for his grit pryd,
 Bannyt bittirly his birth belfully in beir.
 He welterit, he wrythit, he wareit the tyd,
 That he wes wrocht in this world wofull in weir.
 He criplit, he cryngit, he carefully cried,
 He solpit, and sorrowit, in sichingis feir.
 He said, "Allace I am lost, lathest of all,
 " Byfym in bale best;
 " I may be simple heirest
 " That pryd yit nevir lest
 " His feir, but a fall.

XLII.

" I coud nocht won into welth wreth wayest,
 " I wes so wantoun in will, my werdis ar wan;
 " Thus for my hicht I am hurt and harmit in haist,
 " Carfull and catife for craft that I can.
 " Quhen I wes of hevit as heir all thill hiest,
 " Fra rewl, reffon, and rycht redles I ran.
 " Thairfoir I ly in the lymb, lympt the lathair;
 " Now mek your mirrour be me, all manner of man,
 " Ye princis, prelettis of pryd for ponnyis and prow,
 " That pullis the pure ay,
 " Ye fall sing as I say,
 " All your welth will away,
 " Thus a werne yow.

XLIII.

" Think how bair thow wes borne, and bair ay will
 " be,
 " For ocht that fedis of thy self, in ony seson.
 " Thy cud, thy claithis, thy coist, cumis nocht of thè,
 " Bot of the frutt of the erd, and Gods suftron.
 " Quhen ilka thing hes the awin, futhly we se,
 " Thy nakit corfs bot of clay and foule carion,
 " Hatit, and hafles; quhairof art thow he?

" We

“ We cum pure, we gang pure, bath King and Comon.
 “ Bot thow rewill the richtoufs, thy crowne fall ourere.”
 Thus faid the *Houlat* on hicht.
 Now God, for thy grit micht,
 Set our faulis in ficht
 Off Sanctis fo feire !

XLIV.

Thus for a *Dow* of DUNBAR drew I this dyte,
Dowit with a *Dowglas* ; and baith were thay *Dowis* :
 In the forrest foirfaid, frely perfyte,
 Of *Terway*, tendir and tryd, quhofo trest trowis.
 Wer my wit as my will, than suld I weill wryte :
 Bot gif lak in my leid, that nocht till all owis,
 Ye wise, for your wirfchip, wryth me no wyte.
 Now blyth ws the blift barne, that all berne bowis :
 He len ws lyking and lyfe evirlestand !
 In mirthfull moneth of May
 In middis of *Murray*,
 Thus in a tyme, be *Ternway*,
 Hapnit HOLLAND.

EXPLICIT.

THE ACTIS AND DEIDIS OF THE ILLUSTER AND VAIL-
YEAND CAMPIOUN SHYR WILHAM WALLACE, KNYCHT
OF ELRISLEE, BY HENRY THE MINSTREL, COMMONLY
CALLED BLIND HARRY.

[JOHANNES MAJOR, in his history of Scotland, says;
“In the time of my infancy, HENRY, who was blind
from his birth, composed a book consisting entirely
of the atchievements of WILLIAM WALLACE. By
reciting his histories before princes and great men,
he earned his food and raiment.” MAJOR was born
in 1446; and in Dunbar’s lament for the death of
the Makars, or Poets, Blind HARRY comes after
HOLLAND and CLERK of Tranent. Therefore, we
may suppose the detached historical pieces of this ve-
nerable minstrel, to have been connected together some
time between 1450 and 1460. The only ancient ma-
nuscript copy that has reached our time, is that in
the Advocates Library of Edinburgh, written in
1488 by a JOHN RAMSAY; who also transcribed, in
the following year, BARBOUR’S LIFE OF BRUCE, now
in the same Library. To those readers who are not
inclined to dip into the history itself, which cele-
brates, as LORD HAILES observes, the actions that
WALLACE did not perform, as well as those which he
did, the following extract will shew assuredly the true
state of the living language in HENRY’S time; for,
considering his situation as a wandering mendicant,
we must suppose he wrote his popular stories in a
language that was universally understood; and there
is no ground for suspecting that RAMSAY used any
freedoms either in altering or amending (whatever he
might do in arranging) HENRY’S Work.]

ACCOUNT

ACCOUNT OF THE EXECUTION OF SIR WILLIAM WALLACE,
AT LONDON, AUGUST 3^d. 1305.

ON Wednyſday, the fals Sothroune furth brocht,
Till martyr him as thai befor had wrocht.
Rycht futh it is, a martyr Wallace was,
Als Offwald, Edmunt, Edwart, and Thomas,
Of men in armes led hym a full gret rout.
With a bald ſpreit gud Wallace blent about ;
A preyst he askyt, for God that deit on tre.
King Edwart than commandyt hys clerge,
And ſaid, I charge, on payn off lofs of lyff,
Nane be ſa bald yon tyrand for to ſchreiff ;
He has rong lang in contrar my hienace.

A blyſt Byſchop ſone preſent in that place
Off Canterbery he than was rychtwyſs Lord,
Agayn the King he maid this rycht record :
And myſelf ſall her hys confeſſioun,
Gyff I haif mycht in contrar off thi croun ;
An you throw force will ſtop me off this thing,
I vow to God, quhilk is my rychtwyſs King,
That all Ingland I ſall enterdyt,
And mak it knawn yow ar ane herretyk.
The ſacrement of kyrk I ſall hym geyff ;
Syn tak the chos, to ſhrive or lat hym leyff.
It war mar weill, in worſchip off thi croun
To kep ſic ane in lyk in thi bandoun,
Than all the land and gud that yow has refyd ;
Bot cowartyſs ye ay fra honour drefyd.
You has lyff rongyn in wrangis deid,
That ſall be ſeyn on ye, or on thi ſeid.

The King gart charge thai fuld the Byfchop ta,
 Bot fad Lordys confellyt to lat hym ga.
 All Inglifmen fayd, that hys defyr was rycht.
 To Wallace than he rakyt in thair fycht,
 And fadly herd his confeffion till ane end.
 Humbly to God hys fpreit he thar commend ;
 Lawly hym fhriфт with harty devotioun.
 Apon hys kneis, and faid ane oryfoun.
 Hys leyff he tuk, and to Weft Monafter raid.
 The lok-men, than thai bur Wallace, but baid
 On till a place hys martyrdome to tak
 For till hys ded he wald na forthyr mak.
 Fra the fyrft nycht he was tane in Scotland,
 Thai kepyt hym intill that famyn band.
 Na thing he had that fuld haiff doyn hym gud,
 Bot Inglifmen hym feruit off carnaill fud.
 Hys warldly lyff defyrd the fufenance,
 Thocht he it gat in contrar of plefance.
 Thai thretty dayis hys band thai durft nocht flaik,
 Quhill he was boundyn on a fkamyll of ayk,
 With yrn chenzies that was bath fark and keyn.

A clerk thai fet to her quhat he wald meyn.
 Yow Scott, he faid, that gret wrang has don,
 Thi fatell hour, you feis, approaches fon ;
 Yow fuld in mynd remembyr thi myfdeid,
 That clerkis may, quhen thai thair pfalmis reid
 For Cryftin faullis that makis thaim to pray
 In thair nowmyr yow may be ane off thai ;
 For now yow feis on forfs yow mon decess.

Than Wallace faid, for all thi roid raherfs
 Yow has na charge, fuppos that I did myfs,
 Yon blyft Byfchop has hecht I fall haiff blyfs ;
 And trew I weill, that God fall it admyt,
 Thi febyll words fall nocht my confciens fmit.

Comfort

Comfort I haiff off way that I suld gang ;
Maißt payn I byd from being her our lang.

Than said this clerk, our King offt send ye till,
Yow mycht haiff had all Scotland at thi will,
To hald off hym ; and cessyt of thi stryff,
So as a Lord rongyn furth all thi lyff.

Than Wallace said, you spekis off mychty thing.
Had I lestyt, and gottyn my rychtwyfs King
Fra worthi Bruce had refavit hys croun,
I thocht haiff maid Ingland hys bandoun ;
So uttraly it suld beyn at hys will,
Quhat plessyt hym, to sauff thi King or spill.

Weill, said this clerk, than yow repentis nocht
Off wykkedness yow has a felloun thocht ;
Is naye in warld that has sa many flane ;
Tharfor till ask, me think yow suld be bane,
Grace off our King, and syn at hys barnage.

Than Wallace smyl'd a litill at hys langage.
I grant, he said, part Inglisnen I flew
In my quarrel, me thocht nocht halff enew.
I movyt na wer, bot to wyn our awin.
Thi frustyr words dois nocht bot taris me,
I the commaund on Godd's halff lat me be.

A Schyrreff gart this clerk sone fra hym pass ;
Rycht as thai durst thai grant quhat he wald ass.
A pfaltyr buk Wallace had on hym evir
Fra his child-heid fra it wald nocht disseyvr ;
Better he trowit in viage for to speid ;
Bot than he was dispulyeid off hys weid.
This grace he ast at Lord Clyffurd that Knycht,
To lat hym haiff hys pfaltyr buk in fycht ;
He gert a preyst it oppyn befor hym hauld,

Quhill

Quhill thai to hym had done all that thai wauld.
Stedfast he red, for ocht thai did hym thar ;
Feill Sothroune said, that Wallace feld na fayr.
Gud devotioun fa was hys begynnyng,
Conteynd tharwith, and fair was hys endyng,
Quhill spech and spreit all at once can fayr
To lestand blyfs, we trow, for evir mair.

FABLES

[—the only other Poet known to have flourished in this reign, and the first classical writer of miscellaneous Poetry in Scotland. In the Harleyan Library is a manuscript copy of HENRYSON'S *Fables*, dated 1575; wherein he is styled Schoolmaster of Dunfermling. LORD HAILES supposes his office to have been Preceptor of youth in the Benedictine convent of that place; perhaps what was then called Professor of Art and Fury. The æra of his writing may be ascertained from a variety of concurring circumstances. DUNBAR, in his *Lament for the death of the Poets*, mentions them pretty nearly in chronological order. HENRYSON comes after HOLLAND, CLERK of Tranent, and BLIND HARRY; and must have been dead for some time before the *Lament* was written; for the stanza, succeeding that in which he is mentioned, runs thus:

“ And Death has now tane, last of aw,
The gentle Stobo and Quentene Schaw.”

DUNBAR'S Poem occurs in a miscellaneous collection, (the very first production, it is believed, of the Scottish Press,) imprinted at Edinburgh in 1508, by WALTER CHEPMAN, and ANDREW MILLAR; and may have been written about 1505. Suppose HENRYSON to have died ten years before, at the age of seventy, his birth will be brought to 1425, and he might begin to write about 1450. In conformity with this supposition, we find HENRYSON, in his fable of the Dog, Wolf and Sheep, mentioning the “Pestilence,” as having been just then, sent by the Almighty for a punishment of the sins of the people: This plague happened

happened in 1456, as appears from Act 57 of James II. passed in that year, for preventing its farther ravages—Also again, in his fable of the Lyon and Mouse, there appears, according to LORD HAILES, an allusion to the revenge taken on ROBERT III. by DUNBAR, Earl of March; and on JAMES I. by SIR ROBERT GRAHAM, as recent events. JAMES II. was at variance with the formidable House of DOUGLAS, from 1451 to 1455; and HENRYSON, in the conclusion of this fable, expressly warns him that revengeful men

—— “Wait alway amendis for till get;
For hurt men wrytis in the marble stane
More till expone, as now, I lat allane;
Bot King and Lord may weill wit quhat I mene.
Figure heiroyf aft tymes has been fene.”

These lines could not apply to the minority of JAMES III. Probably, indeed, the whole of HENRYSON'S Fables were written nearly about the same time; that is, from 1450 to 1460, when he was not far advanced in years. In one of them he speaks thus of Science:

“Weill war the man of all uthir, that mocht
All his lyfe dayis in perfyte study wair
To get science; for him neidit na mair.”

In the Chartulary of Dunfermline, MR ROBERT HENRYSON of Fordel is witness in a charter to PATRICK BARON, of the lands of Spittlefield, anno 1478. It is not now known whether this ROBERT HENRYSON and the Poet be the same person, but appearances are rather in favour of such a supposition. The estate of Fordel, during the life of this ROBERT, was, it seems, under wad-set; and in HENRYSON'S Poem of the Abbey Walk, beginning thus:

“Alone as I went up and down
In ane Abbay was fair to see,” &c.

(doubtless

(doubtless written about the same time) we find him thus lamenting the inconstancy of Fortune :

Job was maist riche, in writ we find,
Thobè most full of cheritie;
Job woux pure, and Thobè blynd,
Baith tempit with adverfitè.

Thy gold and all thy gudis gay,
Quhan fortune lyst will fra' the fall.
Sen thou sic samples seis ilk day,
Obey and thank thy God of all.

Thoch thou be lord attour the laif,
And eftirwart maid bound and thrall,
Ane pure begger, with skryp and staiff,
Obey and thank thy God of all."

These lines have much the appearance of being composed by a person who had seen better days. Besides, it was not until the year 1494 that the Scottish legislature passed an Act ordaining the Barons and Freeholders to put their eldest sons to the grammar school. Whence it may be inferred that no such custom prevailed about 1460 or 1470 : Of course it seems rather improbable that the son of R. Henryson of Fordel, a gentleman in reduced circumstances, should about that time be educated for the bar. Yet we learn from Douglas's Baronage, that James (the son of Robert) Henryson, "having been bred to the law, became King's Advocate in 1494, and soon afterwards Justice Clerk : That in 1508 he obtained a charter of the lands of Straitton, and in 1510 and 1511 redeemed the lands of Fordel." All this might indeed happen, notwithstanding the unfortunate situation of the family estate when young Henryson was pursuing his studies : But the coincidence of name, time, and place, forms an

objection which is not easily removed. If they were not the same person, we may at least suppose that Henryson the poet was allied to the family of Fordel.

Of the same name we find various literary persons about the middle of the next century. In 1534, Henry Henryson, master of the high school of Edinburgh, is accused of the Protestant heresy; and in 1566, Edward Henryson, Doctor of Laws, and an Extraordinary Lord of Session, is one of the Commissioners appointed to superintend the first publication of the Scottish Acts of Parliament from James I. A. D. 1424, to that period; commonly called the Black Acts; with the privilege of being the sole vender for ten years. Several others are mentioned by Dempster.

Henryson's Fables were printed at Edinburgh in 1621; but it is not known that a single copy of the book is now in existence. MS. copies are preserved, however, in the Harleian and Advocates Library. This, and the following, are selected, chiefly because they are characteristic of the state of Scotland in the fifteenth century. The Prologue deserves particular attention.]

PROLOGUE.

I.

IN myddis of June, that joly sueit sessoun,
 Quhen that fair Phebus, with his beamis brycht,
 Had dryit up the dew fra daill and down,
 And all the land maid with his lemys lycht;
 In a morning, betwene mid-day and nycht,

I rais and put all sleuth and sleep on syde,
Ontill a wod I went allone, but gyd.

II.

Sueit was the smell of flouris quhyt and reid,
The noyis of birdis rycht delicious;
The bewis brod blwmyt abone my heid,
The grund growand with graffis gracious;
Of all pleafans that place was plenteous
With fueit odours and birdis armonie,
The mornyng myld my mirth was mair for thy.

III.

The roseis reid arrayit rone and ryfs,
The primrose and the purpure viola;
To heir it was a poynt of paradyfs,
Sic myrth the mavyfs and the merle cowth ma.
The bloffoms blyth brak up on bank and bra,
The smell of herbis, and of foulis the cry,
Contending quha fuld have the victory.

IV.

Me to conserf then fra the sonnis heit,
Under the fhaddow of an awthorn greene,
I lenyt down amangst the flouris fueit,
Syne maid a crofs and clofit baith myne ein.
On sleep I fell amang the bewis bene,
And, in my dreme, me thocht come throw the schaw
The fairest man before that eir I saw.

V.

His gown was of a claith als quhyt as mylk,
His chymers wer of chamelet purpure brown;
His hude of fkarlet, bordowrit with filk,
In heckle wyfs, untill his girdle down.
His bonat round wes of the auld fassoun;

His

His heid was quhyt, his ein wes grene and gray,
With lokar hair, quhilk our his shulderis lay.

VI.

A row of paper in his hand he bair ;
A fwanis pen stickand under his eir ;
An ynkhorn, with pretty gilt pennair,
A bag of filk all at his belt he weir.
Thus wes he gudlie graithet in his geir.
Of stature large, and with a feirful face ;
Evin quhair I lay he come a sturdy pace ;

VII.

And said, God-speid, my sone ; and I was faine
Of that couth word, and of his company.
With reverence I salust him agane,
Welcom, fader ; and he sat down me by.
Displeifs you not, my gude maister, thocht I
Demand your birth, your facultie and name ;
Quhy ye com her, or quhair ye dwell at hame.

VIII.

My sone, said he, I am of gentle blude ;
My natall land is Rome, withouttin nay ;
And in that town first to the scoullis yude,
And science (ther) studiet mony a day.
And now my winning is in hevin for ay :
Esope I hecht ; my wryting and my wark
Is couth and kend to mony cunnand clerk.

IX.

O maister Esope, poet laureat,
Got wat ye are full deir welcum to me ;
Ar ye not he that all thir fabels wrate,
Quhilk in effect, suppois they fenyeit be,
Are full of prudens and moralitie?

Feir

Fair sone, said he, I am that samyin man.
 God wait gif that my hairt was merry than.

X.

I said, Esop, my maister venerable,
 I you beseik, hairtlie for cheritie,
 Ye wald dedane to tell a pritty fable,
 Concludand with a gude moralitie.
 Shakand his heid, he said, my sone lat be ;
 For quhat is worth to tell a fenyet tale,
 Quhen haill preaching may nothing now avail.

XI.

Now in this world me thinks that few or nane
 Till Godis word that has devotioun ;
 The eir is deif, the hairt is hard as stane ;
 Now oppen syn, without correctioun,
 The é enclynand to the eird ay down ;
 Swa roustit is the world with canker blak,
 That my taillis may littel succour mak.

XII.

Yit gentel sir, said I, for my request—
 Not to displeifs your fader heid, I pray
 Under the figur of sum brutal beist
 A moral fable ye wad dedane to say.
 Quha waist nor I may leir, and beir away
 Somthing, thairby herafter may avail.
 I grant, quo he, and thus began a tail.

THE WOLF AND THE LAME.

A CREWALL Wolf, revanus and fell,
Upone a tyme past till a revere,
Discending fra a rock, out of a well,
To slaik his thirst drank of the watter cleir :
Sa, upone cais, a filly Lame come neir,
Bot of this Wolf the Lame nothing he wist,
And in the streme lapit to cule his thirst.

Thus drank thay baith, bot nocht of ane intent ;
The Wolfis thocht wes all in wicketness :
The filly Lamé, meik and innocent,
Upone the revir, by in ane uthir place,
Beneth the Wolf, he drank in ane littill space,
Quhill him thocht gude, presoumyng thair none ill ;
The Wolf this saw, and carpand come him till.

With girnand teith, and angry austie luke,
Said to the Lamb, Thou catyve wrechit thing,
How durst thou be so bald to fyle this bruke,
Quhair I suld drink, with thy fowll flavering ?
It wer almous the for till draw and hing,
That suld presome, with stinkand lippis will,
To hurt my drink, and this fair wattir spill.

The filly Lamb, quakand for verry dreid,
On kneis fell, and said, Sir, with your leif,
Suppois I dar nocht say thairof ye leid ;
Bot, be my faule, I wait ye can nocht preife,
That I did ony thing quhilk suld yow greif :
Ye wait also your accusatioun
Felyeis fra trewth, and contrair till resfown.

Thocht

Thocht I can nocht, nature will me defend,
 And of the deid perfyt experience :
 All hevinly thing mone of the self discend,
 Bot gif sum thing on fers mak resistance ;
 Thane may the streame be na wayis mak offens,
 Na ryn bakwart : I drank beneth you far ;
Ergo, for me, your drink is nevir the war.

Also my lippis, sen that I was a lame,
 Touchit no thing that was contagiis ;
 Bot sowkit mylk fra pawpis of my dame,
 Rycht naturall, sweit, and delicious.
 Weill, quoth the Wolf, thy language outragius,
 Cumis of kynd ; sa your fader befoir
 Held me at bait als with bostis and schoir.

He wexit me ; and than I cowth him warne,
 Within a yeir, and I brukit my heid,
 So I suld be wrokin on him, or his bairne ;
 For his exorbitant and thrawwart pleid,
 Thow fall doutles, for his deidis, be deid.
 “ Sir, it is wrang, that for the faderis gilt,
 “ The faikles sone fall poneist be, and spilt.

“ Haif ye nocht hard quhat haly scriptour fais,
 “ Dytit with the mowth of God Almycht,
 “ Off his awin deid ilk man sal beir the pais,
 “ As pyne for syn, reward for werkis rycht :
 “ For my trespass quhy suld my sone haif plycht ?
 “ Quha did the miss lat thame susteine the paine.”
 Ya, quoth the Wolf, yet plyis thow agane.

I latt ye witt, quhen the fader offendis,
 Will cheris none of his succeffoun ;
 And of his bairnis may weill be tane amendis
 Unto the nynt degre descending down.
 The fadir thocht to mak a strang pusown,

And

And with his mowth into my wattir spew.
Sir, quoth the Lamb, tha twa ar nowys trew.

The law sayis, and ye will undirstand,
Thair suld no man, for wrang, no violens,
His adverfar puneis at his awin hand,
Without procefs of law in audiens ;
Quhilk suld haif leif to mak lawchfull defens ;
And thairupon summon peremptourly
For to propone, and contra, and reply.

Set me a lawfull court : I fall compeir
Befoir the Lion, lord and leill Justys ;
And, be my hand, I oblis me, rycht heir,
That I fall byd ane unsuspect affys.
This is the way, this is the justest wyfs :
Ye suld proceed thairfoir, and summonds mak
Agane that day, to gif reffoun and tak.

Ha, quoth the Wolf, wald thow intrufs reffoun,
Quhair wrang and reif suld dwell in properté ?
That is a poynt of oppin fals tressoun,
For to gar rewth remane with creweltie.
Be Goddis wondis, fals tratour, thow fall dè
For thy trespas, and for thy faderis als.
With that annone he hint him be the hals.

The filly lame mycht do no thing bot blait ;
Sone wes he heidit ; the Walf wold do no grace :
Syne drank his blud, and of his flesch can eit,
Till he wes fow ; syne went away apace.
Of this murthour quhat fall I say, allace !
Was this no rewth ? was this nocht grit petè ?
To heir this filly lame but gilt thus dè.

MORALITAS.

MORALITAS.

The pure peple this Lamb may signify,
 As male-men, merchandis, and pure laborers,
 Off quhome the lyfe is half a purgatory,
 To wyn with lawty leving as effeiris.
 The Wolf betakynis fals extorteneiris,
 And oppreffouris of pure men, as we fé,
 Be violens, be craft, or futelté.

Thré kynd of wolffis in the world now ringis:
 The first ar fals pervertaris of the lawis,
 Quhilk undir poleit termes falsset myngis,
 Leitand that all wer gospels that thay schawis:
 Bot for a bud the trew men he ourthrawis,
 Smorand the rycht, garrand the wrang proceed.
 Off sic wolffis hell-fyre fall be thair meid.

Ane uthir kynd of wolffis revanus
 Ar mychty men, haifand anouch plenté;
 Quhilk ar so gredy and so cowatus,
 Thay will nocht thoill in peax ane pure man be,
 Suppois that he, and his houshald, fuld dé
 For falt of fude; thairof thay gif no rak,
 Bot our his heid his maling thay will tak.

O man! but mychty, quhat is in thy thocht?
 War than a wolf, and thow cowth understand;
 Thow hes eneuch; the pure husband hes nocht
 Bot cote and crufe, upone a clout of land.
 For Goddis aw, how dar thow tak on hand,
 And thou in berne and byre so bene and big,
 To put him fra his tak, and gar him thig?

O man of law! lat be thy futelté,
 With wys jympis, and frawdys interkat,

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N

And

And think that God, of his divinité,
 The wrang, the rycht, and all thy workis wate;
 For preyer, pryce, for hé nor law estait,
 Of fals querrell fé thou mak no defens;
 Hald with the rycht, hurt nocht thy consciens.

The third wolf is men of heretege;
 As lordis, that hes landis be Godis lane,
 And settis to the maillaris a willage,
 For prayer, pryce, and the gerfum tane;
 Syne vexis him or half the term be gane,
 With pykit querells, for to mak him fane
 To flitt, or pay the gerfum new agane.

His hors, his meir, he mone len to the laird,
 To dring and draw, in court and cariege;
 His servand, or himself, may nocht be spard,
 To swynk or sweit, withouttin meit or wage:
 Lo, as he standis in lawbour and boundage,
 That skantly may he purches by his maill,
 To leif upone dry breid and wattr kaill.

Hes thow no rewth to gar thy tennent sueit
 Into thy lawbour, full faynt with hungry wame?
 And syne hes littill gude to drink or eit,
 Or his menyé, at evin quhen he cumis hame:
 Thow fuld be rad for richtous Godis blame;
 For it cryis vengeance to the hevin so hé,
 To gar a pure man wirk, but meit or fé.

O thow, grit lord, that hes riches and rent,
 Be nocht a Wolf thus to devoir the pure;
 Think, that no thing crewall nor violent
 May in this world perpetually indure.
 This is a sentens suth, I yow assure;
 For till opprefs thow fall haif als grit pane,
 As thow the pure anis with thy hand had flaine.

God

God keip the Lame, that is, the innocent,
 Fra Wolffis byt, I mene extorteneiris ;
 God grant that wrangus men of fals intent,
 Be manifest, and puneist as effeiris ;
 And God, as thow all richtous prayer heiris,
 Mot saif our King, and gif him hairt and hand,
 All sic wolffis to benneifs of this land.

THE

THE DOG, WOLF, AND SHEEP; BY THE SAME.

[*This singular performance, says LORD HAILES, contains the form of process before the ancient ecclesiastical court, and will suggest to Lawyers some ideas that they will not find in books. The summons or writ is issued in the name of the Wolf, before whom the cause was to be tried at a lawless hour, when the sun was down. The Wolf having been declined by the defender, he appoints the parties to chuse arbiters, who might judge of the declinator. Had the Wolf judged of the declinator, an appeal might have lain to a superior court; but no appeal lay from the judgment of the arbiters; for parties cannot appeal from their own deed. It is remarkable that the whole satyre of the fable is aimed at the ecclesiastical judge, whereas the application is to the civil. HENRYSON, probably, stood more in awe of the court spiritual than of the temporal. Query—Why is the Fox here called Lawrence, and still in Scotland Tod-laury? Pairtlefs means impartial; borch, bail; bud, reward; breid, 'a loaf, a pittance of provision at stated times.*]

ESOPPE a taill putis in memorie,
How that a Dog, becaus that he wes pure,
Callit a Scheip unto the Consistory,
A certane breid of him for to recure.
A frawdfull Wolf was juge that tyme, and bure
Auctoritie and jurisdiction;
And on the Scheip sent furth a strait summoun.

For

For by the use and course of commoun style,
 On this maner maid his citatioun :
 I, *per me*, Wolf, pairtles of frawd or gyle,
 Undir the painis of suspensioun,
 And gret cursing and maledictioun,
 Sir Scheip I chairge ye straitly to compeir,
 And ansueir till a Dog befoir me heir.

Sir Corby Rawin was maid a procitour,
 Quilk pyket hes full mony schepis eé ;
 His chairge hes tane, and on the lettir bure,
 Summond the Scheip befoir the Wolf, that he
 Perimptourly, within tha dayis thré,
 Compeir undir the panis in this bill,
 And heir quhat burry Dog wald say him till.

This summond maid befoir witness enew,
 The Revin has till his office weill affeird,
 Endorsit hes his writ, and on he flew :
 The filly Scheip durst lay no mowth till erd,
 Till scho befoir that awfull juge apperd,
 Be hour of caus quhilk that court usit thane,
 Quhen Esperus to schaw his face began.

The Fox wes clerk and notar in that caus ;
 The Gled, the Grip up at the bar couth stand
 As advocatis expert in to the lawis,
 The Doigis ply togidder tuk on hand,
 Quilk wer considerit stret into ane band,
 Agane the Scheip to procure the sentens ;
 Thocht it wer fals, they haif no conscience.

The clerk callit the Scheip, and he wes thair ;
 The advocattis on this wys can propone :
 A certane breid, worth fyve schillingis and mair,
 Thow aw this Dog, of quilk the terme is gone.
 Of hir awin heid, but advocat allone,

Awyfilly

Awyfilly gaif answer in that cais :
 Heir I declyne the juge, the tyme, and place.

This is my caus and motive in effect :
 The law sayis, it is rycht perelous
 Till interply befoir a juge suspect ;
 And thou, Sir Wolf, hes ay bene odius
 To me, with thyne tuskis revenus,
 Hes flaine full mony kynismen of myne ;
 Thairfoir as juge suspect, I thé declyne.

And schortly, of this court the members all,
 Bayth assessoris, clerke, and advocat,
 To me, and myne, ar ennemeis immortall,
 And ay hes bene, as mony scheiphird watt :
 This place, as for the tyme, is feriat,
 In quhilk no jugeis suld fit in consistory
 So lait at evin ; I yow accus for thy.

Quhen that the juge on this wyfe wes accusit,
 He bad the parteis cheis, with one assent,
 Twa arbitours, as in the law is usit,
 For to diffyd and gife arbitrement,
 Quiddir the Scheip suld byd in jugement
 Befoir the Wolf : and fwa thay did but weir,
 Of quhome the names eftir ye fall heir.

The Beir, the Brok, this mater tuk on hand
 For to diffyd, gife this exceptioun
 Wes of na strenth, or lawchtfully mycht stand :
 And thairupoun, as jugeis, they sat down,
 And held a lang quhyle disputatioun,
 Seikand full mony decretals of the law,
 And glosis als, the veritie to knaw.

Off Civil mony volum thay rewoll,
 The codys and digestis new and ald ;

Prowe

Prowe and *contra* strait argument thay refoll,
 Sum a doctryne, and some another hald ;
 For prys, nor prayer, trow ye, thay wald fald,
 Bot held the text, and gloifs of the decreis,
 As trew jugeis, I schrew thame that leis.

Schortly to mak ane end of this debait,
 The arbitroris summar and de plane,
 The sentens gaif, and proces fulminat,
 The Scheip fuld pas befoir the Wolf agane,
 And end his pleid : than was he nothing fane ;
 For fra thair sentens he mycht nowayis appeill ;
 On clerkis doid, gife this sentence be leill.

The Scheip agane befoir the Wolf derenyeit,
 But advocat, abasitly can stand.
 Up rais the Dog, and on the Scheip thus pleyneit ;
 To thé a fowme I payit befoir hand
 For certane breid ; thairto a borch I fand,
 That wrangusly the Scheip held fra him breid,
 And he denyit ; and so began the pleid.

Thus quhen the Scheip this stryfe had contestat,
 The jugeis into the caus furth cowth proceid :
 Laurence the actis and the proces wrait,
 And sone the ply unto the end thay speid.
 This cursit court corruptit all for meid,
 Agane gud fayth, gud law, and conscience ;
 For this fals Dog pronuncit the sentence.

And it to put in executioun,
 The Wolf chargeit the Scheip, without delay,
 Undir the pane of interdictioun,
 The fowme of silver, or the breid, to pay.
 Off this sentens, allais ! quhat fall we say ?
 Quhilk dampnit hes the silly innocent,
 And inilitut to wrangus judgement.

The

The Scheip, dreidand moir persecutioun,
 Obeyit the sentence ; and cowth tak
 His way untill a merchand in the toun,
 And fald his fleifs that he bur on his bak ;
 Syne bocht the breid, and to the dog can mak
 Reddy payment, as he foirjugeit was ;
 Nakit and bair, fyne to the feild cowth pas.

MORALITAS.

This filly Scheip may present the figure
 Of pure commounis, that daylie ar opprest
 Be terrane men, that settis all thair cure,
 With fals menys, to mak a wrang conquiest,
 In howp this present lyfe fall evir lest :
 Bot all begyld, thay will in schort tyme end,
 And eftir deid, to crewall panis wend.

This Wolf I likin unto a scheref stout,
 Quhilk byis a forfalt at the kingis hand,
 And hes with him a cursit assyis about,
 And dytis all the pure men up-of-land,
 And fra the crowner lay on thame his wand ;
 Suppois he be als true as was Sanct Johne,
 Slane fall thay be, or with the juge compone.

This Revin I likin till a fals crownar,
 Quhilk hes a porteous of the endytment,
 And passis furth befor the justice air,
 All misdoaris to bring till jugement :
 But luke gife he be of a trew intent,
 To skraip out *Johne*, and wryt in *Will* of wait,
 And so a bud at bayth the parteis skat.

Of this fals Tod, becaus I spak befor,
 And of this Gled, quhat thay mycht signify,

Of

Of thair natur, as now I speik no moir :
 Bot of the Scheip, and of his cairfull cry,
 I fall rehers ; for as I passit by
 Quhair that he lay, on caifs I lukit down,
 And hard him mak this lamentatioun.

Allace ! quoth he, this cursit Consistory,
 In middis now of wintir it is maid,
 Quhen Boreas, with blastis bitterly,
 With frawart frostis, the flouris down can faid ;
 On bankis bair now may I mak no baid :
 And with that wurd intill a corf he crap,
 Fra hair weddir, and frostis, him to hap.

Quakand for cald and murnyngis soir amang,
 Kest up his ene unto the hevins hicht,
 And said, O Lord, quhy flypis thou so lang ?
 Waik, and descerne my caufs, groundit in right ;
 Luk how I am, be frawd, maistry, and flycht,
 Pelit, full bair ; and so is mony one
 Now in this warld, rycht wondir wo-begone.

Sé how the cursit syn of cuvatys
 Exylit hes bayth lufe, lawty, and law ;
 Now few or nane will execute justice ;
 In falt of quhome the pure man is ourthraw
 The verity, albeid the juges knaw,
 Thay ar so blindit with affectioun,
 But dreid, for meid, thay thoill the rycht go doun.

Sé thou nocht, Lord, this warld ourturnit is,
 As quha wald chenge gud gold in leid or tyn ;
 The pure is pelit, the lord may do no miss ;
 Now symony is haldin for no syn :
 Now is he blyth with okir can most wyn,
 Gentreis is flane, and pety is ago ;
 Allace ! Lord God, quhy tholis thou it so ?

Thou tholis this, bot for our grit offens,
Thou fendis us truble and plaigis foir,
As hungir, derth, wer, and the pestilens ;
Bot few amendis thair lyfe : now thairfoir
We pure peple, as now may do no moir
Bot pray to thé, sen we are thus opprest
In to this erd, Grant us in hevin gud rest.

THE

THE TWA MICE; BY THE SAME.

[*This Fable is written with much naiveté; and, being the very first example of that manner in the Scottish language, is eminently curious. It is here for the first time given correctly from the BANNATYNE M. S.*]

ESOPÉ, myne autour, makis mentioun
Of twa myifs; and they war sisters deir;
Off quhom the elder dwelt in borrowstown;
The yonger wend up-on-land, weil neir
Rycht solitair; quhyle under busk and breir,
Quhyle in the corn, in uther menys schacht,
As outlawis dois that levis on ylin wacht.

The rurall moufs into the winter tyde
Had hungar, cauld, and tholit grit distrefs;
The tothir moufs that in the burgh can byde
Was gilt brother, and made ane free burgefs.
Tol-free alswa, but custom, mair or less,
And freedom had to ga quhair eir sche list
Amang the cheifs and meill, in ark and kist.

Ane tyme quhen scho was full, and on fute fure,
Scho tuk in mynd her sister up-on-land,
And langit for her cheir, and her welfair,
And se quhat lyfe scho led under the wand:
Barefute allane, with pykstaff in her hand,
As pure pilgrim, scho passit out of town,
To seik her sister, baith our daill and down.

Throw

Throw mony wilsum wayis couth scho walk,
 Throw mure and moss, throwout bank, busk, and
 breyir,
 Fra fur to fur, cryand fra balk to balk,
 Cum furth to me, myne fueit sister deir !
 Cry peip anis—with that the mouse couth heir,
 And knew her voce, as kynnismen will do
 By verry kind ; and furth scho came her to.

Their hairtly cheir, Lord God ! gif ye had seen,
 Was kyind quhen thir sisters twa wer met,
 Quhilk that oft syfs was schawin thame betwene ;
 For quhyles thai leuch, and quhyles for joy thay
 gret ;
 Quhyles kiffit fueit, and quhyles in armis plet.
 And thus they fure, quhill sobirt was their meid,
 Then fute for fute onto thair chalmer yeid.

As I hard say, it was a simple wane
 Off fog and ferne, full maikly was it maid,
 A filly scheill under a yerd-fast stane,
 Of quhilk the entry was not hie nor bred :
 And in the same thai went bot mair abaid,
 Withoutten fyre or candell burnand bricht,
 For commonly sic pykers lykes not lycht.

Quhen they war lugit thus, thir filly myfs,
 The yungest sister until her butrie hyied,
 Brought forth nuttis, and peifs, instead of spyfs ;
 Gif that was weifarn doit, on thame besyd.
 This burgefs mous permyngit full of pryd,
 Than said, sister, is this your daily fude ?
 Quhy not, quod scho, think ye this mefs not gude ?

Na, be my faul, me think it but a skorn ;
 Ma dame, quod sche, ye be the mair to blame ;
 My moder said, after that we wer born,

That

That ye and I lay baith within her wame ;
 I kep the rycht auld custom of my dame,
 And of my fyre, lyvand in povertie,
 For landis haif we nane of propertie.

My fair sifter, quod scho, haif me excusit ;
 This rude dyet and I can not accord ;
 With tender meit my stomach ay is usit ;
 For quhy, I fair as weill as ony lord :
 Thir widderit peifs and nuttis, or thai be bord,
 Will brek my teith, and mak my mouth full sklender,
 Quhilk usit wer befor to meit mair tender.

Weill, weill sifter, than quoth the rural moufs,
 Gif that ye pleifs sic things as ye se heir,
 Baith meit and drink, and arbourie and house,
 Sall be your awin—will ye remain all yeir,
 Ye fall it haif, with blyth and hairtly cheir ;
 And that fuld make the messes that are rude,
 Amang friendis richt tendir, sueit and gude.

Quhat plesans is in feists feir dilicate,
 The quhilk ar given with a gloumand brow ;
 A gentle heart is better recreate
 With blyth usage than feith to him a cow ;
 Ane *Modicum* is better, yeill allow,
 Sae that gude-will be carver at the des,.
 Than a thrawn vult, and mony a spycie mess.

For all this moral exhortatioun,
 The burges mous had little will to sing,
 But hevely scho kest her visage doun,
 For all the daintys scho couth till her bring ;
 Yit at the last scho said, half in hiething,
 Sifter, this vittell and your ryal feist
 May weill suffice for sic a rural beist.

Let

Let be this hole, and cum unto my place,
 I fall you schaw, by gude experience,
 That my *Gude-Fridays* better than your *Pase*,
 And a dish licking worth your hale expence;
 Houses I haif enow of grit defence,
 Of cat, nor fall, nor trap, I haif nae dreid.
 I grant, quod sche, convinced, and furth they yeid.

In skugry ay throw rankest gras and corn,
 And wonder flie prively throw they creip;
 The eldest was the gyde, and went beforne,
 The yunger to her wayis tuke gude keip;
 On nicht they ran, and on the day did sleip,
 Till on a morning, or the Lavrock sang,
 They fand the toun, and blythly in couth gang.

Not far frae thyne, on till a worthy wane,
 This burges brocht them sune quhair they fould be.
 Without God-speid,—thair herboury was tane
 Intill a spence, wher vittel was plenty,
 Baith cheis and butter on lang skelfs richt hie,
 With fish and flesh enough, baith fresh and salt,
 And pokkis full of grots, baith meil and malt.

After, quhen they disposit wer to dyne,
 Withouten grace they wush and went to meit,
 On every dish that cuikmen can divyne,
 Muttone and beif strikin out in telzies grit;
 Ane Lordis fair thus can they counterfitt,
 Except ane thing,—they drank the watter cleir
 Insteid of wyne, but yit they made gude cheir.

With blyth upcast and merry countenance,
 The elder sister then speird at her gest,
 Gif that scho thocht be reson differance
 Betwixt that chalmer and her fary nest.
 Yea dame, quoth scho; but how lang will this last?

For

For evirmair I wate, and langer to.
Gif that be trew, ye ar at eise, quoth scho.

To eik the cheir, in plenty furth scho brocht
A plate of grottis, and a dish of meil,
A threse of caiks, I trow scho spairt them nocht,
Habundantlie about her for to deill ;
Furmage full fyne scho brocht insteid of geil,
A quhyte candle out of a coffer staw,
Insteid of spyce, to creish thair teith with a.

Thus made they mirry, quhyle they nicht nae mair,
And hail *yule* ! hail ! they cryt up on hie ;
But after joy aftentymes comes cair,
And trouble after grit prosperitie :
Thus as they sat in all thair solitie,
The spenfar came with keis in his hand,
Opent the dore, and them at dinner fand.

They tarriet not to wash, as I suppose,
But on to gae, quha nicht the formost win ;
The burges had a hole, and in scho goes,
Her sifter had nae place to hyde her in ;
To se that filly mous it was grit fin,
Sae disalait and will of all gude reid,
For very feir scho fell in fwoun, neir deid.

But as God wald, it fell a happy case,
The spenfar had nae laifar for to byde,
Nowthir to force, to seik, nor skar, nor chaifs,
But on he went, and kest the dore upwyde.
This burges mous his pasage weil has spyd,
Out of her hole scho came, and cryt on hé,
How ! fair sifter, cry peip, quhair eir thou be.

The rural mous lay flatlings on the ground,
And for the deid scho was full dreidand,

For

For till her heart strak mony waefull stound,
 As in a fever trymlin fute and hand;
 And when her sifter in sic plicht her fand,
 For very pitie scho began to greit;
 Syne comfort gaif, with words as huny sweit.

Quhy ly ye thus? Ryse up my sifter deir,
 Cum to your meit, this perell is owre-past;
 The uther answert, with a hevy cheir,
 I may nocht eit, sae fair I am agast:
 Lever I had this fourtie dayis fast,
 With watter kail, or gnaw beinis and peis,
 Then all your feist with this dreid and disseis.

With fair tretie, yit gart scho her ryse;
 To burde they went, and on togither sat;
 But skantly had they drunken anes or twice,
 Quhen in came Gib Hunter, our joly cat,
 And bad God-speid.—The burges up than gat,
 And till her hole scho fled as fyre of flint;
 Badrans the uther be the back has hint.

Frae fute to fute she kest her to and frae,
 Quhyle up, quhyle doun, als cant as ony kid;
 Quhyle wald she let her ryn under the strae,
 Quhyle wald she wink and play with her, buk-hid:
 Thus to the silly mous grit harm she did;
 Quhyle at the last, throw fair fortune and hap,
 Betwixt the dressour and the wall scho crap.

Syne up in haste behind the pannaling,
 Sae hie scho clam, that Gilbert might not get her,
 And be the cluks craftylie can hing,
 Till he was gane, her cheir was all the better.
 Syne down scho lap, quhen ther was nane to let her.
 Then on the burges mous loud couth she cry,
 Fairweil sifter, heir I thy feist defy.

Thy

Thy mangery is myngit all with cair,
 Thy gyse is gud, thy gane-full four as gall;
 The fashion of thy feris is but fair,
 So fall thou find heirefterwart may fall.
 I thank yone courtyne, and yone parpane wall,
 Of my defens now fra yon crewell beist;
 Almichty God, keip me fra sic a feist.

Wer I into the place that I cam frae,
 For weil nor wae I sould neir cum again.
 With that scho tuke her leif, and furth can gae,
 Quhyle throw the corn, quhyle throw the plain,
 Quhen scho was furth and frie, sche was rycht fain,
 And merrylie linkit unto the mure,
 I cannot tell how afterwart scho fure.

But I hard syne she passit to her den,
 As warm as wow, suppose it was not grit,
 Full beinly stuffit was baith butt and ben,
 With peis, and nuts, and beins, and ry and quheit,
 When eir scho lykt scho had eneuch of meit,
 In quiet and eise, withouten dreid,
 But till her sister's feist nae mair she yeid.

MORALITAS.

Freindis, heir may ye find, will ye tak heid,
 In this fable a gud moralitie.
 As fitchis myngit ar with noble feid,
 So intermellit is aduersitie
 With erdly joy; so that no stait is fré
 Without truble and sum vexatioun;
 And namely thay that clymis up most hé,
 And nocht content of small possessioun.

Blissit be symple lyfe, withouttin dreid;
 Blissit be sobir feist in quieté;

Quha hes enuche, of no moir hes he neid,
 Thocht it be littill into quanteté.
 Grit habowndance, and blind prosperité,
 Oft tymis maks ane evill conclusioun;
 The fuetest lyfe, thairfoir, in this cuntré,
 Is of fickernefs, with small possessioun.

O wantoun man ! quhilk ufis for to feid
 Thy wame, and makis it a God to be,
 Luke to thyself, I warne thé weill, on deid;
 The cat cummis, and to the mous hewis é.
 Quhat dois availl thy feist and reyelté,
 With dreidfull hairt and tribulatioun?
 Thairfoir best thing in erd, I say, for me,
 Is mirry hairt, with small possessioun.

Thy awin fyre, freind, thocht it be bot a gleid,
 It warmis weill, and is worth gold to thé:
 And Salamone sayis, and ye will reid,
Under the bevin I can nocht bettir fé,
Then ay be blyth, and leif in honesté;
 Quhairfoir I may conclud be this reffoun,
 Of erdly joy it beiris moist degré,
 Blythness in hairt, with small possessioun.

* * St. 1. l. 6. " — in uthers *schaucht*," probably means "of others aucht or property." Or, it may mean "skaith," from the Anglo-saxon *scheathe*, damage, loss; and "waucht," in the next line, will then be waith, waif, i. e. goods not claimed, wreck.

Page 113. St. 1. &c. This stanza is omitted in the *Evergreen*. The meaning of the 2d and 3d lines seems to be, "The face of your affairs is good, but your mouthful, or meal, is bitter, from the dangers with which you are surrounded; and the deportment of your companions is deceitful, as you soon will find to your cost." "Parpane" is partition.

Page 114. St. last. " — gleid." Not a temporary blaze, as Lord Hailes explains it, but a small fire. "You will find yourself comfortable by the side of your own fire, though it be a small one" The word is still common in this sense.

ROBENE AND MAKYNE ; BY THE SAME.

[*This beautiful illustration of the apophthegm, "He that will not when he may, shall not when he would," has been preserved in the BANNATYNE M. S. and is there ascribed to HENRYSON. Not to speak of its poetical merit, it is curious as being the first, and perhaps still the best pastoral poem in the Scottish language. It appears also to be the earliest example of the ballad stanza, and of an easy harmonious versification ; nearly indeed without an instance of mis-placed emphasis from beginning to end. ROBENE AND MAKYNE was first printed by RAMSAY in the EVER-GREEN, and afterwards by LORD HAILES ; not without freedoms being used with it by both Editors. It is here given verbatim from the ancient M. S.]*

I.

ROBENE sat on gud grene hill,
Keipand a flock of fie,
Mirry Makyne said him till,
Robene, thow rew on me ;
I haif thé luvit lowd and still,
Thir yeiris two or thré ;
My dule in dern bot gif thow dill,
Doutles bot dreid I dé.

II.

Robene answerit, Be the rude,
Na thing of lufe I knaw,

Bot

Bot keipis my scheip undir yone wud,
 Lo quhair thay raik on raw.
 Quhat hes marrit thé in thy mude,
 Makyne, to me thow schaw ;
 Or quhat is luvé, or to be lude ?
 Faine wald I leir that law.

III.

At luvís lair gife thow will leir,
 Tak thair ane A, B, C ;
 Be kynd, courtas, and fair of feir,
 Wyfe, hardy, and fré.
 Sé that no denger do thé deir,
 Quhat dule in dern thow dré ;
 Preifs thé with pane at all poweir,
 Be patient and previe.

IV.

Robene answerit her agane,
 I wait nocht quhat is luvé,
 Bot I haif mervell incertaine,
 Quhat makis thé this wanruse ;
 The weddir is fair, and I am fane,
 My scheip gois haill aboif,
 And we wald play us in this plane,
 Thay wald us bayth reproif.

V.

Robene, tak tent unto my taill,
 And wirk all as I reid,
 And thow fall haif my hairt all haill,
 Eik and my madinheid.
 Sen God fendis bute for baill,
 And for murning remeid,
 I dern with thé ; bot gif I daill,
 Dowbtles I am bot deid.

VI.

VI.

Makyne, to morne this ilk a tyde,
 And ye will meit me heir,
 Perventure my fcheip ma gang befyd,
 Quhyll we haif liggit full neir;
 Bot maugre haif I, and I byd,
 Fra they begin to steir;
 Quhat lyis on hairt I will nocht hyd;
 Makyne, than mak gud cheir.

VII.

Robene, thou reivis me roifs and rest,
 I lue bot thé allone.
 Makyne, adew, the fone gois west,
 The day is neirhand gone.
 Robene, in dule I am so drest,
 That lufe will be my bone.
 Ga lufe, Makyne, quhair evir thou list,
 For leman I lue none.

VIII.

Robene, I stand in sic a style
 I ficht, and that full fair.
 Makyne, I haif bene heir this quyle,
 At hame God gif I wair.
 My hinny, Robene, talk ane quhyle,
 Gif thou wilt do na mair.
 Makyne, sum uthir man begyle,
 For hamewart I will fair.

IX.

Robene on his wayis went,
 As licht as leif of tré;
 Makyne murnit in her intent,
 And trowd him nevir to fé.

Robene

Robene brayd attour the bent ;
 Than Makyne cryit on hie,
 Now ma thow fing, for I am schent !
 Quhat alis lufe with me ?

X.

Makyne went hame withouttin faill,
 Full werry eftir cowth weip :
 Than Robene in a ful-fair daill
 Affemblit all his scheip.
 Be that sum parte of Makyne's ail
 Out-throw his hairt coud creip ;
 He followit hir fast thair till affaill,
 And till her tuke gude keep.

XI.

Abyd, abyd, thou fair Makyne,
 A word for ony thing ;
 For all my lufe it fall be thyne,
 Withouttin departing.
 All haill ! thy harte for till haif myne,
 Is all my cuvating ;
 My scheip to morn, quhill houris nyne,
 Will neid of no keping.

XII.

Robene, thou hes hard foug and fay,
 In gestis and storeis auld,
The man that will not quhen he may,
Sall haif nocht quhen he wald.
 I pray to Jesu every day,
 Mot eik thair cairis cauld,
 That first preissis with thé to play,
 Be firth, forrest, or fawld.

XIII.

XIII.

Makyne, the nicht is soft and dry,
 The wedder is warme and fair,
 And the grene woud rycht neir us by
 To walk attour all quhair :
 Thair ma na janglour us espy,
 That is to lufe contrair ;
 Thairin, Makyne, bath ye and I,
 Unfene we ma repair.

XIV.

Robene, that warld is all away,
 And quyt brocht till ane end,
 And nevir again thereto perfay,
 Sall it be as thou wend ;
 For of my pane thou maide it play,
 And all in vane I spend :
 As thou hes done, sa fall I say,
 Murne on, I think to mend.

XV.

Makyne, the howp of all my heill,
 My hairt on thé is sett,
 And evir mair to thé be leill,
 Quhile I may leif but lett ;
 Nevir to faill, as utheris faill,
 Quhat grace that evir I gett.
 Robene, with thé I will not deill ;
 Adew, for thus we mett.

XVI.

Makyne went hame blyth anewche,
 Attoure the holtis hair ;
 Robene murnit, and Makyne lewche ;
 Scho sang, he fichit fair :

And

And so left him, bayth wo and wreuch,
 In dolour and in cair,
 Kepand his hird under a huche,
 Amang the holtis hair.

* * St. 1. l. 2. Flock of *fie*. *Fie* or *fee*, means here sheep, from the Anglo-Saxon *Feob*, cattle. Hailes.

St. 1. l. 7. "*My dule in dern bot gif thou dill.*" The word *dill*, *daill*, *deill*, means *share*. The sense is, "Unless thou share my secret woe;" i. e. unless you return love for love. H.

St. 2. l. 4. "*Raik on raw.*" Roam or extend themselves in a row; as the manner of sheep is while pasturing. A *sheep-raik*, and a *sheep-walk*, are synonymous. H.

St. 3. l. 3. "*Fair of feir.*" The word *feir* has various significations; as, fear, companion, countenance. I think that it is here taken in the signification last mentioned. The word *wyse* in the next line must be pronounced as a disyllable; and the word *hardy*, like the French *hardi*, with the accent on the last syllable. H.

—— l. 6. "*Quhat dule in dern thou dré.*" Whatever sorrow or distress you may endure in secret. The word *dré* is still used with us; as, "It is ill to dré." "To dré penance," &c. H.

St. 4. l. 4. "*Quhat makis thé this wanruse.*" The A. S. privative is *wan*, and *rew* is *order*: so that the word means *disorder*. What is it that occasions such disturbance in your mind? H.

—— l. 7. 8. Were we to amuse ourselves in the plain, while the sheep roam on the side of the hill, they would be neglected, and that neglect would turn to our reproach.—To suppose that the sheep themselves would censure, is an idea too refined for the limited apprehensions of Robene. H.

St. 5. l. 7. "*I dern with the, bot gif I daill.*" We watch together; we are alone; unless I share of your favour, I am lost.—This seems to be the import of the expression. H.

St. 9. l. 5. "*Robene brayd attour the bent.*" Hastily traversed the ground overgrown with rushes, or coarse grass. The expression in English which most nearly resembles this, is, "Strode along the brake."

St. 16. l. 8. "*Amangis the holtis hair.*" It is *rashy gair* in the Evergreen; for no better reason, than that *holtis hair* was in l. 2. of the stanza, and that the publisher saw an impropriety in the repetition. If I mistake not, *holtis hair* means *the bleak uplands*. There seems no sense in *hoary woods*, which is the literal interpretation of the phrase. H.

PEBLIS TO THE PLAY.

The two first words of this poem seem equivalent to "On May day." Major reports about 1520, that a song, beginning with the same mark of time, was written by James I. The only antient copy of Peblis to the Play appears anonymously in the Maitland MS.; although, on other occasions, the transcriber is remarkably careful in subjoining the names of the reputed authors, and had also the very best means of information. I therefore suspect it is not the song mentioned by Major; or, even although it were, that he was mis-informed with respect to the author. It seems rather, from internal evidence, to have been written some time after the year 1457, as shall be more particularly mentioned in the notes.

I.

AT Beltane, quhen ilk bodie bownis
To Peblis to the Play,
To heir the fingin and the foundis,
The solace, futh to fay;
Be firth and forrest furth they found;
Thay graythit tham full gay;
God wait that wald they do that stound,
For it was their feist day,
Thay said,
Of Peblis to the play.

II.

All the wenchis of the west
War up or the cok crew;
For reiling thair micht na man rest,
For garray, and for glew;
Ane said my curches ar nocht prest;
Than answerit Meg full blew,

To get an hude, I hald it best ;
Be Goddis faull that is true,

Quod scho, &c.

III.

She tuik the tippet be the end,
To lat it hing scho leit not ;
Quod *ane*, thy bak fall beir ane bend
In faith, quod she, we meit not.
Scho was so guckit, and so gend,
That day ane byt scho eit nocht ;
Than spak hir fallowis that hir kend,
Be still, my joy, and greit not

Now, &c.

IV.

Evir allace, than said scho,
Am I nocht cleirlye tynt ?
I dar nocht cum yon mercat to,
I am so evil fone brint.
Amang yon merchands *Maj-drest so !*
Marie ! I fall anis mynt—
Stand of far, and keik thaim to ;
As I at hame was wynt,

Quod scho, &c.

V.

Hop-Calyé, and Cardronow
Gaderit out thik-fald,
With *Hey and How robumbelow ;*
The young folis were full bald.
The bygpyp blew, and thai out threw
Out of the townis untald.
Lord sic ane schout was thame amang,
Quhen thai were our the wald

Thair west, &c.

VI.

VI.

Ane young man stert in to that steid,
 Als cant as ony colt,
 Ane birkin hat upon his heid,
 With ane bow and ane bolt;
 Said, mirrie madinis, think not lang;
 The wedder is fair and smolt.
 He cleikit up ane hie ruf sang,
Thair fure ane man to the bolt,

Quod he, &c.

VII.

Thay had nocht gane half of the gait
 Quhen the madinis come upon thame,
 Ilk ane man gaif his consait,
 How at thai wald dispone thame:
 Ane said, The fairest fallis me,
 Tak ye the laif and fone thame.
 Ane uther said, Wys me! lat be
 On Twedell fyd; and on thame

Swyth, &c.

VIII.

Than he to ga, and scho to ga,
 And never ane bad abyd you:
 Ane winklot fell and her taill up;
 Wow, quod Malkin, hyd yow;
 Quhat neidis you to maik it sua?
 Yon man will not ourryd you.
 Ar ye owr gude, quod scho, I say,
 To lat thame gang besayd yow

Yonder, &c.

IX.

Than thai come to the town endis
 Withouttin more delai,

He

He befoir, and scho befoir,
 To see quha was maist gay.
 All that lukit thame upon
 Leuche fast at thair array:
 Sum said that thai were merkat folk;
 Sum said the Quene of May
 Was cumit, &c.

X.

Than thai to the taverne hous
 With meikle oly prance;
 Ane spak wi wourdis wonder crous,
 A done with ane mischance!
 Braid up the burde, he byddis, tyt;
 We ar all in ane trance—
 Se that our napré be quhyt,
 For we will dyn and daunce,
 Thair out, &c.

XI.

Ay as the gudwyf brocht in,
 Ane scorit upon the wauch.
 Ane bad pay, ane ither said, nay,
 Byd quhill we rakin our lauch.
 The gud wyf said, Have ye na dreid;
 Ye fall pay at ye aucht.
 Ane young man start upon his feit,
 And he began to lauche
 For heydin, &c.

XII.

He gat ane trincheour in his hand,
 And he began to compt;
 Ilk man twa and ane happenie,
 To pay thus we war wount.
 Ane uther stert upon his feit,

And

And said thow art our blunt
To tak sic office upoun hand;
Be God thow servite ane dunt

Of me, &c.

XIII.

Ane dunt, quod he, quhat dewil is that?
Be God yow dar not du'd.
He stert till ane broggit stauf,
Wincheand as he war woode.
All that hous was in an reirde;
Ane cryit, ' The halie rude!
' Help us Lord upon this erde
' That thair be spilt no blude,

' Heirin, &c.

XIV.

Thay thrang out at the dure at anis
Withouttin ony reddin;
Gilbert in ane guttar glayde,
He gat na better beddin.
Thair wes not ane of thame that day
Wald do ane utheris biddin.
Thairby lay thre and threttie sum,
Thrunland in ane midding

Off draff, &c.

XV.

Ane cadgear on the mercat gait
Hard thame bargane begin;
He gaiff ane schout, his wyff came out;
Scantlie scho micht ourhye him:
He held, scho drew, for dust that day
Micht na man se ane styme

To red thame, &c.

XVI.

XVI.

He ftert to his greit gray meir,
 And of he tumblit the creilis.
 Alace, quod scho, hald our gude man ;
 And on hir knees scho knelis.
 Abyd, quod scho ; why nay, quod he,
 In till his stirrapis he lap ;
 The girding brak, and he flew of,
 And upstart bayth his heilis

At anis, &c.

XVII.

His wyf came out, and gaif ane schout,
 And be the fute scho gat him ;
 All bedirtin drew him out ;
 Lord God ! richt weil that fat him !
 He said, Quhair is yon culroun knaif ?
 Quod scho, I reid ye lat him
 Gang hame his gaites. Be God, quod he,
 I fall anis have at him

Yit, &c.

XVIII.

Ye fylit me, fy for schame ! quod scho :
 Se as ye have drest me ;
 How seil ye, schir ? “ Has my girdin brak ?
 “ Quhat meikle devil may lest me !—
 “ I wait nocht weil quhat it wes—
 “ My awin gray meir that keft me ;
 “ Or gif I wes forfochtin faynt,
 “ And syn lay down to rest me

“ Yonder, &c.”

XIX.

Be that the bargan was all playit
 The stringis ftert out of thair nokks ;

Sevin-

Sevin-fum that the tulye maid,
 Lay gruffling in the stokks.
 John Jakfoun of the Nether-warde
 Had lever have giffin an ox,
 Or he had cuming in that cumpanie,
 He fware be Goddifokkis,
 And mannis bayth, &c.

XX.

With that Will Swane come fueitand out,
 Ane meikle miller man ;
 Gif I fall dance, have donn ; lat se—
 Blaw up the bagpyp than,
 The schamon's dance I mon begin ;
 I trow it fall not pane.
 So hevelie he hochit about
 To se him, Lord, as thai ran
 That tyd, &c.

XXI.

Thay gadderit out of the toun
 And neirar him thai dreuche ;
 Ane bade gif the daunfaris rowme,
 Will Swane makis wounder teuche.
 Than all the wenshis, Te he ! thai playit ;
 But, lord, as Will Young leuche !
 Gude goffip, come hyne your gaitis,
 For we have daunfit aneuche
 At anis, &c.

XXII.

Sa ferlie fyr heit wes the day,
 His face began to frekill.
 Than Tisbe tuik him by the hand,
 (Wes new cuming fra the heckill)
 Allace, quod scho, quhat fall I do ?

And

And our doure hes na ftekill.
 And scho to ga as hir taill brynt ;
 And all the cairlis to kekill

At hir, &c.

XXIII.

The pyper said, Now I begin
 To tyre for playing to you ;
 Bot yit I have gottin nathing
 For all my pyping to you ;
 Thre happenis for half ane day
 And that will not undo you ;
 And gif ye will gif me richt nocht,
 The meikill dewill gang wi you,

Quod he, &c.

XXIV.

Be that the daunfing wes all done,
 Thair leif tuik les and mair ;
 Quhen the winklottis and the wowarris twynit
 To se it was hart fair.
 Wat Atkin said to fair Ales,
 My bird, now weill-a-fayr !
 The dewil a wourde than scho might speik
 Bet fwownit, that fweit-of-fwair,

For kyndnes, &c.

XXV.

He fippilit lyk ane faderles sole ;
 And said, " Be still, my fweit thing !
 ' Be the Halyrud of Peblis
 ' I may nocht rest for greting.'
 He quhiffillit, and he pypit bayth,
 To mak hir blyth that meiting ;

My

My hony hart how fayis the fang,
 ' Thair fall be mirth at our meting
 Yit, &c.

XXVI.

Be that the sone was settand fast,
 And neir done wes the day :
 Thair men micht heir schukin of schaftes
 Quhen that thai went thair way.
 Had thair bein mair made of this fang,
 Mair fuld I to yow fay.
 At Beltane ilka bodie bownd
 To Peblis to the Play.

This poem, after having been attributed to James the First by such eminent writers as Dr. Percy, Mr. Pinkerton, and Mr. Ritson, cannot be assigned to a different author, or to a later reign, without pointing out the grounds upon which that judgment has been formed. First, then, Lord Hailes, in his "*Observations on the Statutes of James the First*," remarks that the phrase of "*Peblis to the play*" has a reference to a later period than that of James the First: And moreover, that this prince, "educated from his early youth in England, could not be acquainted with the manners of the Scottish commons, or with the language of the vulgar." To me, I confess, this argument appears almost conclusive. But there are two other objections which seem also of considerable weight. The first of them arises from the mention which is made of *curchies* and *budes* in the second stanza of the poem. By the 70th Stat. of James the Second, A. D. 1457, it is enacted, that "the wives and daughters of men living in burrowes, and of landwart, sould not wear sumptuous claithing, but sould be abuilzied in manner correspondent to thair estait; that is to say, on their heads short *curchies* with little *budes*, such as are used in Flanders, England, and uther countries," &c. From this it may be inferred that *curchies* and *budes* were either not known, or not commonly used by "landwart" girls in Scotland, before the date of this Act. The word *curchie* does not appear in the glossaries to the more antient Scottish poets. The other objection is, that the poem seems not to agree with Major's description of it. His words are: "In vernacula lingua artificiosissimus compositor; cujus codices plurimi, et cantilenæ, memoriter adhuc apud Scotos inter primos ha-

bentur. Artificiosam cantilenam (composuit) *yas sen*, &c. et jucundum artificiosumque illum cantum *At Beltayn* quem alii de *Dalkeith* et *Gargeil* mutare studuerunt, quia in arce aut camera clausus servabatur, in qua mulier cum matre habitabat." From this we may gather that the subject of the poem *At Beltayne* was the confinement of a person, otherwise there would not have been that correspondence between the original and the parodies which Major particularly specifies. The occasion or subject of the parodies, he seems to say, was "by reason of his having been shut up in a tower or chamber in which a woman resided with her mother." Surely this passage cannot allude to "Peblis at the Play," which contains no such circumstance; and which, therefore, appears to be a different poem from that which Major attributes to James the First. He also mentions it, not as a "libellus" or "codex" (words which he uses in the same passage,) but as a "cantus" or song; with the definition of which it does not seem to correspond. *Christ's Kirk on the green* (of nearly the same length) is called by Lord Hailes "a great and voluminous work for those days." Sir David Lindsay, indeed, in 1540, mentions the singing of *Peblis on the greene*; and it is not unlikely that the feats of Sir William Wallace may also have been sung; but yet they would not come under the description of a *cantus* or *cantilena*. It may lastly be added, that the versification is much smoother than that of any Scottish poetry antecedent to the time of HENRYSON; and that a resemblance may be traced between "*At Beltayne*" and some of that poet's compositions. It appears, therefore, not unlikely that this poem may have been written soon after the above mentioned sumptuary law was enacted; or about 1457—1460. Although, at the same time, I suspect that Time will discover the true æra to be about eighty years later; that is, towards the end of the reign of James the Fifth. If it had been one of those performances of James the First which still were popular in the time of Major, the author of the *Complaint of Scotland* could scarcely have omitted to mention it, either in his list of Scottish songs or metrical stories. But upon the supposition that it was composed by a contemporary of Wedderburn or Sir James Inglis, the omission of *At Beltane* is no matter of surprise.

Attention has here been paid to the corrections furnished by Mr. Pinkerton, p. 452 of the *Maitland Poems*. Also in St. 4. l. 5. "Maj-drest so" has been adopted instead of *my draes do*; in St. 10. l. 5: "he byddis, tyt," for (*he bydes tyt*); in St. 18. l. 5. "nocht" is supplied; and in St. 24. l. 6. "weill-a-fair," i. e. *farewell*, is put for *will I fayr*. The reader may find various conjectures about the word *Beltane* in the *Glossary*.

SIR PENNY, OR THE POWER OF MONEY.

Extracted from Warton's History of English poetry, where it is given as one of the earliest specimens of allegorical burlesque; the Manuscript appearing, (as Warton says,) to be as old as the reign of Henry the Sixth. The poem is so full of Scottish words and phrases, that I have not the least doubt of its being entitled to a place in this series of Scottish poetry. Another poem on the same subject seems to belong to the reign of Queen Mary.

I.

IN eirth thair is a littill thing
Quhilk ringis as a rich king,
Quhair he is lent in land;
Schyr Penny is his naim calde,
He maikis baith young and alde
Bow untill his hand.

II.

Paipis, Kingis, and Empriouris,
Bischoppis, Abbottis, and Priowris,
Person, Preist, and Knyght,
Dukes, Erlis, and ilk Barowne,
To serf him ar thay full bowne,
Baith be day and nyght.

III.

III.

Schyr Penny chaunges mannis mode,
 And garris thame oft do doun thair hode,
 And to ryse him againe ;
 Men honoris him with greit revrence,
 Makkis full mekill obedience
 Untill that lytill fwaine.

IV.

In Kingis court is it no bote
 Aganis Schyr Penny for to mote,
 Sa mekill is he of might ;
 He is sa witty and sa strang;
 That be it neuer sa mekill wrang,
 He will mak it richt.

V.

With Penny may men wemen till,
 Be thai neuer so strange of will,
 So oft may it be sene ;
 Lang with him will thai noght chide,
 For he may gar thame trayl fide
 In gude skarlet and greene.

VI.

He may by baith hevyn and hell,
 And ilka thing that is to fell,
 In erth hes he swilk grace :
 He may lese and he may bind,
 The pouer ar ay put behind,
 Quhair he cumis in place.

VII.

Quhen he beginnis him to mell,
 He maikis meke that ayre was fell,
 And waik that bald hes bene ;
 All the neids full fune ar sped,
 Baith withoutten brugh and wed,
 Quhare Penny gais betuene.

VIII.

VIII.

The dommys-men he mai's fa blind,
 That he may nocht the right find
 Ne the futh to fie ;
 For to gif dome, thame is full laith,
 Thairwith to maik Schyr Penny wraith,
 Full deir with thame is he.

IX.

Thare strife was, Penny maikis pese,
 Of all angers he may relese,
 In lande quhair he will leinde ;
 Of fais may he maik freindis sad,
 Of counsail thay may neuer be rad,
 That may haif him to freind.

X.

That Syre is fet on heich deifs,
 And servit with many rich meifs
 At the hé burde ;
 The mair he is to men plentie,
 The mair yernit alwai is he,
 And halden deir in hurde.

XI.

He maikis mony be foirsworne,
 And sum lyf and faul forlorne,
 Him to get and win ;
 Other God will thai non have,
 Bot that lytill round knave,
 Thair baillis for to blin.

XII.

Of him haillie thair haitis sett,
 Him for to luf will thay nocht lett,
 Nowther for gude ne ill ;
 He may baith lend and gyf,
 He may gar baith fla and lyf,
 Baith be frith and fell.

XIII.

XIII.

Penny is ane gude fellow,
 Men welcumes him in deid and saw,
 Cum he neuer sa oft ;
 He is nocht welcumit as a gest,
 But euermoir servit with the best,
 And made to fitt full soft.

XIV.

Quhofo is sted in ony neid,
 With Schyr Penny mai thai speid,
 Howfoeir thay betyde ;
 He that Schyr Penny is withall,
 Sall have his will in stede and stall,
 Quhen other ar sett on fyde.

XV.

Schyr Penny garris in rich wede
 Full monie go and ryde on stede
 In this world wyde :
 In ilka gamen, and ilka play,
 The maisterie is given ay
 To Penny for his pryde.

XVI.

Schyr Penny o'er all gets the grie,
 Baith in borough and citie,
 In castell and in towre ;
 Withoutten owther spere or schelde,
 Is he the best in frith and felde,
 And stalwartheft in flowre.

XVII.

In ilka place the fute is sene,
 Schyr Penny is ouer all bidene,
 Maistermost in mode ;
 And all is als he will cummand ;
 Agais his stevyn dar no man stand,
 Nowther by land ne flode.

XVIII.

XVIII.

Schyr Penny may full mekill availe
 To thame that hes neid of counsaile,
 Als sene is in affyze ;
 He lenkethes lyfe, and saves fra deid ;
 Bot lufe it nocht ouer weill, I reid,
 For fin of covaityse.

XIX.

If thou have happ trefore to win,
 Delight thé noght to mekill thairin,
 Na nything thareof be ;
 But spend it als weill as thow can,
 So that thow lufe baith God and man
 In perfyte charitie.

XX.

God grant us grace with hert and will,
 The gudes that he has given us till
 Wele and wyfelie to spend,
 And so our lyves heir for to lede,
 That we may have his blis to mede,
 Ever withoutten end.

Words and phrases that seem to belong to the Scottish rather than to the English dialect are ; St. 1. *cald* and *alde*. St. 5. *fide*, i. e. hanging low down. St. 6. *fwilk*, such. St. 7. *bald*, bold. St. 8. *mai's*, (Warton, *mase*, which he explains "monks,") makes ; and *laith* or *latb* for loth. St. 9. *rad*, afraid of wanting. St. 10. *deifs* or *dese*, high seat ; *zernid*, (Wart.) yearned. St. 11. *baillis* or *bales to blin*, to cause their sorrows to cease ; (according to Warton, to blind their eyes.) St. 12. *by frith and fell*, in improved and in waste parts of the country ; (Warton says, "by sea and land.") St. 15. *ilka*, every. St. 16. *frith* or *felde*, as before. St. 18. *covaityse*, covetousness. St. 19. *nything* for *niddering*, niggardly, sparing ; according to Warton, careless.

HOW A MERCHAND DID HIS WIFE BETRAY.

This poem was published by Mr Ritson in his "Antient Popular Poetry," 1791, from a MS. in the public library at Cambridge, (written apparently about the reign of Edward IV.) and from the language and orthography, pronounced to be of Scottish, or at least of North country extraction. This I consider as a sufficient authority for assigning to it a place in this collection of Scottish poetry. But as the orthography may have suffered some alteration in the hands of the English compiler of the MS. I have here ventured, as in the preceding article, to use the Quh instead of Wh; as also her for hur; I (pronoun) for Y; and in one instance where it was required by the rhyme, ald for old. Whether it may thus agree better with a fragment of the same poem in a MS. of Henry the Sixth's time in the British Museum, (Bib. Har. 5396,) can easily be ascertained.

LYSTENYTH, lordyngys, I you pray,
How a merchand dyd hys wyfe betray,
Bothe be day and be nyght,
Yf ye will herkyn aryght.
Thys songe ys of a merchand of thys cuntre,
That had a wyfe feyre and free;
The merchand had a full gode wyfe,
Sche louyd hym trewly as her lyfe,

Quhat

Quhat that euyr he to her fayde,
Euyr fche held her wele apayde :
The merchand, that was fo gay,
By another woman he lay ;
He boght her gownys of grete pryce,
Furryd with menyvere and with gryfe,
To her hedd ryall atyre,
As any lady myght defyre.
Hys wyfe, that was fo trewe as fton,
He wolde ware no thyng upon :
That was foly be my fay,
That fayrenes fchulde tru loue betray.
So hyt happenyd, as he wolde,
The merchand ouer the fee he fchulde ;
To hys leman ys he gane,
Leue at her for to tane ;
With clappyng and with kyffyng fwete,
Quhen they fchulde parte bothe dyd they wepe.
Tyll hys wyfe ys he gan,
Leue at her then hath he tan ;
Dame, he feyde, be goddys are,
Hast any money thou woldyft ware ?
Quhan I come beyonde the fee
That I myzt the bye some ryche drewre.
Syr, fche feyde, as Cryft me faue,
Ye haue all that euyr I haue ;
Ye fchall haue a peny here,
As ye ar my trewe fere,
Bye ye me a penyworth of wytt,
And in youre hert kepe wele hyt.
Styll ftode the merchand tho,
Lothe he was the peny to forgo,
Certen fothe, as I yow fay,
He put hyt in hys purce and yede hys way.
A full gode wynde god hath hym fende,
Yn Fraunce hyt can hym brynge ;

A full gode schypp arrayed he
Wyth merchaundyce and spycerè.
Certen sothe, or he wolde reste,
He boght hys lemman of the beste,
He boght her bedys, brochys and ryngys,
Nowchys of golde, and many feyre thyngys;
He boght her perry to her hedd,
Of safurs and of rubyes redd;
Hys wyfe, that was so trew as ston,
He wolde ware nothyng upon:
That was foly be my fay,
That fayrenes schulde trew loue betray.
Quhen he had boght all that he wolde,
The merchand ouyr the fee he schulde.
The merchandys man to hys mayster dyd speke,
Oure dameys peny let us not forgete.
The merchand swore, be seynt Anne,
Yyt was that a lewde bargan,
To bye owre dame a penyworth of wytt,
In all Frauce I can not fynde hyt.
'An' olde man in the halle stode,
The merchandys speche he underyode;
The olde man to the merchand can say,
A worde of counsell I yow pray,
And I schall felle yow a penyworth of wyt,
Yf ye take gode hede to hyt:
Tell me, merchand, be thy lyfe,
Quhethyr haste thou a leman or a wyfe?
Syr, I have bothe, as have I reste,
But my paramour loue I beste.
Then seyde the olde man, withowten were,
Do now as I teche the here;
Quhen thou comyst ouyr the salte fome,
Olde clothys then do the upon,
To thy lemman that thou goo,
And telle her of all thy woo;

Syke fore, do as I the fay,
And telle her all thy gode ys losste away,
Thy schyp ys drownyd in the fom,
And all thy god ys losste the from ;
Quhan thou haste tolde her soo,
Then to thy weddyd wyfe thou go ;
Quhedyr helpyth the better yn thy nede,
Dwelle with her, as Cryste the spede.
The merchand seyde, wele must thou fare,
Have here thy peny, I have my ware.
Quhen he come ouer the salte some,
Olde clothys he dyd hym upon,
Hys lemman lokyd forthe and on hym see,
And seyde to her, maydyn, how lykyth the ?
My love ys comyn fro beyonde the see,
Come hedur, and see hym wyth thyn eye.
The maydyn seyde, be my fay,
He ys yn a febull array.
Go down, maydyn, in to the halle,
Yf thou mete the marchand wythalle,
And yf he spyrrre aftyr me,
Say, thou sawe me wyth non eye ;
Yf he wyll alगतys wytt,
Say in my chaumbyr I lye fore syke,
Out of hyt I may not wynne,
To speke wyth none ende of my kynne,
Nother wyth hym nor wyth none other,
Thowe he were myn own brother.
Allas ! seyde the maydyn, why sey ye soo ?
Thynke how he helpyed yow owt of moche wo.
Fyrst when ye mett, wyth owt lesynge,
Youre gode was not worthe xx. shilling,
Now hyt ys worthe four hundred pownde,
Of golde and fyluyr that ys rounde ;
Gode ys but a lante lone,
Some tyme men haue hyt, and some tyme none ;
Thogh

Thogh all hys gode be gon hym froo,
Neuyr forsake hym in hys woo.
Go downe, maydyn, as I bydd the,
Thou schalt no langer ellys dwelle wyth me.
The maydyn wente in to the halle,
There sche met the merchand wythall.
Quhere ys my lemman? quhere ys sche?
Quhy wyll sche not come speke wyth me?
Syr, I do the wele to wytt,
Yn hyr chaumbyr sche lyeth full fyke,
Out of hyt sche may not wynne,
To speke wyth non ende of her kynne,
Nother wyth yow nor wyth non other,
Thowe ye were her owne brother.
Maydyn, to my lemman that thou go,
And telle her my gode ys losse me fro;
My schyp ys drownyd in the fom,
And all my gode ys losse me from;
A gentylman have I flawe,
I dar not abyde the londys lawe;
Pray her, as sche louyth me dere,
As I have ben to her a trewe fere,
To kepe me preuy in her chaumbyr,
That the kyngys baylyes take me neuyr.
Into the chaumbyr the maydyn ys gon,
Thys tale sche tolde her dame anone.
In to the halle, maydyn, wynde thou downe,
And bydd hym owt of my halle to goon,
Or I schall fend in to the towne,
And make the kyngys baylyes to come;
I fwere, be god of grete renown,
I wyll neuyr harbure the kyngys feloun.
The maydyn wente in to the halle,
And thus sche tolde the merchand alle;
The merchand sawe none other spede,
He toke hys leve, and forthe he yede.

Lyftenyth,

Lyftenyth, lordyngys, curtes and hende,
For yit ys the better fytt behynde.

[THE SECOND FIT.]

LYSTENYTH, lordyngys, great and small:
The merchand ys now to hys own halle;
Of hys comyng hys wyfe was fayne,
Anone sche come hym agayne.
Husbonde, sche seyde, welcome ye be,
How haue ye farde beyonde the see?
Dame, he seyde, be Goddys are,
All full febyll hath be my fare;
All the gode that euer was thyn and myn,
Hyt ys losse be seynt Martyn;
In a storme I was bestadde,
Was I neuyr halfe so fore adrad.
I thanke hyt god, for so I may,
That euyr I skapyd on lyve away;
My schyp ys drownyd in the fom,
And all my gode ys losse me from;
A gentylman haue I flawe,
I may not abyde the londys lawe;
I pray the, as thou louest me dere,
As thou art my trewe weddyd fere,
In thy chaumber thou woldest kepe me dern.
Syr, sche seyde, no man schall me warne:
Be styll, husbonde, sygh not so fore,
He that hathe thy gode may sende the more;
Thowe all thy gode be fro the goo,
I wyll neuyr forsake the in thy woo;
I schall go to the kyng and to the quene,
And knele before them on my kneen,
There to knele and neuyr to cese,
Tyl of the kyng I haue getyn thy pees:

I can

I can bake, brewe, carde and spynne,
My maydenys and I can sylvyr wyne,
Euyr quhyll I am thy wyfe,
To maynten the a trewe mannys lyfe.
Certen sothe, as I yow say,
All nyght be hys wyfe he lay.
On the morne, or he forthe yede,
He kaste on hym a ryall wede,
And bestrode a full gode stede,
And to hys lemmans hows he yede.
Hys lemman lokyd forthe and on hym see,
As he come rydyng ouyr the lee,
Sche put on her a garment of palle,
And mett the merchand in the halle ;
Twyes or thryes, or euyr he wyfte,
Trewly sche had hym kyfte.
Syr, sche seyde, be feynt John,
Ye were neuyr halfe so welcome home.
Sche was a schrewe, as haue I hele,
There sche currayed fauell well.
Dame, he seyde, be feynt John,
Yit ar not we at oon ;
Hyt was tolde me beyonde the see,
Thou haste another lemman then me.
All the gode that was thyn and myne,
Thou haste geuyn hym, be feynt Martyn.
Syr, as Cryste bryng me fro bale,
Sche lyeth falsely that tolde the that tale ;
Hyt was thy wyfe, that olde trate,
That neuyr gode worde by me spake ;
Were sche dedd (god lene hyt wolde !)
Of the haue all my wylle I schulde ;
Erly, late, lowde and styll,
Of the schulde I haue all my wylle :
Ye schall see, so muste I the,
That sche lyeth falsely on me.

Sche leyde a canvas on the flore,
Longe and large, styffe and store;
Sche leyde theron, wythowten lyte,
Fyfty schetys waschen whyte,
Pecys of syluyr, masers of golde;
The merchand stode hyt to beholde:
He put hyt in a wyde sakk,
And leyde hyt on the hors bakk;
He bad hys chylde go belyve,
And lede thys home to my wyve.
The chylde on hys way ys gon,
The merchande come aftyr anon;
He caste the pakk downe in the flore,
Longe and large, styf and store.
As hyt lay on the grounde,
Hyt was wele worthe cccc pownde:
They on dedyn the mouth aryght,
There they sawe a ryall fyght.
Syr, sayde hys wyfe, be the rode,
Quhere had ye all thys ryall gode?
Dame, he sayde, be goddys are,
Here ys thy penyworth of ware.
Yf thou thynke hyt not wele besett,
Gyf hyt another can be ware hyt bett;
All thys wyth thy peny boght I,
And therefore I gyf hyt the frely;
Do wyth all quhat so euyr ye lyste,
I wyll neuyr aske yow accowntys, be Cryste.
The merchandys wyfe to hym can say,
Quhy come ye home in so febull array?
Then sayde the merchand, sone ageyn,
Wyfe, for to assay the in certeyn;
For at my lemman was I before,
And sche by me sett lytyll store,
And sche louyd bettyr my gode then me,
And so wyfe dydd neuyr ye.

To telle hys wyfe then he began,
All that gode he had takyn fro hys lemman ;
And all was becaufe of thy peny,
Therefore I gyf hyt the frely ;
And I gyf god a vowe thys howre,
I wyll neuyr more have paramowre,
But the, myn own derlyng and wyfe,
Wyth the wyll I lede my lyfe.
Thus the merchandys care began to kele,
He lefte hys folye euery dele,
And leuyd in clenness and honestè ;
I pray God that so do we.
God that ys of grete renowne,
Saue all the gode folke of thys towne :
Jesu, as thou art heuyn kynge,
To the blys of heuyn owre soules brynge.

BALADE

B A L A D E.

[It does not appear that any other existing poem, which could serve either to illustrate the manners of the time, or to mark the state of the living language, can with certainty be placed under this reign. The tedious metrical romance of GAWAN AND GOLOGRAS, supposed to have been written about this period by CLERK of TRANENT, would not answer either of these purposes. The ancient copy of it, however, (printed in 1508,) concludes with this BALLAD, which we may, therefore, presume had been accounted a production of the same author. In other respects, it is but of little value. After the ballad, we have this imprimatur: "Heir endys the knightly tale of GOLOGRAS and GAWANE, in the south gait of Edinburgh, be Walter Chepman and Androw Millar the viii day of Aprile the yhere of God M,CCCCC and viii yberis." The romance may be seen in Mr PINKERTON's "Scotish Poems, reprinted from scarce editions, 3 vols, 1792."]

THINGIS in kynde desyris thingis lyke;
 Bot discontrair hatis ewiry thing:
 Sauf onely mankinde can nevir wele lyke,
 Bot gif he have a latiousse lyving.
 Fleshly desyre, and gastely nurisching,
 Intill a persone all samyn to be wrought;
 Water and fyre togeder in kyndelyng,
 It may wele ryme, bot it accordis nought.

A man at one for to ferve lordis twayn,
The quhilk be baith contrair in opynion ;
To plese thame bath, and purches no difdayn,
Talk with that ane, and with the tothir rown :
Be trew to both, without tuigh of trefon,
Tell hym of hym the thing that nevir was wrought ;
To bring all this to gude conclusioun,
It may wele ryme, bot it accordis nought.

To have a gall, clepit a gentill dow ;
To be my frende, and geve me false counsaill ;
To brek my hede, and syne put on a how ;
To be a preste, and formeist in bataill ;
To ly in bed, and strang castell affaill ;
To be a marchand, quhare na gude may be bought ;
To have a trew wyf with a wanton taile,
It may wele ryme, bot it accordis nought.

To be of no conyng, and knaw the herbe ;
To carp langage that non may undirstand ;
A fule to have a veray wise proverbe ;
A fre born barne of hir that is a bonde ;
Unpossible thingis to tak on hond ;
To big a castell, or the ground be wrought ;
To geve a dome be law that may nocht stond ;
It may wele ryme, bot it accordis nought.

A wregh to were a nobill scarlet gown ;
A badlyng, furryng parfillit wele with fable ;
A gude husywyf ay rynnyng in the toun ;
A childe to thryve quhilk is unchastiable.
To be content, and lightly changeable ;
To have in daynté thing that newir doucght ;
A Rome-rynnar without lesing or fable ;
It may wele ryme, bot it accordis nought.

A myghty king intill a pore region ;
Ane hafty wit, and hye thingis to devise ;
Meke almouſe dede, and falſe detraction ;
Knyghtly manhede, and ſchamefull paradise ;
A hevynly hell, a poynefull paradise ;
A haly doctour with a lecherouſe thought ;
To wirk on hede, ſyne efter tak avife ;
It may wele ryme, bot it accordis nought.

A guilty tong colourit with eloquence ;
A falſe entend within and diſſavable ;
A blyth viſage with frendely apperence ;
A cruell hert inviouſe and vengeable ;
A gentill horſe intill a nakit ſtable ;
A mery ſang, the hert with ſorow fought ;
To ſeme thir all, and mak thame ſufficiable,
It may wele ryme, bot it accordis nought.

Frely to ſpend, and full of covatiſe ;
To ſeke burgeons out of ane ald dry ſtok ;
A gay temple without dyvine ſervice ;
A birdles cage ; a key withoutyn lok ;
A toun ſchip ay ryding in a rok ;
A myghty biſchop in a cointre of nought ;
A wantoun hird, and a wele reulit flok ;
It may wele ryme, bot it accordis nought.

THE FIRST PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF HENRY THE SEVENTH

A young man, full of valor and
the heart of a lion, and his
which shines in the sun like a
a young man, full of valor and
of Henry's reign, a young man
of Henry's reign, a young man
to the king, and the king
it may be said, but a young man

A young man, full of valor and
the heart of a lion, and his
which shines in the sun like a
a young man, full of valor and
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the heart of a lion, and his
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a young man, full of valor and
of Henry's reign, a young man
of Henry's reign, a young man
to the king, and the king
it may be said, but a young man

JAMES III. 1460—1488.

TESTAMENT OF FAIRE CRESEIDE, COMPYLIT BE
ROBERT HENRYSON,

— as a continuation of CHAUCER'S TROILUS AND CRESEIDE. It was first printed in CHAUCER'S Works in 1532, and then separately by CHARTERIS at Edinburgh in 1591, with the Author's name and designation. The language is, doubtless, an imitation of CHAUCER; but still, in general, it is Scottish; and therefore the Poem is entitled to a place in this series, especially as it possesses distinguishable merit, and has not before appeared in any Collection of Scottish Poetry.]

A DOLY fefoun till a cairfull dyte
Shuld correfponde and be equivalent;
Rycht fo it was quhan I began to wryte
This tragedy, the weder rycht fervent,
Quhan Aries in middis of the Lent
Schowris of haile gan fro the north difcende,
That fcantly fro the cold I mycht me defende.

Yet nertheleffe within mine orature
I ftode, quhan Titan had his bemis brycht
Withdrawin doun, and fkylid undir cure,
And faire Venus the beaute of the nycht,
Upraise, and fette unto the wefte ful rycht
Her goldin face, in oppofitioun
Of god Phœbus, directe difcending doun.

Throuhout

Throuhout the glasse her bemis braist so faire
 That I mycht se on every side me by,
 The northrin winde hath purified the aire,
 And shedde his misty cloudis fro the skie,
 The froste frefit, the blastis bittirly
 Fro pole Artike cam whisking loud and shill,
 And caufit me remove agenst my will :

For I trustit that Venus, Lovis quene,
 To quhom sumtime I hicht obedience,
 My fadit hert of love she would make grene,
 And thareupon with humbil reverence
 I thought to praie her hie magnificence,
 But for grete colde as than I lettid was,
 And in my chambre to the fyre gan pas.

Thouch love be hote, yet in a man of age
 It kyndlith nat so sone as in youthed,
 Of quhom the blude is flowing in a rage,
 And in the olde the corage dul and ded,
 Of quhiche the fire outwarde is best remed :
 To helpe by phisike quher that natur failed,
 I am experte, for bothe I have assailed.

I maid the fyre and bekit me aboute,
 Than toke a drinke my spirites to comferte,
 And armit me weil fra the colde theroute :
 To cutte the wintir nycht and mak it shorte
 I toke a quere, and lefte al othir sporte,
 Wrytin by worthy Chaucer glorious
 Of faire Creseide and lusty Troilus :

And thare I founde aftir that Diomede
 Recevit had that lady brycht of hewe,
 How Troilus nere out of his witte abrede,
 And wept full fair, with visage pale of hewe
 For quhich wanhope his teris gan renewe,

While

Quhile Esperus rejoyfit him againe ;
Thus quhile in joie he lived and quhile in paine.

Of her behest he had grete comforting,
Trustand to Troie that she wald mak retour,
Quhiche he desirit most of al erdly thing,
For quhy ! she was his onely paramour ;
But quhan he sawe passit baith day and hour
Of her gaincome, in sorowe gan oppresse
His woful herte in cair and hevynesse.

Of his distresse me nedith nat reherse,
For worthy Chaucer in that same boke
In gudely termis and in joly verse
Compilit hath his caris, quho will loke :
To break my slepe anothir quere I toke,
In quhich I founde the fatal destiny
Of faire Creseide, quhich endit wretchidly.

Quho wote if all that Chaucer wrate was trewe ?
Nor I wote nat gif this narracion
Be authorised, or forgit of the newe
Of some poete by his invencion,
Made to reporte the lamentacion
And wofull ende of this lusty Creseide,
And quhat distresse she was in or she deide.

Quhan Diomedes had al his appetite
And more fulfillit of this faire lady,
Upon anothir sette was his delite,
And sende to her a libel repudy,
And her excludit fra his company ;
Than desolate she walkit up and doun,
As some men faine in the courte as commoun.

O faire Creseide ! the floure and *A per se*
Of Troie and Grece, how were thou fortunate

To change in filthe al thy feminité,
 And be with fleshly lust so maculate,
 And go amang the Grekes erly and late
 So giglot-like, takand thy foule plesaunce !
 I have pité the should fall suche mischaunce.

Yet nerthelesse, quhat er men deme or say
 In scornful langage of thy brutilnesse,
 I shall excuse, as ferforth as I may,
 Thy womanhed, thy wisedom, and fairnesse,
 The quhich Fortoun hath put to suche distresse,
 As her plesit, and nothing throughe the gylte
 Of thé, through wickid langage to be spilte.

This faire lady, on this wise destitute
 Of al comforte and consalatioun,
 Rycht prively, without felo'wship or refute,
 Dishevelid, passit out of the toun
 A mile or twa unto a mansioun
 Bildit ful gaie, quhere her fathir Calchas
 Quhich than among the Grekis dwelland was.

Quhan her he saw, the caus he gan enquire
 Of her cuming : she said, sighand ful fore,
 For Diomedes had gottin his desire
 He woxe wery, and would of me no more.
 Quod Calchas, Douchtir ! wepe nat thou therfore,
 Paravinture al comith for the best :
 Welcum ; to me thou art ful dere a gest.

This olde Calchas, astir the lawe was tho,
 Was kepir of the temple as a preiste
 In quhiche Venus and her sonne Cupido
 Were honourit, and his chambre was neist,
 To quhich Creseide with bale enewed in breist
 Ufit to passe, her prayirs for to saie,
 Quhile at the last upon a solempne daie,

As

As custome was, the peple ferre and nere,
 Befor the none, unto the tempil went
 With sacrifice devout in ther manere;
 But stil Creseide, hevy in her intent,
 Into the church wald not herself present,
 For givand of the peple' any deming
 Of her expulse fro Diomedes the King,

But passit into ane secrete oratore,
 Quhere she micht wepe her wofull destiny;
 Behinde her bak she clost fast the dore,
 And on her kneis bare fel down in hie;
 Upon Venus and Cupide angrily
 She cryit out, and sayit in this wise,
 Alas that er I made you sacrifice!

Ye gaif me anis a divine responsaile
 That I shuld be the floure of luv in Troie;
 Now am I made ane unworthy outwaile,
 And al in cair translatit is my joie;
 Quho shal me gide? quho shal me now convoie,
 Sithe I fra Diomedes and nobil Troilus
 Am clene excludit, abject, odious?

O false Cupide! non is to wite bot thow,
 And the mothir of Love, that blinde goddace;
 Ye causit me undirstande alwaie and trow
 The fede of luv was sowin on my face,
 And aie grewe grene thorough your sople grace;
 But now, alas! that fede with frost is flaine,
 And I fro luvirs leste and al forlaine.

Quhan this was said, down in an extasy,
 Ravishit in spirite, in ane dreme she fel,
 And by apperaunce herde quhere she did lie
 Cupide the King tingand a silvir bel,
 Quhich men micht here fro hevin into hel,

At quhose sounde before Cupide aperes
The sevin planets discending fro the spheres,

Quhiche hath powir of al thing generabil,
To rewl and stere by their grit influens
Wedir and winde, and course variabil.
And first of al Saturne gave his sentens,
Quhiche gave to Cupide lital reverens,
But as ane boistous chorle in his manere
Came crabbitly with austrine luke and chere.

His face frounsit, his lyre was lyk the lede,
His tethe chattrit, and shiveret with the chin,
His eyin droupit, quhole sonkin in his hede,
Out at his nose the mildrop fast gan rin,
With lippis blew, and chekis lene and thin,
The iseickils that fro his hair doune hang
Was wondir grete, and as ane spere was lang ;

Attour his belte his liart lockis laie
Feltrit unfaire, or-fret with frostis bore,
His garmond and his gite ful gay of graie,
His widret wede fro him the winde out wore,
Ane boustous bowe within his hande he bore,
Undir his girdle a fashe of felone flains
Fedrit with ise and heidit with halstains.

Than Jupiter rycht faire and amiabil,
God of the sterris in the firmament,
And norice to al thing generabil,
Fro his fathir Saturne farre different,
With burly face, and browis brycht and brent,
Upon his heid ane garlonde wondris gaie
Of flouris faire, as it had ben in Maie ;

His voce was clere, as cristal was his eien,
As goldin wier so glittrand was his hare,

His

His garmont and his gite ful gaie of grene,
With goldin listis gilte on every gare,
A burly brand about his middle' he bare,
And in' his richt hand he had a groundin spere,
Of his fathir the wrothe fro us to bere.

Neist aftir him cum Mars, the god of ire,
Of strife, debate, and all discencioun,
To chide and fight als fierse als ony fire,
In harde harnesse, hewmonde and habergioun,
And on his haunch a rousty fel fauchoun,
And in his hande he had a rousty fworde,
Writhing his face, with mony angry worde;

Schaking his brande before Cupide he come,
With red visage and grisly glowing eien,
And at his mouth a blubbir stode of fome,
Like to ane bore quhetting his tuskis kene,
Rycht tulfurelike, but temperaunce in tene,
An horne he blewe with mony boustous bragge,
Quhiche al this world with warre hath made to wagge.

Than faire Phœbus, lanterne and lampe of licht,
Of man and best both frute and flourishing,
Tendir norice, and banishir of nicht,
And of the worlde causand by his muving
And influence life in al erdly thing,
Without comforte of quhom of force to noucht
Must go dyin all that this warld hath wroucht.

As king royall he rode upon a chare,
The quhiche Phaeton sumtime gidet unrycht.
The brychtnesse of his face quhan it was bare
Non mycht beholde for persing of his sicht,
This goldin carte with fyry bemis brycht
Foure yokit stedis ful different of hewe
Bot baite or tyring through the spheris drew.

The

The first was fore, with mane as red as rose,
 Callit Eoye in the orient ;
 The seconde stede to name hicht Ethiose,
 Quhitely and pale, and somdele ascendent ;
 The third Pyrois, richt hote and fervent ;
 The fourth was blak, and callit Phlegone ;
 Quhich rollith Phœbus down into the se.

Venus was thare present, that goddes gay,
 Her sonnis quarrel to defende, and mak
 Her owne complaint, cladde in a nice aray,
 The one halfe grene, th' othir halfe sable blak,
 Quhite hair as gold, kembit and shed abak ;
 Bot in her face semit grete variaunce,
 Quhiles parfite truth, and quhilis inconstaunce.

Undir smiland she was dissimulate,
 Provocative with blinkis amorous,
 And sodainly changit and alterate,
 Angry as ony serpent venomous,
 Rycht pungitive with wordis odious ;
 Thus variaunt she was ; quho list tak kepe,
 With one eye lauch and with the othir wepe,

In tokening that al fleshely paramour,
 Quhich Venus hath in rule and govirnaunce,
 Is sumtyme swete, sumtyme bittir and sour,
 Rycht unstable, and ful of variaunce,
 Minglit with careful joye and false plesaunce,
 Now hette, now calde, now blyth, now ful of wo,
 Now grene as lefe, now widrit and ago.

With boke in hand than cum Mercurius,
 Richt eloquent and ful of rethorie,
 With polit termis and delicious,
 With penne and inke to reporte al redie,
 Settand songis and singand merily,

His

His hair was red heclit attour his croun,
Like til ane poete of the olde fassoun.

Boxis he bare with fine electuaries
And sugrit siropes for digestion,
Spicis belongand to the potiquares,
With mony halfum fwete confection,
Doctor in phisike, cledde in scarlet gown,
And furrid weil, as fuche one oucht to be,
Honest and gude, and not ane worde couth lie.

Neist after him cum Lady Cynthia
The laste of al, and swiftist in her sphere,
Of colour blak, buskit with hornis twa,
And in the nycht she listith best t' apere,
Hawe as the leed, of colour nothing clere,
For al the light she borroweth at her brother
Titan, for of her selfe she hath non other.

Her gite was gray and ful of spottis blak,
And on her breist ane cairle paintit ful even,
Bering a bushe of thornis on his bak,
Quhich for his theft micht clime no ner the heven.
Thus quhen thei gadrit wer tha goddis seven,
Mercurius thei chofet with one assent
To be fore-spekir in the parliment.

Quho had ben there and likand for to here
His faconde tonge and termis exquisite,
Of rethorike the practike he mycht lere,
In brese sermon ane preignant sentence write :
Before Cupide, valing his cappe a lite,
Speris the cause of that vocacioun,
And he anon shewde his entencioun.

Lo, quod Cupide, quho wol blasphemie the name
Of his owne god either in worde or dede

To

To al goddis he doeth bothe losse and shame,
And should haif bittir painis to his mede ;
I saiè this by yondir wretche Creseide,
The quhiche throuch me was somtime flour of luvè ;
Me, and my mothir she stately can repruve,

Say and of her gret infelichte
I was the cause, and my mothir Venus
She callet a blinde goddes and micht not se,
With sclaundir and defame injurious ;
Thus her livand unclene and lechirous
She wald retorte on me and on my muther,
To quhom I shewde my grace above all uther.

And fithe ye ar al fevin deficate
Participant of divine sapience,
This gret injury done to our hich estate
Me thinke with paine we shuld make recompence ;
Was ner to goddis done suche violence ;
As wel for you as for my selfe I saie,
Therefore go help to revenge I you praie.

Mercurius to Cupide gave answere,
And said, Sir king, my counsaile is that ye
Referre you to the hyift planet here,
And tak to him the lowift of degre,
The paine of Creseide for to modifie,
As god Saturne with him tak Cynthia.
I am content (quod he) to tak thei twa.

Than thus procedit Saturne and the Mone,
Quhan thei the matir ripely had digest,
For the dispite to Cupide that she' had done,
And to Venus opin and manifest,
In al her life with pain to be oprest,
And turment fare, with fikenesse incurable,
And to al luvirs be abhominable.

This

This doleful sentence Saturne toke in hande,
And passit doun quhere cairful Creseide laie,
And on her hed he laide a frosty wande,
Than lausfully on this wise gan he saie ;
Thy grete fairnesse and al thy beauty gaie,
Thy wanton blude, and eke thy goldin hair,
Here I exclude fra the for evirmair :

I change thy mirth into melancoly,
Quhiche is the mothir of al pensivenesse,
Thy moistir and thy hete to colde and dry,
Thine insolence, thy plaie and wantonnesse,
To grete disese ; thy pompe and thy richesse
Into mortal nede and grete penurie ;
Thou suffre shalt, and as ane beggir die.

O cruil Saturne ! frowart and angrie,
Harde is thy dome and to malicious :
Of faire Creseide quhy hast thou na mercie,
Quhiche was so swete, gentill, and amorous ?
Withdrawe thy sentence and be gracious,
As you were nere ; so shewith throuch thy dede
Ane wrekeful sentence givin on Creseide.

Than Cynthia, quhan Saturne past awaie,
Out of her sete descendit doun belyve,
And red ane bill o nreseide where she laie,
Containand this sentens diffinitive,
Fra hele of body here I the deprive,
And to thy fikenesse shal be no recure,
But in dolour thy dayis to endure ;

Thy cristal eyen myngit with blud I mak,
Thy voce so clere unpleisant, har, and hace,
Thy lustie lyre orspred with spottis blak,
And lumpis have apperand in thy face,
Quhere thou comist eche man shall flie the place ;

Thus

Thus shalt thou go beggand fra hous to hous
With cuppe and clappir, like ane Lazarous.

This dolie dreame, this ugly visoun,
Broucht till an ende, Creseide fra it awoke,
And all that courte and convocacioun
Vanishit awaie ; than rase she up and toke
Ane polishit glasse, and her shadowe couth loke,
And quhan she sawe' her visage so deformate
If she in herte were wo I n'ote, God wate.

Weping ful fore, Lo ! quhat it is (quod she)
With frowart langage for to muve and stere
Our crabbit goddes ! and so is sene on me ;
My blasphemand now haif I boucht ful dere,
All yerdly joie and mirthe I fet arere ;
Alas this daie, alas this woful tide,
Quhan I began with my goddis to chide !

By this was saied ane childe cam fra the hal
To warn Creseide the suppir was redie,
First knockit at the dore, and eft couth call,
Madame, your fathir biddith you cum in hie,
He hath marveile so long on grose ye lie,
And faith your bedis beth to long somdele ;
The goddis wote all your entent full wele.

Quod she, Faire child, go to my fathir dere,
And praie him cum to speke with me anon.
And so he did, and saied, Douchtir, quhat chere ?
Alas ! (quod she) fathir, my mirthe is gone.
How so ? (quod he) and she gan all expone
As I have told, the vengeance and the wrak
For her trespas Cupide on her couth tak.

He lukit on her ugly lepir's face,
The quhiche before was quhite as lily flour,

Wringing

Wringand his handis oftimis faied Alace
That he had leifit to fe that wofull hour !
For he knewe weil that thare was na focour
To her fikneffe, and that doublyt his pain :
Thus was thare cair enow betwixt 'hem twain.

Quhan thei togidir mournit had full lang,
Quod Creseide, Fathir, I would not be kende,
Therefore in secrete wyfe ye let me gang
To yon hospitill at the toun'is ende,
And thidir sum mete for charite me fende
To live upon, for all mirth in this yerth
Is fra me gone, soche is my wickid werth.

Quhan in a mantill and a bevir hat,
With cuppe and clappir, wondir privily
He openet a secrete gate, and out therat
Conveyit her that na man shuld espie,
Thare to a village halfe a mile therebie
Deliveret her in at the spittill hous,
And daily fente her part of his almous.

Sum knew her weil, and sum had na knowlege
Of her, bicause she was sa deformate,
With bilis blak orspred in her visage,
And her faire colour fadit and alt'erate ;
Yet thei presumit for her hie regrate
And still murning she was of noble kin,
With bittir will thare thei token her in.

The daie passit, and Phoebus went to rest,
The cloudis blak orwhelid all the skie,
God wote if Creseide were a sorowfull gest,
Seing that uncouth fare and herborie ;
Bot mete or drinke she dressit her to lie
In a darke cornir of the hous alane,
And on this wise wepin she made her mane.

Here followeth the Complaint of Creseide.

O foppe of sorowe sonkin into cair !
 O caitife Creseide now and evirmare !
 Gon is thy joie and al thy mirth in yerth ;
 Of all blythnesse now art thou blak and bare ;
 There is na folve that helpin maie thy fare ;
 Fell is thy fortune, wickid is thy werthe,
 Thy blisse is banishit, and thy bale unberde ;
 Undir the grete, God gif I gravin were,
 Quher men of Grece nor yit of Troie micht here.

Quhere is thy chambir wantonly besene,
 With burly bed and blankits broudit bene,
 Spicis and wine to thy colatioun,
 The cuppis all of gold and silver shene,
 Thy fwete metis fervit in platis clene,
 With faveré sauce of a gude fashoun,
 Thy gai garmontes with mony gudely gown,
 Thy plesaunt laune pinnid with goldin pene ?
 All is arere thy grete roiall renoun.

Quhere is thy gardein with thy greis gane,
 And freshe flouris, quhich the quene Floraie
 Had paintit plesauntly in every plane,
 Quhere thou were wont full merily in Maie
 To walke, and tak the dewe by it was daie,
 And here the merle and mavise mony ane,
 With ladies faire in carolland to gane,
 And se ther roiall renkis in ther raie ?

This lepir loge tak for thy gudely boure,
 And for thy bed tak now a bunche of stro,
 For wailid wine and metis thou had tho
 Tak mouldid bred, pirate and fidir soure :
 Bot cuppe and clappir, is all now ago.

My

My clere voce and my courtly carolling
 Is ranke as roke, full hidous, har and hace,
 Deformit is the figure of my face,
 To luke on it no peple hath liking,
 So sped in fight, I faie with fare ficing
 Lyand amang the lepir folke, Alace !

O ladies faire of Troie and Grece ! attende
 My freile fortoun, mine infelicité,
 My grete mischefe quhich na man can amend,
 And in your minde ane mirrour mak of me,
 As I am now paravinture that ye,
 For al your micht, may cum to the same ende
 Or ellis worse, if any worse maie be ;
 Beware tharefore, approchith nere your ende.

Noucht is your fairnesse but a fadyng floure,
 Noucht is your famous laude and hie honour
 But winde inflate in uthir mennis eres,
 Your rofand redde to roting shall retoure,
 Exemple mak of me in your memoure,
 Quhich of fuche thingis wofull witnes beres,
 Al welth in yerth as wynd awaie it weres ;
 Bewair tharefore, approchith nere your hour.

Thus chidand with her drerie destiné
 Weipand she woke the nicht fra ende to ende :
 But all in vain ; her dole, her cairfull crie,
 Micht not remede, nor yit her murnyng mend ;
 Ane lepir ladie rase and to her wende,
 And faied, Quhy spurnist thou again the wall
 To flé thy self, and mende nathing at all ?

Sith that thy weipand but doublith thy wo,
 I counsaile thé mak vertue of a nede,
 Go lerne to clappe thy clappir to and fro,
 And lerne aftir the lawe of lepers lede.

There

Thare was no bote, but forthwith than she yede
Fra place to place, quhile cald and hungir fare
Compellit her to be a ranke beggare,

That same tyme of Troie the garnifoun,
Quhiche had the cheftain worthy Troilus
Throuch jeoperdy of warre had strikin doun
Knichtis of Grece in nombir marveilous,
With grette triumphe and laude victorious
Agane to Troie richt roially thei rode
The waie quher Creseide with the lepirs stode.

Seing that companie cum with a steven
Thei gaif a crie, and shoke cuppis, Gode spede,
Worthie lordis ! for Godd's luve of heven
To us lepirs part of your almose dede !
Than to her crie noble Troilus tuk hede,
Havyng pité, ner by the place gan pas
Quhere Creseide sat, not wetand that she was.

Than upon him she kest up bothe her eyen,
And with ane blinke it cum intill his thocht
That he sumtyme her face before had sein,
But she was in soche plicht he knew her noucht,
Yit than her luk into his minde he broucht,
The swete visage and amorous blenking
Of faire Creseide, sumtyme his own derling.

Na wondir was suppose in mind that he
Tuke her figur so sone ; and lo ! now quhy
The ydea of ane thing in cais maie be
So depe emprentit in the fantasie
That it deludith the wittes outwardly,
And so apperith in forme and like estait
Within the minde as it was figurat.

Ane sperke of luvē than til his hert couth spryng,
 And kindilit his body in ane fire
 With hote fevir, in fwette, and trembilyng
 Him tuke, quhile he was redie to exspire;
 To bere his shelde his brest begon to tire,
 Within a quhile he changit mony ane hewe,
 And nerthēles not ane anuthir knewe.

For knychtly pitē and memoriell
 Of faire Creseide ane girdill gan he take,
 A purse of golde, and mony ane gaie jewell,
 And in the skirte of Creseide doun gan shake,
 Than rade awaie, and not ane worde he spake,
 Pensife in herte, quhile he cam to the toune,
 And for grete cair oft sith almoste fell doune.

The lepre folke to Creseide than couth draw,
 To se the equall distrabucioun
 Of the almose; but quhan the golde they sawe
 Eche on to uthir privily gan roun,
 And saied, Yon lorde hath mare affectioun,
 Hower it be, unto this Lazarous
 Than to us al, we knewe by his almous.

Quhat lorde is yon, (quod she), have ye no fele,
 That doeth to us so grete humanite?
 Yes, quod a lepre man, I knowe him wele,
 Troilus it is, a knicht gentil and fre.
 Quhan Creseide undirstude that it was he,
 Stiffir than stele there sterte ane bittir stound
 Throuhout hir hert, and fell doune to the ground

Quhan she, orcome with sichand sare and sad,
 With mony ane carefull crie and cald atone,
 Now is my brest with stormie stoundis stad,
 Wrappit in wo, oh wretchfull will of on!
 Than fell in swoun ful oft or she would sone,

And

And evir in her fwouning cried she thus,
O false Creseide, and true knicht Troilus !

Thy luve, thy laude, and all thy gentilnesse,
I comptit smal in my prosperite,
So efflatit I was in wantonnesse,
And clambe upon the fickle whele so hie,
All faithe and luve I promittit to the
Was in its self fikill and furious ;
O false Creseide, and true knicht Troilus !

For luve of me thou kept thy continuance
Honest and chaste in conversacion ;
Of all women protectour and defence
Thou were, and helpit ther opinion :
My minde on fleshly foule affection
Was enclynit to lustis lecherous ;
Fie, false Creseide ! O true knicht Troilus !

Luvirs, beware, and tak gude hede about
Quhom that ye luve, for quhan ye suffre pain
I let you wit there is richt fewe throuhout
Quhom ye maie trust to haif true luve again ;
Prove quhan you woll, your labour is in vain ;
Therefore I red ye tak them as ye fynde,
For thei are sad as wedircocke in wynde

Bicause I knowe the grete unstabilnesse,
Brittle as glafs, unto my selfe I saie,
Trustand in uthir as grete brutilnesse,
As inconstaunt, and as untrew of saie ;
Thouch sum be trew I wot richt few ar thei ;
Who findith truthe, let him his lady ruse ;
None but my self as now I woll accuse.

Quhan this was sayd, with papir she sat doun,
And in this manir made her Testament :

Here

Here I bequeth my corse and carioun
 With wormis and with todis to be rent,
 My cuppe, my clappir, and mine ornament,
 And all my gold, these lepre folke shal haif,
 Quhan I am dedde to burie me in graif.

This roiall ring, set with this rubie redde,
 Quhiche Troilus in dowrie to me sende,
 To him again I leve it quhan I am dedde,
 To make my cairful deth unto him kende :
 Thus I conclude shortly and make an ende ;
 My sp'rit I leve to Diane, quhere she dwelles,
 To walke with her in wast wodis and welles.

O Diomedé ! thou hast bothe broche and belte
 Quhiche Troilus gave me in tokining
 Of his true luvé.—And with that worde she swelt.
 And sone a lepirman tuke off the ring,
 Than buriet her withoutin tarying.
 To Troilus forthwith the ring he bare,
 And of Creseide the deth he gan declare.

Quhan he had herd her grete infirmité,
 Her legacie, and lamentacioun,
 And how she endit in such poverté,
 He swelte for wo, and fell doune in a fwoun,
 For sorowe his hertè to braft was boun,
 Siching full sadly saied I can no more,
 She was untrue, and wo is me therfore.

Sum faith he made a tombe of marble graie,
 And wrote her name and superscripcioun,
 And laid it on her grave wheras she laie,
 In golden lettirs, conteining this resoun ;
 Lo ! faire ladies, Creseide of Troiè toun,
 Sumtyme comptit the floure of womanhed,
 Undir this stane, late lepir, lyith dedde !

Now

Now worthy women, in this balade short,
 Made for your worship and instruction,
 Of charite I monishe and exhorte,
 Mynge not your luv with fals difcepcion,
 Bere in your minde this fore conclusion
 Of faire Creseide, as I have faied before ;
 Sith she is dedde I speke of her no more.

P. 169. St. 2. *With cup and clapper.* HENRYSONE probably describes here the manner of begging used by leprous persons in his own time. Leprosy was then, and long had been a very common disease in Scotland. So far back as the middle of the 12th century, we find, from the Burrow laws, cap. 64. that hospitals for the reception of persons afflicted with that malady, were common, we may suppose, in all the larger towns. "Gif ony man dwelland in the King's Burgh is stricken with leprosie, he sall be put into the hospital of that Burgh ; and gif he has nathing to live upon, the burgeses sall make a collection of twenty shillings for meit and claith to him. Lepper folke sall not gang fra dure to dure, but sall sit at the ports of the burgh, and seik almes (*with cup and clapper*) fra them that passies in and forth. Na man within burgh sall be sa bauld as to harbere an lepper man, under ane full amerciament." JAMES I. Act 106, anno 1427, ordains that "Na lepper folke sit to thig, (*beg*), nouthir in kirk nor kirk-yard, nor uthir place within the burrowes, but at their awin hospital, or at the port of the towne." LORD HAILES has the following Notes on this Act.

"The general rendezvous of beggars used to be in the kirk-yards. Concerning this custom, a remarkable passage occurs in ÆNEAS SYLVIVS, *Historia de Europa*, c. 46. Illud nobis in Scotia miraculum representatum est; nam pauperes pæne nudos ad templa mendicantes, acceptis lapidibus elemosynæ gratia datis, lætos abiisse conspeximus: id genus lapidis, sive sulphurea sive alia pingui materia præditum, pro ligno, quo regio nuda est, comburitur."

ÆNEAS SYLVIVS came to Scotland as the Pope's legate in the reign of JAMES I. It is plain from this passage, that coals were in use to be distributed to the poor at the church doors; but how, at that period, Scotland should have been considered as destitute of wood, is hard to explain.

explain. His historian GIBELLINUS speaks more cautiously. “De Scotia hæc relatu digna invenit,—terram magna ex parte arboribus carentem.”

In stat. 40. of ROBERT III. anno 1386, it is said that “corrupt swine or “salmon brought to the market, sal be taken by the Baillies, and in- “continent fall be sent to the lepper folke; and gif there be na lepper “folke, they fall be destroyed alluterlie.” The feeding of leprous persons with corrupted swine’s flesh, may seem strange; and yet, at this day, after the improvements of 400 years, meat unfit for the market is, in some parts of the kingdom, condemned, and sent to feed the poor.

* * It is to be observed, that HENRYSON follows Chaucer’s story of Troilus and Cressida, and not that of Homer or any other ancient author.

VOL. I.

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THE

THE BLUDY SERK, ANE PIOUS BALADE,

— *Preserved in the BANNATYNE M. S. with the subscription QUOD MR. R. HENRICI. It is worthy of notice, from its being one of our earliest specimens of the Ballad Stanza; and also of smooth versification, a quality which HENRYSONE possessed in a superlative degree, at a period when it was almost a phenomenon to write verses of any kind. In the preceding poem, we find our author speaking of himself as an aged man. From the moral turn of this, and the others that follow, we may suppose them to be his latest performances, written probably when this most ingenious and accomplished person had approached his seventieth year.]*

I.

THIS hundir yeir I have been tald,
Thair was a worthy King;
Dukis, Erles, and Barronis bald,
He had at his bidding.
The Lord was anceane, and ald,
And fixty yeiris cowth ring;
He had a dochter, fair to fald,
A lusty lady ying.

II.

Off all fairheid scho bur the flour;
And eik her fadris air:
Off lusty laitiss, and hé honour;
Meik, botand debonair.

Scho wynnit in a bigly bour ;
 On fold wes nane sa fair,
 Princis luvit her peramour,
 In cuntreis our all quhair.

III.

Thair dwelt a lyt besyde the King
 A fowll Gyane of ane ;
 Stollin he hes the lady ying,
 Away with hir is gane.
 And kest hir in his dungering,
 Quhair licht scho nicht se nane.
 Hungir and cauld, and grit thrifing,
 Scho fand into hir wame.

IV.

He wes the louthlieft on to luk
 That on the grund mycht gang :
 His nailis wes lyk ane hellis cruk,
 Thairwith fyve quarteris lang.
 Thair wes nane that he ourtuk,
 In rycht or yit in wrang,
 Bot all in schondir he thame schuk ;
 The Gyane wes so strang.

V.

He held the lady day and nycht,
 Within his deip dungeoun ;
 He wald nocht gif of hir a sicht
 For gold nor yit ransoun.
 Bot gif the King mycht get a Knycht,
 To fecht with his persoun,
 To fecht with him, both day and nycht,
 Quhill ane wer dungin doun.

VI.

VI.

The King gart seik bath fer and nere,
 Beth be the se and land,
 Off ony knycht gife he micht heir,
 Wald fecht with that Gyand.
 A worthy prince, that had na peir,
 Hes tane the deid on hand,
 For the luv of the lady cleir;
 And held full trew connand.

VII.

That prince come proudly to the toun,
 Of that Gyane to heir;
 And faucht with him, his awin persoun,
 And tuke him presonier.
 And kest him in his awin dungeoun,
 Allane withouttin feir,
 With hungir, cauld, and confusioun,
 As full weill worthy weir.

VIII.

Syne brak the bour, had hame the bricht,
 Unto hir fadir hé.
 Sa evil wondit was the knycht,
 That he behuvit to de.
 Unlufum was his lynkome dicht;
 His fark was all bludy;
 In all the warld was nair a wicht
 So petious for to fé.

IX.

The lady murnyt, and maid grit mane,
 With all her mekle micht:
 "I lufit nevir lufe, bot ane,
 "That dolfull now is dicht!

"God

“ God fen my lyfe wer fra me tane,
 “ Or I had fene yone licht ;
 “ Or ellis in begging evir begane,
 “ Furth with yone curtass knycht.”

X.

He said, ‘ Fair lady now mone I
 ‘ De, trestly ye me trow.
 ‘ Tak ye my fark that is bludy,
 ‘ And hing it forrow you.
 ‘ First think on it, and syne on me,
 ‘ Quhen men cumis yow to wow.’
 The lady said, “ Be Mary fre,
 “ Thairto I mak a vow.”

XI.

Quhen that scho lukit to the ferk,
 Scho thocht on the persoun :
 And prayit for him with all her harte,
 That lowfd her of bandoun,
 Quhair scho was wont to sit full merk
 In that deip dungeoun.
 And ever quhill scho wes in quert,
 That wafs hir a lessoun.

XII.

So weill the lady luvit the Knycht,
 That no man wald scho tak.
 Sa fuld we do our God of micht
 That did all for us mak ;
 Quhilk fulllely to deid wes dicht,
 For finfull manis faik.
 Sa fuld we do, both day and nycht,
 With prayaris to him mak.

XIII.

XIII.

This King is lyk the Trinitie
 Baith in hevin and heir.
 The manis faule to the lady :
 The Gyane to Lucefeir.
 The Knycht to Chryst, that deit on tre,
 And coft our synnis deir :
 The pit to hell, with panis fell ;
 The syn to the woweir.

XIV.

The lady was woud, but scho faid nay,
 With men that wald hir wed ;
 Sa fuld we wryth all syn away,
 That in our breist is bred.
 I pray to Jesu Chryst verrey
 For us his blud that bled,
 To be our help on domysday,
 Quhair lawis ar frontly led.

XV.

The faule is Goddis dochtir deir,
 And eik his handewerk,
 That was betrafit with Lucifeir,
 Quha fittis in hell, full merk.
 Borrowit with Chrystis angell cleir,
 Hend men ! will ye nocht herk ?
 For his lufe that bocht us fa deir,
 Think on the Bludy Serk !

St. 8 l. 5. *Lynkome* dicht. In the M. S. *likame*, certainly an error of the transcriber for *lynkome*, linen ; " his linen was rendered *unlufum*." The word occurs no where else but in *Christ's Kirk on the Grene* ; an additional presumption that the two poems were written by the same person. A resemblance can easily be traced. Compare St. 2. of this with St. 2. of the other ; St. 4. with St. 19. ; St. 11. with St. 17., &c. The alliteration would require this phrase to be *lyncome licht*, and probably HENRYSON wrote it so.

THE ABBAY WALK, BY ROBERT HENRYSONE,

— Preserved in both the BANNATYNE and MAITLAND Manuscripts, but subscribed only in the former. LORD HAILES gives this title to the poem from a like title of a popular poem, mentioned by WEDDERBURN (not SIR JAMES INGLIS) in his “Complaint of Scotland,” a classical composition in Scottish prose printed in 1549. Probably this is the very poem there called the “Cheapel Walk.” In stanza 7th HENRYSONE applies to the Divinity what Chaucer says of love in his “Cuckowe and Nightingale.”]

“For he can maken of lowe hertis hie,
And of hie lowe.”

For some other observations on this poem see p. 88 &c.

I.

ALLONE as I went up and doun
In ane abbay was fair to fé,
Thinkand quhat consolatioun
Was best in all adverfitie ;
On caifs I keft on syd myne eé,
And saw this writtin on a wall,
In quhat estait, man, that thow be,
Obey, and thank thy God of all.

II.

Thy kindome and thy grit empyre,
Thy ryaltie, nor riche array,
Sall nocht endeur at thy desire,
Bot, as the wind, will wend away ;

Thy

Thy gold, and all thy gudis gay,
 Quhen fortoun list will fra thé fall :
 Sen thou sic sampillis feis ilk day,
 Obey, and thank thy God of all.

III.

Job wes maist riche, in writ we find,
Thobè maist full of cheritie ;
Job woux pure, and *Thobè* blynd,
 Baith tempit with adverfitie.
 Sen blindnes wes infirmitie,
 And povertie wes naturall ;
 Rycht patiently bath he and he
 Obeyit, and thankit God of all.

IV.

Thocht thou be blind, or haif ane halt,
 Or in thy face deformit ill,
 Sa it cum nocht throw thy defalt,
 Na man fuld thé repreif by skill.
 Blame nocht thy Lord, sa is his will ;
 Spurn nocht thy fute againis the wall ;
 Bot with meik hairt, and prayer still,
 Obey, and thank thy God of all.

V.

God of his justice mon correct,
 And of his mercy petie haif ;
 He is ane judge, to nane suspect,
 To puneis synfull man and faif.
 Thocht thou be lord attour the laif,
 And eftirwart maid bound and thrall,
 Ane pure begger, with skrip and staiff,
 Obey, and thank thy God of all.

VI.

VI.

This changeing, and grit variance,
Off erdly staitis up and doun,
Comes nowder throw fortoun nor chance,
As sum men sayis, without reffowna :
Bot be the grit provisioun
Of God aboif that rewill thé fall ;
Thairfoir evir thow make thé boun
To obey, and thank thy God of all.

VII.

In welth be meik, heich not thyself ;
Be glaid in wofull povertie ;
Thy powir, and thy warldis pelf,
Is nocht bot verry vanitie.
Remembir him that deit on tré,
For thy saik taistit the bittir gall ;
Quha heis law hairtis, and lawis hé,
Obey, and thank thy God of all.

THE RESSONING BETWIXT AIGE AND YOWTH; BY
R. HENRYSONE.

[Copies of this Moral Dialogue are preserved in both the MAITLAND and BANNATYNE Manuscripts. The variations, as noted by MR PINKERTON, are not inconsiderable, and have therefore been carefully attended to.]

QUHEN fair Flora, the godés of the flowris,
Baith firth and fieldis so freschely had ourfret
And perly droppis of the balmy schowris
All woddis grene had with thair water wet;
Muvand allone, in mornyng myld, I met
A merry man, that all of mirth cowth mene,
Singand the sang that richt sweetly was sett:
O yowth be glaid into thy flowris grene.

AIGE.

I luckit furth a litill me befoir
And saw a cative on ane club cumand,
With cheikis lene, and lyart lokis hoir:
His ene wes how, his voce wes hers, hostand,
Wallowit and wan, and waik as ony wand;
Ane bill he beure upoun his breist abone,
In letteris leill but lyis, with this legand,
O yowth thy flowris fedis ferly sone.

YOWTH.

YOWTH.

This yung man lap upoun the land full licht
 And mervell mekle of his makdome maid.
 Waddin I am, quoth he, and wounder wicht,
 With bran as bair, and breift burly and braid;
 Na growine on ground my guerdon may degraid,
 Nor of my pith may pair, wirth haif a prene;
 My face is fair, my fegour will not faid;
 O yowth be glaid into thy flowris grene.

AIGE.

This senyior fang, bot with a sober stevin,
 Schakand his berd, he said, My bairne, lat be;
 I was within thir sextie years and sevin
 Ane freik on feld, als frank, forfy and fré;
 Als glaid, als gay, ais ying, als yaip as yie:
 But now tha dayis ourdrevin ar and done;
 Luke thow my laikly loking, gif I lie;
 O yowth thy flowris fadis ferly fone.

YOWTH.

This merry man of mirth yit muvit mair:
 My corps is clene, without corruptioun;
 Myself is found fra seikness and fra fair;
 My wittis fyve in dew proportioun:
 My curage is of clene complexioun;
 My hairt is haill, my levar, and my splene;
 To reid thy roll then I haif no reffoun:
 O yowth be glaid into thy flowris grene.

AIGE.

The bevar hoir said to this birly berne,
 This breif thow fall abyd fone, be thow bald;
 Thy stait, thy strenth, thocht it be stark and sterne
 The feveris fell, and eild fall gar thé fald;

Thy

Thy corps fall cling, thy curage fall wax cald,
 Thy helth fall hynck, and tak a hurt, but hone ;
 Thy wittis fyve fall vaneis, thocht thow not wald :
 O yowth, thy flowris fadis fellone fone.

YOWTH.

Ane uthir vers yit this yung man couth sing :
 At luvis layr a quhyle I think to leit,
 In court to cramp, clenely in my clething,
 And luke amangis thir lusty ladeis fueit ;
 Of mariage to mell, with mowthis meit,
 In secreit place, quhair we ma not be fene,
 With birdis blyth in boure my bailis to beit ;
 O yowth be glaid into thy flowris grene.

AIGE.

This ancient man gaif answer angrelie :
 For thy cramping thow salt baith cruke and cowre ;
 Thy fleschely lust thé salt also defy,
 And pane fall thé put fra all paramour :
 Than will no bird be blyth of thé in boure ;
 Quhen thy manheid fall mynish as the mone ;
 Than fall thow say gif that my fang be seur :
 O yowth be glaid into thy flowris grene.

.

This gaylyart grutchit and began to grief
 And on, full fone, he went his wayis bot wene ;
 This lene auld man luthe not, but tuk his leif,
 And I abayd under the levis grene :
 Of tha sedullis the futhe quhan I had fene,
 Of trewth, methocht, thay triumphit in thair tone ;
 O yowth be glaid into thy flowris grene :
 O yowth the flowris fadis fellone fone.

St. 3. l. 5. *Grotwine* from *groine*, hanging lip, discontent. *Guerdon*, reward, recompence. "No worldly vexation shall prevent me from enjoying the pleasures of youth."

St. 4. *Ane freik on feld.* In *Christs Kirk on the Grene*, we have
"Freiks to the felds than flokkit."

GAWIN DOUGLAS uses the word once,

"Ha, wald thou fecht, quod the freik."

It seems to have the same signification as *brave* had in the days of BRANTOME; or *tall man*, in the days of SHAKESPEARE. The only remains of the word in modern English are, *freak*, a whim; and *freakish*, capricious. H.

St. 6. *This breif*, probably ought to be *beirth*, that is "burthen," the same word that occurs in *Christs Kirk on the Grene*, St. 18. This load of wretchedness shall soon be your fate, however vigorous you may be at present.

Thy helth fall bynk, and tak a burt, but hone. Thy health shall incontinently haste away, nor will there be any relief or intermission from disease. *Hynk* is from the Ang. Sax. *higan*, festinare; hence to *hie*: *but hone* means "without ho." Mr RUDDIMAN observes, that "hone," is, met. gr. for *ho*, an interjection, commanding to desist. It was used by the judge of the lists, in the days of chivalry, when he ordered the champions to cease from combat. In French *bola*, or *bo la*. BASSOMPIERRE relates, that when CHARLES I. and he were talking warmly, BUCKINGHAM slept in and cried, "Je mets l'*hola* entre vous deux." Herein this petulant minister assumed the character of judge of the lists between his master and an ambassador. H.

St. 7. *With birdis blyth in boure my bailis to beit.* *Birde* is used in CHAUCER for a mistress. In an old Scottish song, "Burd Isobel" means a young lady called ISABELLA. *Burd* is still used as an appellation of complacency by superiors to women of lower degree. *Mersar* in his "Perell of Paramours" speaks of "*birdis bricht in bowris*," by which he means, young women in their chambers. *Bailis beit*, abate my fires; so says LORD HAILES, but erroneously. It probably means the very reverse, to help, increase, or rouse my amorous fire. *To beit the fire*, is an expression still quite common.

Three other pieces by HENRYSON have been published by LORD HAILES, but being of inferior merit, it would be useless to reprint them, especially as they are without Notes.

The

The Moral of his fable (the trite one) of the *Moufs and Frog*, deserves, however, to be kept in remembrance :

My bruder, gif thow wil tak advertens,
Till this fabill, thow may persais and sé,
It passis far alkynd of pestilens,
A wicket mynd, with wirdis fair and flé :
Be war thairfor, quhom with thow fellowis thé ;
For thow war better beir of stane the barrow ;
Or sueitand, dig and delf quhill thow may dré,
Than to be machit with a wicket marrow.

A fals intent, undir a fair pretence,
Has cawsit mony innocentis to dê ;
Grit folly is, thairfor, to gif credence
Our sone to all that speikis fair to thé.
A silkand tong, a hairt of crewelté,
Smytis mair soir than ony schot of arrow.
Bruder, gif thow be vyis, I red thé flé,
Na mach thé with a frawart fenycit marrow.

I warn thé als, it is grit negligence,
To bind thé fast quhair thow was frank and fré ;
Fra thow be bund, thow may mak na defens
To saif thy lyf, or yit in libertie.
This sempil counsale, bruder, tak at me,
And it to conn perqueér sé nocht thow tarrow ;
Better bot stryfe to leif allone in lé,
Than to be machit with a wicket marrow. L

Here, then, we take leave of "Gude Maister ROBERT HENRYSON." He probably died about 1490; and that he continued to rhyme to the last, appears from an anecdote recorded by Sir F. KYNASTOUN. All physicians (says he) having given him over, there came an old woman unto him who was held a witch, and asked him whether he would be cured; to whom he said, Very willingly. Then, quod she, there is a Willey tree in the lower end of your Orchard, and if you will go and walk but thrice about it, and thrice repeat these words, Willey tree, willey tree, take away this flux from me, you shall presently be cured. He told her, that being extreme weak and faint, it was impossible; but, pointing to an oaken table in the room, asked her if it would not do as well to give three knocks upon it, and thrice repeat these words,

Oaken burde, oaken burde
Gar me ***** ane hard *****.

The woman seeing herself derided, ran out of the house, and HENRYSON died in a quarter of an hour.

THE THRE DEID POWIS,

— *In the MAITLAND M. S. ascribed to HENRYSON, in the BANNATYNE to PATRICK JOHNSTOUN. The fancy of introducing three death's-heads is odd ; and the more so, because they all speak at once. The sentiments are such as the contemplation of mortality naturally produces. If likeness inferred imitation, SHAKESPEARE, in the scene of the grave-diggers, might be supposed to have copied from PATRICK JOHNSTOUN, an obscure versifier, of whom he never heard.]*

I.

O SINFULL man ! into this mortall fé,
Quhilk is the vaill of mournyng and of cair ;
With gaistly sicht, behold our heidis thré,
Oure holkit eipe, oure peilit powis bair.
As ye ar now, into this warld we wair,
Als fresche, als fair, als lusty to behald ;
Quhan thow lukis on this futh exemplair,
Off thy self, man, thow may be richt unbald.

II.

For futh it is, that every man mortall
Mon suffer deid, and dé, that lyfe has tane ;
Na erdly stait aganis deid ma prevail ;
The hour of deth and place is uncertane,
Quhilk is referrit to the hie God allane :
Herefoir haif mynd of deth, that thow mon dy ;
This fair exampill to fé quotidiane,
Sowld cause all men fro wicket vycis flie ?

III.

O wantone yowth ! als frefche as lufly May,
 Fareft of flowris, renewit quhyt and reid,
 Behald our heidis, O lufly gallands gay !
 Full laithly thus fall ly thy lufly heid,
 Holkit and how, and wallowit as the weid,
 Thy crampland hair, and eik thy cristall ene ;
 Full cairfully conclud fall dulefull deid,
 Thy example heir be us it may be fene.

IV.

O ladeis quhyt in claithis corruscant,
 Poleift with perle, and mony pretius ftane ;
 With palpis quhyt, and hals elegant,
 Sirculit with gold, and fapheris mony ane ;
 Your fingearis fmall, quhyt as quhailis bane,
 Arrayit with ringis, and mony rubeis reid ;
 As we ly thus, fo fall ye ly ilk ane,
 With peilit powis, and holkit thus your heid.

V.

O wofull pryd ! the rute of all diftreffs,
 With humill hairt upoun our powis pens :
 Man, for thy mifs, ask mercy with meiknefs ;
 Againis deid na man may mak defens.
 The emperor, for all his excellens,
 King and quene, and eik all erdly ftait,
 Peure and riche, fall be but differens,
 Turnit in as, and thus in erd tranflait.

VI.

This queftioun quha can obfolve lat fee,
 Quhat phisnamour, or perfyt palmefter,
 Quha was fareft, or fowleft of us thré ?
 Or quhilk of us of kin was gentillar,
 Or maift excellent in fcience or in lare,
 In art, mufic, or in aftronomye ?

Heir

Heir sould be your study and repair,
And think, as thus, all your heidis mon be.

VII.

O febill aige ! drawand neir the dait
Of duly deid, and hes thy dayis compleit,
Behald our heidis with murning and regrait ;
Fall on thy kneis, ask grace at God greit,
With orifonis, and haly salmis sweit,
Beseikand him on thé to haif mercy,
Now of our faulis bydand the decreit
Of his Godheid, quhen he fall call and try.

VIII.

Als we exhort, that every man mortall,
For his saik that maid all thingis of nocht,
For our fawlis to pray in generall,
To Jesu Chryst, of hevyn and erd the king,
That throuch his blude we may ay leif and ring,
With the hie Fader be eternitie,
The Sone als wa, the Haly Gaist condng,
Thré knit in ane be perfyt unitie.

St. 4. *Pearl*. The Scottish pearls were much esteemed in ancient times. NICOLAS, prior of WORCESTER, thus writes to EADMER, Elect of St Andrews, in the reign of ALEXANDER I. *anno* 1120. “Præterea,
“ rogo, et valde obsecro, ut margaritas candidas quantum poteris mihi
“ acquiras. Uniones etiam, quoscunque grossissimos adquirere potes,
“ saltem quatuor, mihi adquiri per te magnopere postulo. Si aliter
“ non vales, saltem a rege, *qui in hac re omnium hominum ditissimum est*,
“ pro munere expete.” “I entreat you to let me have as many of the
“ fairest pearls as you can procure. In particular, I desire four of the
“ largest sort. If you cannot procure them otherwise, *ask them in a pre-*
“ *sent from the King, who, I know, has a most abundant store.*” WHAR-

TON's *Anglia Sacra*. Among the jewels which HENRY V. lost, when his camp was plundered at Agincourt, there is mention made of "*una perula Scotiae*," RYMER's *Fædera*. JAMES I. made a present of one pearl to ENEAS SYLVIUS, the Pope's Legate. BOECE says, "Nec vero mini-
" mi sunt pretii quos nostra fert regio uniones: splendentem enim
" fere candorem referunt, optime orbiculati lævesque, ac magnitudine
" interdum unguis minimi manus digiti excedentes, quantum et nos ali-
" quando habuimus." H.

PERELL

PERELL OF PARAMOURS, A BALLADE, BY MERSAR,

— *A Poet of whom no other composition now remains ;
or, at least, is known. He is mentioned by DUNBAR,
and by SIR DAVID LINDSAY ; by the former thus,
in his “ Lament for the death of the Makars ;”*

“ That did in lufe so lyflie wryte
So fchort, so quick, of sentens hie.”

*His name is introduced before that of HENRYSON ;
but there seems no reason to place him earlier than this
reign. In the BANN. M. S. the poem is subscribed,
“ QUOD MERSAR.”]*

I.

ALLACE ! so sobir is the micht
Of wemen for to mak debait,
Incontrair mennis subtell flicht,
Quhilk ar fulfillit with diffait ;
With tressone so intoxicait
Are mennis mowthis at all ouris,
Quhome in to trest no woman wait ;
Sic perrell lyis in paramouris.

II.

Sum fueris that he luvis so weill,
That he will dé without remeid,
Bot gife that he hir freindschip feill,
That garris him sic langour leid ;
And thocht he haif no dout of speid,
Yet will he sich and schaw grit schouris,
As he wald sterfe in to that steid ;
Sic perrell lies in paramouris.

III.

III.

Athis to fuere, and giftis to hecht,
Moir than he has thretty fold,
And for hir honour for to fecht,
Quhill that his blude becummis cold.
Bot fra scho to his willis yold,
Adew, fair weill thir fomer flouris,
All grows in glafs that semit gold ;
Sic perrell lyis in paramouris.

IV.

Than turnis he his fail annone,
And passis to ane uthir port ;
Thocht scho be nevir so wo-begone,
Hir cairis cauld ar his confort.
Heirfoir I pray in termys fhort,
Chryst keip thir birdis bricht in bowris,
Fra fals luvaris, and thair resort ;
Sic perrell lyis in paramouris.

BALLADE

BALLADE AGAINST DECEITFUL WOMEN,

— *from the Edinburgh printed Collection 1508; introduced here as a counter part to the preceding Ballad, and apparently co-eval with it.*]

DEVISE, prowes, and eke humilitee,
That maidenis have in euerich wyfe,
Transmovit is in serpentis crueltee,
Fra thay in warld be weddit wyth thir wyis.
No manis wit to wonder may suffice
Quhare ar becumyn thir maidenis myld of mude,
Of all this wyfis that non are found-gude.

O maidynhede of virtue nobilest,
Flurifching in joy, and perfyte lawlynes!
O wyfhede wariit of wyis wickiteft,
Moder of vice, and hertis hye distresse!
The cause causing of ruyne, as I gesse,
That all this warld has brocht to confusion
Begonnyn was throu thy perswasion.

Ensample is how thyne iniquitee
Ourcumyn has wyfedom, and strenth of hand;
Be SALOMON the first may provit be,
Wifest, but were, in warld that was lyfand,
His grete wisedome mycht not agayn thé stand;
Thou gert hym err into his latter elde,
Declyne his God, and to the Mawmentis yeld.

SAMPSON

SAMPSON the strongest that ewir was borne
Off manly forse throu thé distroit was,
Both his eyne blyndit, and eke forlorn.
DAVID that flew the gyant GOLYAS,
And mony mo, the quhilk I have na space
For to reherse, for lak of tyme and wit,
And for grete labour tharfore I mon ourfett.

Thou devillis member, thou curfit homycide,
Thou tigur tene, fulfild of birnyng fyre,
Thou schryne secrete of stynkand doke, and pride,
Thou cocatras, that with sicht of thy ire
Affrayit has full mony a gudely fyre,
That estward in warld had newir plesance,
Grete God I pray to take on thé vengeance.

In maidynhede sen was oure first remede,
And fra the hevyn oure haly fader sent
The secund persone, his sone, in a Godhede,
To tak mankynde upon the maidyn gent,
Clene of hir corse, and clenar of entent,
That bure the barne quhilk couerit us fra care
Scho being virgyn clenar than scho was are.

Grete was the lust that thou had for to fang
The frute vetit, throu thy false counfailing
Thou gert mankynde consent to do that wrang,
Declyne his God, and brek his hie bidding,
As haly write beris futhfast witneffing.
Tharfor thou fro the joy of paradise,
And thyne ofspring, was banyft for thy vice.

BALLADE.

BALLADE AGAINST THE TIMES,

— *from the Edinburgh Collection 1508. It seems to point unequivocally to the feeble Reign of JAMES III.]*

OF ferlyis of this grete confusion
I wald sum clerk of conyng wald declerde ;
Quhat gerris this warld be turnyt up-fo-doun ;
Thare is na faithfull fastnes found in erd.
Now ar noucht thré may traistly trow the ferde :
Welth is away, and wit is worthin wrynkis :
Now sele is sorow, this is a wofull werde,
Sen want of wyse men makis fulis to sit on binkis.

That tyme quhen (rang) the lovit king SATURNUS,
For gudely governance this warld was goldin cald ;
For untreuth we wate noucht quhare to it turnis.
The tyme that OCTOVIAN the monarch could hald,
Our all wes pes, wele fet as hertis wald ;
Than regnyt reule, and reson held his rynks.
Now lakkis prudence ; nobiltee is thralde,
Sen want of wyse men makis fulis to sit on binkis.

ARESTOTILL for his moralitee,
AUSTYN, or AMBROSE for dyvine scripture ;
Quha can *placebo*, and noucht half *dirige*,
That practik for to pike, and pill the pure ;
He fall cum in, and thay stand at the dure.
For warldly wynsik walkis, quhen wyfar wrynkis :
Wit takis na worschip, sic is the aventure,
Sen want of wyse men makis fulis to sit on binkis.

Now

Now, but defense, rycht lyis all desolate,
 Rycht na reson, under na rufe has rest.
 Youth is but raddour, and age is obstynate,
 Mycht but mercy, the pore ar all opprest.
 Lerit folk fuld tech the peple of the best,
 Thouch lare be lytill, fer lesse in tham sinkis.
 It may noucht be this warld ay thus fuld lest,
 That want of wyse men makis fulis to sit on binkis.

For now is exilde all ald noble corage,
 Lautee, lufe, and liberalitee.
 Now is stabilitie fundyn in na stage,
 Nor digest counsele wyth sad maturitee.
 Peas is away all in perplexitee;
 Prudence, and policy, are banyft our al brinkis.
 This warld is ver sa may it callit be,
 That want of wyse men makis fulis fit on binkis.

Quhare is the balance of just and equitee?
 Nothir meryt is preifit, na punyft is trespas.
 All ledis lyvis lawles at libertee,
 Nouch reulit be reson, mare than ox, or asse,
 Gude faith is flemyt, worthin fraillar than glas;
 Trew lufe is lorn, and lautee haldis no lynkis;
 Sic gouernance I call noucht a fasse,
 Sen want of wyse men makis fulis fit on binkis.

O Lord of Lordis! God and Governour!
 Makar, and movar, bath of mare and lesse!
 Quais power wisedome and honoure
 Is infynite, fal be, and ewirwas wes,
 As in the principall mencion of the messe,
 All thir sayd thingis reform, as thou best thinkis,
 Quhilk ar degradit for pure pitee redresse,
 Sen want of wyse men makis fulis fit on binkis.

THE MURNING MAIDIN.

[It is impossible to ascertain with precision the æra of the ancient amatory Ballads ; but the language of this is evidently very old, and resembles HENRYSON'S more than that of DUNBAR, or any other Poet of the Reign of JAMES IV. It is mentioned under the title of "Still under the levis grene" in the list of Songs given by WEDDERBURNE, (in his "Complaint of Scotland" 1549,) who does not seem to bring down that list any lower than the time of JAMES IV.—and it has been preserved in the MAITLAND Manuscript, 1586.]

"This capital piece," says MR PINKERTON, "narrated with exquisite simplicity and beauty, is a kind of rival of the Ephesian Matron ; and, for the age in which it was written, is almost miraculous. The tender pathos is finely recommended by an excellent cadence. An age that produced this might produce almost any perfection in poetry." And, perhaps, it may be added, that no Poet of that age was equal to the task but one who could produce such a poem as "Robene and Makyne." With these two beautiful compositions, not one poem of DUNBAR has the least affinity.]

STILL under the levis grene,
This hinder day, I went alone ;
I hard ane may fair murne, and meyne ;
To the king of love scho maid hir mone.
Scho fychit fely foir ;

Said ' Lord, I luif thi lore ;
 ' Mair wo dreit never woman one.
 ' O langsum lyfe, and thow war gone,
 ' Than fuld I murne no moir !'

As rid gold-wyir schynit hir hair ;
 And all in grene the may scho glaid.
 Ane bent bow in hir hand scho bair ;
 Undir hir belȝ war arrowis braid.
 I followit on that fre,
 That femelie wes to fe.
 Withe still murning hir mone scho maid.
 That bird under a bank scho baid,
 And lenit to ane tre.

' Wanweird !' scho said, ' Quhat have I wrocht,
 ' That on me kytht hes all this cair ?
 ' Trew lufe so deir I have thé bocht !
 ' Certis so fall I do na mair.
 ' Sen that I go begyld
 ' With ane that faythe has fyld.
 ' That gars me oftsyis sich full fair ;
 ' And walk amang the holtis hair,
 ' Within the woddis wyld.

' This grit difese for luif I dre
 ' Thair is no toung can tell the wo !
 ' I lufe the luif, that lufes not me ;
 ' I may not mend—but murning mo.
 ' Quhill God fend sum remeid,
 ' Throw destany, or deid.
 ' I am his freind—and he my fo.
 ' My fueit, alace ! quhy dois he so ?
 ' I wrocht him never na feid !

' Withoutin feyn I wes his freynd,
 ' In word, and wark. Grit God it wait !

' Quhair

‘ Quhair he wes placit, thair list I leynd,
 ‘ Doand him service ayr and late.
 He kepand eftir fyne
 ‘ Till his honour and myne.
 ‘ Bot now he gais ane uther gait;
 ‘ And hes no e to my estait;
 ‘ Quhilk dois me all this pyne.

‘ It dois me pyne that I may prufe,
 ‘ That makis me thus murning mo.
 ‘ My luif he lufes ane uther lufe—
 ‘ Alas, sweithart! Quhy does he so?
 ‘ Quhy fould he me forsaik—
 ‘ Have mercie on his maik!—
 ‘ Thairfoir my hart will birst in two.
 ‘ And thus, walking with da and ro,
 ‘ My leif now heir I taik.’

Than wepit scho, lustie in weyd;
 And on hir wayis can scho went.
 In hy eftir that heynd I yeyd,
 And in my armis tuld hir hent.
 And said, “ Fayr lady at this tyde,
 “ With leif ye man abyde.
 “ And tell me quho yow hidder sent?
 “ Or quhy ye beir your bow so bent
 “ To fla our deir of pryde?

“ In waithman weid sen I yow find
 “ In this wod walkand your alone,
 “ Your mylk-quhyte handis we fall bind
 “ Quhill that the blude birst fra the bone.
 “ Chairgeand yow to preifoun,
 “ To the king’s deip dungeoun.
 “ Thai may ken be your fedderit flane
 “ Ye have bene mony beistis bane,
 “ Upon thir bentis broun.”

That

That fre answerd with fayr afeir,
 And said, ' Schir, mercie for your mycht !
 ' Thus man I bow and arrowis beir,
 ' Becaus I am ane baneist wycht.
 ' So will I be full lang.
 ' For God's luif lat me gang ;
 ' And heir to yow my treuth I plycht,
 ' That I fall, nowder day nor nycht,
 ' No wyld beist wait with wrang.

' Thoch I walk in this forest fre,
 ' With bow, and eik with fedderit flane,
 ' It is weill mair than dayis thre,
 ' And meit or drink yit saw I nane.
 ' Thoch I had never sic neid
 ' My selfe to wyn my breid,
 ' Your deir may walk, schir, thair alane ;
 ' Yet wes I nevir na beistis bane.
 ' I may not se thame bleid.

' Sen that I never did yow ill,
 ' It wer no skill ye did me skayth.
 ' Your deir may walk quhairevir thai will :
 ' I wyn my meit with na sic waithe.
 ' I do bot litil wrang,
 ' Bot gif I flouris fang.
 ' Gif that ye trow not in my aythe,
 ' Tak heir my bow and arrowis baythe,
 ' And lat my awin selfe gang.'

" I say your bow and arrowis bricht !—
 " I bid not have thame, be Sanct Bryd ;
 " Bot ye man rest with me all nycht,
 " All nakit fleipand be my fyd."
 ' I will not do that syn !
 ' Leif yow this warld to wyn !—
 " Ye ar so haill, of hew and hyd,

" Luif

“Luif hes me fangit in this tyd.

“I may not fra yow twyn.”

Than lukit scho to me, and leuch ;—

And said, ‘Sic luf I rid yow layne.

‘Albeid ye mak it never sa teuch,

‘To me your labour is in vane.

‘Wer I out of your fycht,

‘The space of halfe a nycht,

‘Suppois ye saw me never agane—

‘Luif hes yow streinyeit with litle paine ;

‘Thairto my treuth I plycht.’

I said, “My fueit, forsuythe I fall

“For ever luif yow, and no mo.

“Thoch uthers luif, and leif, with all ;

“Maist certanlie I do not fo.

“I do yow trew luif hecht,

“Be all thi bewty bricht !

“Ye ar so fair be not my fo !

“Ye fall have fyn and ye me flo

“Thus throw ane suddan fycht.”

‘That I yow fla, that God forscheild !

‘Quhat have I done, or said, yow till ?

‘I wes not wont wapyns to weild—

‘Bot am ane woman—gif ye will.

‘That fuirlie feiris yow,

‘And ye not me, I trow.

‘Thairfor, gude fchir, tak in none ill :

‘Sall never berne gar breif the bill

‘At bidding me to bow.

‘Into this wode ay walk I fall,

‘Ledand my lyf as woful wycht ;

‘Heir I forsaik bayth bour and hall,

‘And all thir bygings that are brycht !

‘My

‘ My bed is maid full cauld,
 ‘ With beiftis bryme and bauld.—
 ‘ That gars me fay, bayth day and nycht,
 ‘ Alace that even the tounge fould hecht
 ‘ That hart thocht not to hauld !’

Thir words out throw my hart so went
 That neir I wepit for hir wo.
 But thairto wald I not consent ;
 And faid that it fould not be fo.
 Into my armis fwythe
 Embrast I that blythe.
 Sayand, “ Sweit hart, of harmis ho !
 “ Found fall I never this forest fro,
 “ Quhill ye me comfort kyth.

Than knelit I befoir that cleir ;
 And meiklie could hir mercie craif.
 That femelie than, with fobir cheir.
 Me of hir gudlines forgaif.
 It wes no neid, I wys,
 To bid us uther kys ;
 Thair mycht no hairts mair joy refaif,
 Nor ather culd of uther haif.
 Thus brocht wer we to blys.

* * There does not appear any other Scottish Poem, Ballad, or Song that could with certainty, or even probability, be placed under the reign of JAMES III.

In the BANNATYNE M. S. the copy of DUNBAR’s “ *Lament for the death of the Poets*,” as published by ALLAN RAMSAY and by LORD HAILES, contains this line, in the stanza where the name of ROBERT HENRYSON is recorded,

“ In Dunfermling he has tane BROWN.”

And

And LORD HAILES gives from the BANNATYNE M. S. the following extract of a Poem subscribed BROWN, whom his Lordship supposes to be the Poet mentioned by DUNBAR :

Ye men of kirk that care hes tane
Of sawlis, for to wetcche and keip,
Ye will be tynt, and ye tyne ane,
In your defalt, of Goddis scheip;
Be walkand ay that ye nocht fleip,
Luke that your bow be reddy bent,
The wolf about your flok will leip,
Ye mon make compt at jugement.

Be gude of lyfe, and biffie ay
Your gud examples for to schaw,
Stark in the faith, and luk allway
That na mar cryme unto you knaw.
Let ay your deid follow your saw,
And to this taill ye tak gud tent
Say-weil, bot doweil is nocht worth a straw
For you to schaw in jugement.

But these lines seem to belong to a later period,—probably after the New Testament had been translated. Besides, there are two other ancient copies of DUNBAR's *Lament*, one in the MAITLAND M. S. and another in the Edinburgh Collection of Poems 1508, printed, doubtless, under the eye of DUNBAR himself, in both of which the above line runs thus :

" In Dunfermling he has done rounne
Gud Mr Robert Henrysounne," &c.

So that the name BROWN in the BANNATYNE M. S. must be an error of the transcriber.

With due deference to the opinion of such an exquisite judge as Mr PINKERTON, the compositions of Dean DAVID STEIL are to be placed lower down in this series, for reasons there to be offered.

JAMES

Warton, in his history of English poetry, remarks, that the latter part of the fifteenth century was "adorned by a few Scottish writers with a degree of sentiment and spirit, a command of phraseology, and a fertility of imagination, not to be found in any English poet since Chaucer and Lydgate." Besides Henryson, who wrote chiefly in the preceding reigns, the persons here alluded to are William Dunbar and Gawin Douglas, two of the greatest poets that Scotland has produced. Dunbar seems to have resided chiefly in Edinburgh; but the place of his birth has not hitherto been ascertained; there being no ground for assigning that honour to Salton in East Lothian, as shall more particularly be shewn in a note subjoined to his "Flyting" with Kennedy. From various passages in his works, it appears that he was born about 1455; that in his younger years he was a travelling novice of the Franciscan order; that he returned from the Continent, and began to write about the year 1490; and that he died about 1520. Mr Pinkerton places his birth about ten years later; but the date here assumed seems nearer the truth, from the following circumstances: Douglas, in his Palace of Honour, written in 1501, mentions Dunbar "as yet undead;" an expression which implies that he had past the flower of his age, and agrees better with the age of 46 than 36: And in our poet's Lament for the death of the Makars, we see, (as Lord Hailes observes,) the once gay Dunbar, now advanced in years, deprived of his joyous companions, and probably jostled out of court by other wits, younger and more fashionable. This Lament was printed by Miller and Chapman in 1508; and may have been written some years before that time; or when Dunbar was about the age of 50;

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which corresponds better than the age of 40 with the tone or tenor of the poem. Although our poet lived in habits of familiarity with James the Fourth, and frequently in his smaller pieces addresses him as an humble suppliant for some ecclesiastical benefice, it does not appear that he ever succeeded. After the death of the King, it is probable that he attached himself more to the party of the Duke of Albany than to that of the Queen and the Earl of Angus, and that his hopes were compleatly blasted when the Regent finally retired to France.

Dunbar's principal works are two "striking specimens of allegorical invention," viz. The Thistle and Rose, and Golden Terge; but as the order of time is here adopted for the rule of arrangement, it seems necessary to give precedence to his tale of The two married women and the widow, as being probably one of his youthful performances. This admirable tale has been preserved both in the Maitland Collection and in that of Millar and Chapman 1508. In these are found a few slight variations, which have been properly attended to in this edition.

THE TWA MARIIT WOMEN AND THE WEDO; A TALE;
WRITTEN BE MAISTER WILLIAM DUNBAR.

UPON the Midsummer ewen, mirriest of nichtis,
I muvit furth alane, quhen as midnight wes past,
Besyd ane gudlie grene garth full of gay flouris,
Hegeit, of ane huge hicht, with hawthorne treeis;
Quhairon ane bird on ane branche so birst out hir notis
That nevir ane blythfuller bird was on the beuche hard,
Quhat throw the sugarat soun of hir sang glaid,
And throw the favour fanative of the sueit flouris,
I drew in derne to the dyke to dirken efter myrthis;
The dew donkit the dail, and dynnit the feulis.
I hard, under ane holyn hewmlie grein hewit,
Ane hie speiche, at my hand, with hautand wourdis.

With

With that in haist to the hege so hard I inthrang
That I was heildit with hawthorne and with heynd
leveis :

Throw pykis of the plet thorne I prefandlie luikit,
Gif ony persoun wald approche within that plesand
garding ;

I saw thre gay ladeis sit in ane grene arbeur,
All grathit into garlaneis of fresche gudelie flouris ;
So glitterit as the gowd wer thair glorious gilt treffis,
Quhil all the gressis did gleme of the glaid hewis ;
Kemmit was thair cleir hair, and curiousslie sched
Attour thair schoulderis down, schyre schyning full
bricht ;

With kurches, cassin thame abone, of krisp cleir and
thin.

Thair mantillis grein war as the gress that grew in
May sesoun ;

Fastnit with thair quhyt fingaris about thair fair sydis.
Off ferlifful fyne favour war thair faces meik,
All full of flurist fairheid, as flouris in June,
Quhyt, seimlie, and soft, as the sweet lillies ;
New upspred upon spray as new spynist rose.

Arrayit ryallie about with mony riche wardour,
That Nature, full nobilie, annamilit fine with flouris
Of alkin hewis under hewin, that ony heynd knew,
Fragrant, all full of fresche odour fynest of smell.

Ane marbre tabile coverit wes befoir thai thre ladeis,
With ryche copis as I wys full of ryche wynis.

And of thir fair-loukes quhyte tua weddit war with
lordis,

Ane wes ane wedow, I wist, wantoun of laitiss.

And, as thai talkit at the tabil of mony taill funde,
Thay wauchit at the wicht wyne, and warit out wour-
dis,

And

And syne thai spak more spedelie, and sparit no materis.

Bewrie, said the wedo, ye weddit werren ying,
Quhat mirth ye fand in maryage, sen ye war menis
wyffis :

Reveil gif ye rewit that rakles conditioun,
Or gif that ever ye luffit leyd upon lyfe mair
Nor quhame that ye your faythe hes festnit to for ever,
Or gif ye think, had ye chois, that ye wald cheis better.
Think ye it nocht ane blist band that bindis so fast
That none unto it adew may say bot the deithe lane ?

Than spak ane lusty belyf, with lustie effeiris,
It, that ye call the blist band that bindis so fast
Is bair of blis, and baleful, and greit barrat wirk !
Ye speir, had I fre chois, gif I wald cheis better ?
Chenyeis ay ar to eschew ; and changes are sweit.
Sic curfit chance till eschew had I my chois anis,
Out of the chanyeis of ane churle I scaip suld for ever.
God gif matrimony wer made to mell for ane yeir,
It war bot monstrous to be mair bot gif our mindis
pleisit.

It is againe the law of luif, of kynd, and of nature,
Togidder hairtis to streine, that stryvis with uthar.
Birdis hes ane better law na bernis be meikil,
That ilk yeir, with new joy, joyis ane maik ;
And fangis thame ane freshe feyr, unfulyeit, and con-
stant ;

And lattis thair fukert feyris flie quhair thai pleis.
Chryft gif sic ane consuetude war in this erth holdin
Than weil war us wemen, that ever we may be fre,
We suld have feiris as fresche to fang quhen we wald,
And gif all larbaris thair leveis, quhan thai lak curage.
Myself suld be full femlie with silkis arrayit ;
Gymp, jolie, and gent, richt joyous, and gentryce,
I suld at faris be found, new facis to spy ;

At

At playis, and preichings, and pilgrimages greit,
 To schaw my renoun royaly, quhair preis was of folk;
 To manifest my makdome to multitude of pepil,
 And blaw my bewtie on breid, quhair bernis war mo-
 ny:

That I micht chois, and be chofin, and change quhen
 me lykit.

Than fuld I wail ane full weil, our all the wyde realme,
 That fuld my womanheid weild the lang winter nicht.
 And quhen I gottin had ane grume, ganest of uther,
 Yaip, and ying, in the yok ane yeir for to draw;
 Fra I had preveit his picht the first plesand month,
 Than I fuld cast me to keik in kirk, and in market,
 And all the cuntrie about, kingis court, and uther,
 Quhair I ane galland micht get aganis the next yeir,
 For to perfurneis furth the werk quhen faikeit the
 tother.

A forky fere, ay furthwart, and forsy in draucht;
 Nothir febil, nor fant, nor fulyeit in labour;
 Bot als frefche of his forme, as flouris in May:
 For all the fruit fuld I fang thoch hé the flour-burge-
 oun.

I have ane wallidrag, ane worm, ane auld wobat carle,
 A waistit wolroun, na worthe bot wourdis to clatter;
 Ane bumbart, ane dron-bee, ane bag full of fleume,
 Ane scabbit skarth, ane scorpion, ane scutarde behind:
 To see him scart his awin skyn grit scunner I think.
 Quhen kissis me that carybald, than kyndillis all my
 forow;

As brifs of ane brym bair his berd is als fliff,
 Bot soft and sroupil as the silk is his sary lume.
 He may weil to the fyn assent, bot fakles is his deidis.
 And gory is his tua grym ene gladderit all about,
 And gorgit lyk twa guttaris that wer with glar stop-
 pit;

Bot

Bot quhen that glourand gaist grippis me about,
 Than think I hiddowus Mahoune hes me in armes :
 Than ma na synyne me save fra that auld Sathane ;
 For thoch I weth me all cleine, fra the croun downe,
 He will my corse all beclip and clap me to his breist.
 Quhan schaiffen is that auld shak with ane scharp ra-
 four,

He schowis on me his schewal mouth, and scheddis my
 lippis ;

And with hard hurcheon skyn sa heclis he my cheikis,
 That as a glemand gleid glowis my chaftis ;
 I schrenk for the scharp stound, but schout dar I not,
 For schore of that auld schrew, schame him betyde !
 The luif blenkis of that bogil, fra his bleirit ene,
 As Belzebub had on me blent, abasit my spreit.

And quhen the my on me smirks with his smaik smoet
 He sipillis lyk ane farfy aver, that flyris on ane fillok.
 Quhen that the sound of his saw synkis in my eiris,
 Than ay renewis my noy ; or he be neir cumand,
 Quhen I heir nemmyt his name, than mak I nyne
 croces,

To keip me fra the commerance of that carle mangit ;
 That full of elduring is, and anger, and all ewil thewis.
 I dar nocht luik to my luif for that lene gib ;
 He is sa full of jelosy, and ingyne fals ;
 Ever imagining in mynd materis of ewill,
 Compassand and castand castis ane thousand
 How he fall tak me with ane trane atryft of ane uther.
 I dar nocht keik to the knaip that the cop fillis,
 For eldning of that auld shrew, that ever on ewill
 thinkis.

For he is waistit, and worne fra Venus' werkis ;
 And may not beit wourth ane bein in bed of my myf-
 tirs.

He trows that young folk iyerne yeild for he gane is.
 Bot I may yuik all this yeir, or his yerde help :

And

And quhan that carybould carle wald clyme on my
wame,

Than am I dangerus, and daue, and dour of my will.
Yeit leit I never that larbar my leggis ga betwene,
To fyle my flesche, na fummil me, without a fee gret.

And thoch his pen puirlye me payis into bed,
His purs payis richlie in recompens after :
For er he clim on my corse, that carybould forlane,
I have condition of ane curchef krisp, or silk ;
Ane gown of engranit clayth, richt gaylie furrit ;
Ane ring with ane ryal stane ; or uther ryche juell.
Or rest of his rousty raid, thoch he were redewmyod
For all the buddis of John Blunt, quhen he abone clymis
Methink the baid deir aboucht, sa bawth ar his wer-
kis.

And thus I fell him solace, thoch I it four think.
Fra sic a fyre God you saif, my sueit sisters deir !

Quhen that the seimlie had said hir sentence to end,
Than all thay leuche upon lost, with latis full mirry ;
And raucht the cop round about full of ryche wynis ;
And ralyeit lang, or thay wald rest, with ryatus
speiche.

The wedo to the tother wlonk warpit thir wordis :
Now, fayr sister, fallis yow but fenyeing to tell,
Sen men first with matrimonie yow menkit in kirk,
How have ye farne be your fayth ? Confes us the
truith.

That band to blis, or to ban, quhilk yow best thinkis ;
Or yow the lyk lyf to leyd into leil spousage.
And syne myself you exame on the famen wyfe ;
And I fall say furth the suth, dissembland na word.

The pleisand said, I protest the treuth gif I schaw,
That

That of your touniges ye be traist. The uther tua
grantit.

With that sprang up her spreit be an span heichar.
To speik, quoth sche, I fall nocht spair; thair is no
spy neir.

I fall ane ragment reweil fra the rute of my hairt;
A roust that is so ranklit quhil ryfis my stomak;
Now fall the byll all out brist, that beild hes bein
lang;

For it to beir on my breist is burden our hevie:
I fall the venom avoyd with ane vent large;
And me assuage of that swalme, that suellit was greit.
My husband was ane huremaster, the hugeast in erd:
Thairfoir I hait him with my hairt, so help me our
lord.

He was ane young man richt yaip, but not in yowthis
flouris;

For he is fadit full far, and feiblit of strenth.
He was ane flurriffing fresche within thir few yeirs;
Bot he is failyet full far, and fulyeit in labour.
He hes bein lichour sa lang quhil lost his nature:
His lume is waxit larbar, and lyis into swowne.
Was never fugeorne war set na on that snail tyrit,
For efter sewen owks restit will nocht rap anis.
He hes bene waistit upon wemen, or he me wyf chei-
fit:

And in adulterie, in my tyme, I haif him tane oft.
And yet he is als brankand with bonet on fyde,
And blenkand to the brichtest that in the burgh duels;
Als courtlie of his cleything, and kemming of his hair,
As he that is mair valyeant into Venus chalmer.
He femis to be sumthing wourth, that syphir in bour,
He luikis as he wald luvit be, thoch he be lytil of va-
lour.

He dois as ane dotit dog that dams on all buffis;
He lifts his leg upon lost, tho' he nocht list to pische.

He

He hes ane luik without lust, and lyfe without courage ;

He hes ane forme without force, and fasshoun but vertew ;

And fair wourdis but effect, all frustar of deidis.

He is for ladeis in luif ane richt lustie shadow.

Bot into derne, at the deid, he fall be droup funding.

He railyes, and maks rippet with ryatus wourdis,

Ay rufing him of his rardis, and rageing in chalmer ;

Bot God wait quhat I think quhen he so thra speikis :

And how it settis him so syd to sege of sic materis.

Bot gif himself, of sum ewin, micht ane sa amang thame——

Bot he nocht ane is, bot nane of nature's possessouris.

Sche that has ane auld man nocht all is begylit :

He is at Venus' werkis na war nor he semis.

I weind I had chosin ane jeme, and I have ane geit gotten ;

He had the gleyming of gold, and was bot glas fundin

Thoch men be fers, weil I find, fra failye thair curage,

Thair is bot oldnyng or anger thair hairtis within.

Ye speik of birdis on beuch : of blis may thai sing,

That, on Sanct Valentine's day, ar vakandis ilk yeir.

Had I that plesand prevelege to part quhan me lykit ;

To change, and ay to cheis agane ; than, Chastitie, adew !

Than suld I have ane fresche feir to fang in my armis :

To hald ane freik, quhil he fant, may folie be callit.

Upon sic materis I mus at midnicht full aft ;

And murnis so in my mynd, I murders myself in kair.

Than ly I walkand for wa, and welteris about :

Waryand of my wickit kin, that me away cast——

To sic ane crandoun but curage that knyt my clere beawtie !

And thair so mony kein knichtis this kynrik within :

Than think I on a feimlier, the futh for to tell,
 Na is our fyr be sic sewin. With that I fisch oft.
 Than he full tenderlie dois turne to me his tume per-
 foun,

And, with ane yoldin yerd, dois yok me in armes :
 And sayis ' My soverane sweit thing, quhy sleip ye
 ' nocht better ?

' Me think thair haldis yow ane heit, as ye sum harme
 ' ailit.'

Quoth I, ' My hinny, hald abak ; and handle me nocht
 ' fair.

' Ane hacshe hes happenit hastelie at my hairt rute.'

With that I feim for to fwoun, thoch I no swerf tak :

And thus besweik I that swane, with my sweit wourds,

I cast on him a crabbit e : and quhen the cleir day is
 cuning,

And leitis it is ane luif blenk, quhen he about gleymis,

I turne it in ane tendir luik, that I in tene waryat ;

And him he haldis hamelie, with hartlie smyling.

I wald ane tendir peronall that nicht no put thole ;

That hathit men with hard geir, for hurtyng of flesche ;

Had my gude man to hir gaisf : for I dar God fueir,

She suld nocht stert for his straik ane stray breid of
 erd.

And syne I wald that ilk band, that ye sa blist call,

Had band him so to that bricht, quhil his bak werkit :

And I war abeid brocht with berne that me lykit ;

'Trow, that bird of my blis suld ane burde want.

Anone quhen this aimable had endit her speche,

Loud lauchand the laif allowit her meikill.

Thir gay wyffis maid game amang the grene leiffis ;

Thai drank and did away dule under derne bewis.

Thai suppit at the fueit wyne, thai swan-quhyt of
 hewis ;

Bot

Bot all the pertliar in plane thai put out thair voccis.

Than said the wedo, I wis thair is no way uther :

Now tydis me for to talk. My taill it is nixt.

God my spreit now inspyre, and my speiche quicken,

And send me sentence to say, substantiallous and nobill !

Sa my preiching may pers your perversst hartis :

And mak yow meikar to men in maneris and condi-
tious.

I schaw you sifteris into schryft, I was ane schrew e-
ver ;

Bot I was schene in my schroude, and shew me inno-
cent.

And thoch I dour was, and daue ; dispitous, and bauld ;

I was dissemlit subtelie in ane sanctis liknes.

I semit sobir, and sueit, and sempil without fraude ;

Bot I couth sextie defave that subtillar war haldin.

Onto my lessoun ye lith, and leir at me wit.

Gif ye nocht list be soir forleit with losengeris un-
trew,

Be constant in your governance, and counterfeit gud
maneris :

Thoch ye be kene, and inconstant, and cruel of mynd ;

Thoch ye as tygaris be terne, be tretabil in luif.

And be as turtouris in your talk, tho' ye have taillis
brukill ;

Be dragounis bayth and dowis, ay in doubill forme ;

And quhen it neidis you anone note bayth thair
strenthis.

Be aimabil with humil face, as angels apperand ;

And with ane terrible tail be stangand as edderis.

Be of your luik lyk innocentis, thoch ye have ewil
myndes.

Be courtlie ay in claything, and costlie arrayit.

That

That hurtis yow not wourthe ane hen. Your husband
payis for all.

Twa husbands I have had, that held me bayth deyr ;
Thoch I despytit thame agane, thay spyit nathing.
Ane was ane hair hachart, that hostit out fleume ;
I haitit him lyk ane hund, thoch I it hid previe.
With kissing, and with clapping, I gart the carle fon ;
Weil couth I keyr his cruik bak, and keme his cowit
nodil ;

And with ane bukkie in my cheik bo on him behind ;
And with ane bek gang about and blier his auld ene ;
And with ane kynd countenance kys his krynd chiek :
Into my mynd makand mokis at that mad fader,
Trowand me with trew luif to treyt him so faire.
This couth I do without dule, and no diseis tak ;
Bot ay mirrie in my mynd, and meschefous of cheyr.
I had ane lustyar leyd, my lust for to floken ;
That couth be secreit and sure, and ay faif my renoun :
And few bot at certan tymes, and in secreit places.
Ay quhan the auld did me anger with akwart wour-
dis,

Apon the galand for to goif it glaidit me agane,
I had sic wit that for wo weipit I bot litel ;
Bot leit the sueit ay the four to gude fessoun bring,
Quhen that the chuf wad me chyde, with gyrnand
chastis,
I wald him chuk, cheik and chyn, and chereis him fo
meikil,

That his cheif chymmishad the wist to my sone,
Suppois the churle wes gone chaist, or the child was
gottin.

As wyfe woman ay I wrocht, and nocht as wode fule ;
For mair with wylis I wan na vertuoufnes of handis.

Syne

Syne mareit I ane marchand, michtie of gudis.
 He was ane man of myd-eild, and of meyn statour;
 Bot we na fallowis war in freyndschip, nor blude,
 In fredome, nor furthbeiring, na fayrnes of persoun,
 Quhilk ay the fule did forget, for febilnes of know-
 lege;

Bot I so oft thocht him on quhill angerit his hart.
 And quhillum I put furth my voce, and *pedder* him
 callit;

I wald richt twitchandly in talk be: I was twys ma-
 reit.

For endit was my innocence with my ald husband;
 I was appeirand to be pairt within perfyt eild.
 Sua sayis the curat of our kirk, that knew me full
 ying,

He is our famous to be fals, that fair wourthy prelot;
 I fall be layth to let him lie, quhill I may luik fucht.
 I gar the butchman obey; thair was na bute ellis.

He maid me richt hie reverance, fra he me richt knew:
 For, tho I say it myself, the severanis wes meikle
 Betwix his bastarde blude, and my birth nobill,
 That page wes never of sic pryce for to presume anis
 Unto my persoun to be peir, had pitie nocht grantit.
 Bot mercie into womanheid is ane grit vertew!

For never bot in ane gentil hart is generit ony reuth.
 I held ay grein into his mynd that I of grace tuik
 him;

And that he culd ken himself I curteslie him lierit.
 He durst sit anis my summonds; for second charge,
 He was ay reddie for to ryn; so rayd he was for blame.
 Bot ay my will was the war of womanlie nature;
 The mair he loutit for my luif, the less of him I rakit.
 And eik this is ane farlie thing, or I him faith gaif
 I had sic favour to that freik, and feid syne for evir.

Quhen

Quhen I the cure had all clein ; and him ourcumin
haill ;

I crew abone that crawdoun, as cok that was victor.

Quhen I him saw subiectit, and set at my bidding,
That I him lichtleit as ane loune ; and laithit his ma-
neris.

Than wox I so unmerciful, to martyr him I thocht ;
For, as ane beist, I broddit him to all boyis labour :
I wald have rydden him to Rome, with ane raip in his
heid,

War nocht ruffill of my renoun, and rumour of pepil.
And yit hatrent I hid within my hart all ;

Bot quhillis it hapit so huge, quhil it besid out.

Yet tuk I never the wisp clein out of my wyd throt,
Quhill I ocht wantit of my wil, or quhat I wald de-
fyr.

Bot quhan I feverit had the fyr of substance in erde ;
And gottin his biggings to my barne, and his borrow-
landis ;

Than with ane flew stert out the stoppel of my hals :
That he all stunneist of that stound, as of ane steil wa-
pin.

Than wald I, after lang frost, sa fane have bein wro-
kin,

That I to flyt was als fers as ane fell dragoun:
I had for flattering of that fule fenyet so lang,
My evidentis of herytage or thai war all felit,
My breist that was greit beild, and bowden was sa
huge,

That neir my barrat out brist or the band making.
Bot quhen my billis and my bauthles was all braid fe-
lit,

I wald na langer beir on brydil, bot braid up my heid :
Thair micht na mollat mak me moy, nor hald my
mouth in ;

I gar the reinyes rak, and ryf into schundyr.

I maid

I maid that wyf-carl to wirk all wemmenis werkis ;
 And laid all manlie materis, and menſk in this erde :
 Than ſaid I to my cummeris, in conſale about,
 ‘ See how I cabeld yon cowl with ane kein brydil !
 ‘ The capill, that the crelis kuyſt in the caſſ middin,
 ‘ Sa courtlaſſlie the carte drawis, and kennis no plunge-
 ‘ ing,
 ‘ He is nocht ſkeych, nor yet ſkeir, na ſkippis nocht on
 ‘ fyde.’

And thus the ſcorne and the ſkaith ſcapit he nother.

He was na glaidſum gaiſt for ane gay lady :
 Tharfor I gat him again, that ganyt him better ;
 He wes a grit goldit man, and of gudis riche.
 I leit him be my lumbart to lous all my miſteris ;
 And he was fane for to fang fre me that fayr office :
 And thocht my favouris to find throw his fell giftis.
 He graythit me in gay filk, and gudeligie arrayis ;
 In gounis of ingraint clayth, and greit goldin chenyis ;
 In ringis ryallie ſet with ryche rubie ſtanis ;
 Quhill all helie rais my renoun amang the rude peipil.
 Bot I full crafteligie did keip thai courtlie weidis
 Quhill efter deid of that drowp, that docht not in chal-
 mer.

Thoch he of all my clathis maid coſt and expens,
 Ane uther ſall the wirſhip have, that weilds me efter,
 And thoch I lykit him bot lytil, yet for the luif of u-
 theris,
 I wald me prein pleſandlie in precious wedis,
 That luſſaris micht upon me luik, and young luſtie
 gallandis,
 That I held mair in dayntie, and deirar be full mekill,
 Na him, that dreſſit me ſa denk. Full doytit was his
 heid.

Quhan he was beriet out of hand, to hee up my ho-
 nour,

And

And payntit me as pacok, proudest of fedderis,
 I him miskend, be Cryst ; and cukkald him maid.
 I him forleit as ane lad, and laithit him mekil :
 I thocht myself ane papingay, and him ane pluchit
 herle.

And thus enforfit he his fa, and fortifyt my strenth ;
 And maid ane stalwart staff to strack himself doune.

Bot of ane bourd into bed I fall yow breif yit.
 Quhan he ane haill yeir was haint, and him behuivit
 rage,

And I wes layth to be loppin with sic ane lob aver,
 Als lang as he was on loft, I luikit on him never ;
 And leit never in my thocht that he my thing percit :
 Bot ay in mind ane uther man imaginitt that I had ;
 Or ells I had never mirrie bein of that mirthless raid.
 Quhen I that grome geldit had of gudis, and of na-
 ture,

Methocht him grasles onto goif, sa me God help.
 Quhen he had warit all on me his welth, and his sub-
 stance,

Methocht his wit wes quyt went away with the laif ;
 And so I did him dispys, I spittit quhen I saw him,
 That superexpendit ewil of spreit, spulyeit of all ver-
 tew.

For, weil ye wit wyffis, that he that wantis ryches,
 And valeandnes in Venus play, he is full vyl haldin ;
 Full fruster is his fresch array, and fairnes of per-
 soune.

All is bot fruitles his effeir, and failyes at the upwith.

I buskit up my barnis lyk barounis sonnis,
 And maid his fulis ; (of the fry of his first wyf.)
 I baneist fra my bounds his brether ilkane :
 His freyndis as my fayis I had at feid ever ;
 Be this ye beleif may I lusit nocht himself ;

For

For never I lykit ane leid that langit till his bluid.
 And yit thir wyfe men wait that all wyfis ewil
 Ar kend with thair conditiouns, and knawin with the
 famen.

Deid is now that divyr, and dollyne in erde.
 With him deit all my dule, and my drery thochtis.
 Now done is my dullie nicht ; my day is upspringin.
 Adew dolour ! Adew ! My daynté now beginnis.
 Now ame I ane wedow I wys ; and weil am at eis.
 I weip as I war woful, bot weil is me for ever :
 I busk as I war bailful, bot blyth is my hart :
 My mothe makis murning, and my mynd lauchis.
 My clokis thai ar cairful in colour of fabil ;
 But courtlie and curious is my corps thairunder.
 I droup with ane deid luik in my dule habite,
 As with mannis dail I done had for dayis of my lyf.

Quhen that I go to the kirk, cled in cairweids,
 As fox in ane lambis fleise feinye I my cheir :
 Than lay I furth my bricht buik in breid on my kne,
 With mony lustie letter illuminit with gold ;
 And drawis my clouk fordwart our my face quhyt,
 That I may spy, unspyt, ane space be my syde.
 Full oft I blenk by my buke, and blinnis of devo-
 tioun,

To se quhat berne is best brannit, or braidest in schul-
 deris,

Or forgeit is maist forllie, to furneis ane bankat
 In Venus chalmer, valiantlie withouttin vane ruse.
 As the new mone all pale, oppressit with change,
 Kythis quhillis hir cleir face throw cluddis of sabill,
 So keik I throw my clouks, and castis kynd lukis
 To knychtis, and to clerkis, and to courtlie perfouns.
 Quhen freyndis of my husbandis beholds me on far,

I have my wattir sponge for wa, within my wide clo-
kis,

Than wring I it full wylelie, and weitis my cheikis ;
With that watteris my ein, and welteris doun teiris.
Than say they all, that fittis about, ' Se ye nocht, a-
lace !

' Yon lustles leid so lilelie scho luffit hir husband !
' Yone is a peté to emprent in a princes hart,
' That sic ane perle of plesauce fuld yon pain drie !'
I fane me as I war ane sanct, and semis ane angel ;
At language of lichorie I leit as I war crabbit :
I fisch, without fair harte, or seiknes in bodie ;
According to my fabill weid I maun have sad mane-
ris,

Or thai will see all the suth. For, certis, we wemen
We set us all fra the fichte to fyle men of treuth :
We dule for na evil deidis sa it be derne halden.
Wyse wemen hes wayis, and wondrous gydingis,
With greit ingyne to begaik thair jeleous husbandis :
And quietlie with sic craft gydis our materis,
That, under Chryst, no creature kennis of our doingis.
Bot folk ane cure may miskuke, that knowlegis wan-
tis ;

And hes no colouris for to cover thair awin kyndlie
faltis ;
And dois as thir damifellis, for derne doytit luf
That dogonis haldis in dawte, and delis with thame sa
lang,

Quhill all the cuntre knaw thair kyndnes of fayth.
Fayth hes ane fair name, bot falsit faris better.
Fy on hir that can nocht fenye hir awin fame to save !
Yet am I wys in sic wark, and was all my tyme ;
Thoch I want wit in wardlines, I wylis have in luif :
As ony happie woman hes that is of hie blude.
Hutit be the halok las ane hundreth yeir of eild
Quha is cald to Venus' werkis, and to sueit plesour !

I have

I have ane secreit servand, richt fobir of his bung,
 That me supportis of sic nedis, quhen I a fyne mak.
 Thoch he be sempil to the ficht, he has ane tung fa-
 ker ;

Full mony femlyar fege war service dois mak.
 Thoch I have cayr under clouk the cher day to the
 nicht,
 Yet I have solace under fark quhil the sone rys.

Yet am I halden ane halie wyfe our all the hail
 schyre ;

I am so peteous to the pure, quhen thair is persouns
 many ;

In passing of pilgramage I pryd me full meikill ;
 Mair for the preis of the pepil, nor ony pardoun win-
 ning.

Bot yet me think the best bourd, quhen barounis and
 knichtis,

And uther bacheluris, blyth blumyng in youth,

And all my lufaris leill, my lugeing perfewis.

Sum fillis me wyne wantounlie, with weil fayr and
 joy :

Sum rownys : sum railyeis : and sum reidis ballatis :

Sum raveis full rudelie with riatus speche :

Sum plenis ; and sum prayis : sum prayfis my bewte.

Sum kissis me ; sum clappis me ; sum kyndnefs me pro-
 fairis.

Sum karvis to me curtaffie ; sum me the cope gevis :

Sum stalwardlie steppis ben, with ane stout curage,

And ane stiff standand thing stavis in my neif.

And mony blenkis ben our that but our fittis,

That may nocht, for the thik thrang, thryf as thai
 wald.

But with my fair calling, I comfort them all :

For he that fittis me nixt, I nip on his fyngar ;

I serve

I serve him on the tother side on the samyn fassoun ;
 And he that behind me fittis, hard on him I lene ;
 And him befoir me, with my fute fast on his I tramp ;
 And to the bernis fer but sweit blenkis I cast.
 To every man in special I speik sum wourdis,
 Sa wyllie, and sa womanlie, quhil warmis thair har-
 tis,

Thair is no levand leid fa law of degre
 That fall me luif unlufit ; I am so luik hartit.
 And gif his lust be so lent to my lyre quhyt,
 That he be lost or with me lig, his lyf fall have no dan-
 ger.

I am so merciful in mynd, and menis all wichtis,
 My fillie faul fall be sauf, quhen fall not all jugeis.
 Ladeis leyr thir lessouns ; and be nocht lassis fundin.
 This is the legeant of my lyfe, thoch latyne it be nane.

Quhen endit had hir ornat speche this eloquent wedo,
 Loud than leuch all the laif, and lovit hir mekle.
 And said, " Thai fuld exemple tak of hir sovrane
 " teiching :

" And wirk after hir wourdis that woman was sa pru-
 " dent."

Than culed thai thair mouthis with comfortable drin-
 kis ;

And carpit full cummerlyke, with cop going round.

Thus draif thai our that deir nicht with danteis full
 noble.

Quhill that the day did updaw, and dew donkit flou-
 ris.

The morrow myld was and meik ; the mavis did sing,
 And all removit the mist, and the meid smellit ;
 Silver schouris doun schuik, as the schein cristell :
 And birdis schoutit in the schaw with thair schill no-
 tis.

The

The goldin glitterand gleme so glaidit thair hairtis,
 Thai maid ane gloreus gle amang the grene bewis.
 The soft south of the fwyre, and found of the stremes,
 The sweit favour of the swairde, and singing of fewlis,
 Micht confort any creature of the kyn of Adam;
 And kyndil agane his curage, though it war cauld flok-
 nit.

Than rais thir royal rofis, in thair riche wedis,
 And raikit hame to thair rest, throw the rys blumeis.
 And I all prevelie past to ane plesand arbeir,
 And with my pen did report thair pastyme most mir-
 rie.

Ye auditours most honorabill, that eris hes giffin
 Onto this unkouth adventure, quhilk airlie me hap-
 pint,
 Of thir thre wantoun wyffis, that I have writtin heir,
 Quhilk wald ye waill to your wyf, gif ye suld wed
 ane?

* * * The reader will here perceive a greater appearance of antiquity than in many of the preceding poems; but this is owing solely to the alliteration, and consequent use of old and uncommon words. The verse approaches near to the Latin heroic measure; and seems to be the earliest example of blank verse in the Scottish language. It requires to be read in the same manner as HOLLAND's Howlat, and possibly may have been written to the measure of some musical chaunt or tune. Another singularity in the construction of this kind of verse was, that three or more words in each line should begin with one letter, and these letters have been styled *literæ canoræ*; but not always with good reason, for the musical accent sometimes falls syllabically upon none of them.

For elegance of description, and knowledge of life, this tale is certainly equal to any of Chaucer; unfortunately, it has also that feature of Chaucer's tales, his immodesty, which would have excluded it from this collection, had not the tale been eminently curious as a picture of the times; when vice seems to have "stalked about in naked deformity."

P. 210. l. 4. *Hawthorn treis*. Compare the description of a garden in the poem of *King's Quair* by James I. In the preceding line, *garth*, from the Celtic, signifies *an inclosure*, from which the word *garden*. The hawthorn hedges that surrounded the royal garden at Windsor were interspersed with juniper. In line 11th, Dunbar mentions the *holyn*, or holly, a beautiful tree that anciently was, and is now, frequent in Scotland, where it grows to great size in the woods. As such it is mentioned in the Life of Wallace.

L. 9. *Dirken efter myrthis*. Probably "to hide myself in obscurity after a merry day." *Dynnit*, in the M. S. is *dynit*, with the end of the y turned up backwards. Mr Pinkerton puts it *dynarit*, to signify *fed*. The copy in the printed collection 1508, wants some leaves at the beginning.

P. 211. l. 9. *So glitterit as the gowd, &c.* Compare with Henryson's description of a ladies dress, p. 151, and that of James the I. in his *Quair*, p. 21. A fine description of the dress of a lady of rank also occurs in Lindsay's history of Squire Meldrum :

Her kirtle was of scarlet reid :
Of gold ane garland on her head,
Decoired with ennamelyne :
Belt, and broches of silver fyne.
Of yallow taffetie was her farke,
Begaryed all with broderite wark,
Right craftelie with gold and filk.

Krisp must signify cambric or fine linen.

P. 211. l. 23. *Arrayit ryallie, &c.* "They sat in an arbour which was surrounded with many a rich plot of flowers of every hue and delicious smell."

P. 211. l. 31. *Wlouks*. Mr Pinkerton does not offer any conjecture with respect to the meaning of this word; nor is there any word similar to it in Ruddiman's Glossary to Douglas's Virgil. But *Louke* occurs in Chaucer, and Mr Tyrwhit supposes it may be formed from, or synonymous to *lowt*, *lorel*, &c.; signifying an idle fellow. Here it may be used for gossip, or talkative woman.

P. 213. l. 21. *Flour-burgeon*. Though the meaning of *burgeon* be clear, namely *a bud*, yet that of the line is not very apparent. Perhaps, says Mr Pinkerton, it is, "For though he displayed but the flower of youth, yet I should gather fruit of him." May it not rather be, "I would gather the *whole* of the fruit, although the blossoms flourished in the highest profusion."

In the next four lines we have a tolerable sample of those opprobrious epithets with which the old Scottish language seems to have abounded.

Mr

Mr Pinkerton puts the following among *the words not understood*; *wobat*, *wolroun*, *carybald*, *skarth*. The last certainly means, "a something neither male nor female," the word being still in common use among shepherds. *Wobat*, or *wobeit*, may be *wob-ey'd*, *web-ey'd*, the eye covered with a web or film. *Carybald*, is perhaps from *knarry-bald*; *knarry* means "full of hard knots," and therefore this epithet may signify, "Bald pate covered with excrescencies," as frequently is the case with old people. *Wolroun waifit*, probably may be a *well-run*, or streamlet of a well, parched or dried up *well*, in some parts of Scotland, being commonly pronounced *woll*.

P. 218. l. 32. *Allowit*, commended, or praised. When a person approved of what was said or done by another, the common phrase in Scotland, even lately, was *al-low*, or "*I low*," equivalent to well said, or well done.

P. 220. l. 32. *Chymmis*, in Ruddiman's Glossary, is *boufes*, but here it seems to have some other meaning. Can it be, His favourite or constant theme was expressions of fondness for my son? A few lines before this, the word *diseis* means simply *uneasiness*.

P. 224. l. 11. *Farfy aver*, a poor horse having that disease called "the farfey." *Aver* and *kappul*, or *capil*, were synonymous. The first is still used occasionally; and *Avenar*, in old English, is hostler.

P. 226. l. 27. *Dogonis*. *Doguin*, Fr. is whelp. Does this mean lap-dogs, or followers? P. It seems to be some cant term for paramours.

Quba is cauld, &c. This line is neither in the M. S. nor ancient printed copy, but is supplied by Mr Pinkerton, as being necessary to the sense. P. 227 and 228 present us with a most curious picture of a route in the reign of James IV.

THE TWA CUMMERS,

—by DUNBAR, is found in both the ancient Manuscripts, but with several variations which have here been attended to. It presents us with a curious picture from the life, in the burlesque style of the Flemish painters.]

RyCHT airlie on Ash Wedenesday,
Drynkand the wyne satt cummeris tway;
The tane couth to the tother complene;
Graneand and supband can scho fay,
This lang Lentrune has maid me lene.

Befyd the fyr, quhair that scho satt,
God wait gif scho was grit and fatt;
Yet to be febil scho did her fene,
And ay scho said, lat's preif of that,
That Lentrune fall nocht mak us lene.

My fair fueit cummer, quod the tother,
Ye tak that nigartnefs of your muther,
All wyne to test scho wald disdene
Bot mavafie, scho bad nane uther
That Lentrune fuld nocht mak her lene.

Cummer, be blythe bayth evin and morrow,
And let your husband dré the sorrow,
Fra our lang fasting you refrene
Thocht ye fuld bayth beg and borrow
That Lentrune fuld nocht mak you lene.

Your

Your counsale, cummer, is gud quod scho
 All is to teme him that I do,
 In bed he is nocht worthe ane bene ;
 Fill fou the cop, and drynk me to,
 That Lentrune fall nocht mak us lene.

Of wyne out of ane choppyne stoup
 Thai drank thré quartis soup and soup,
 Sic drouth and thrift was them betwene ;
 Bot than to mend thai had gud houp
 That Lentrune fuld nocht mak them lene.

St. 3. l. 2. &c. The Mait. M. S. reads

Ye tak that migarneys, &c.
 Ill wyne to test, &c.

Mavafie, Fr. Malmsey. It must here mean some inferior sort of wine.

DUNBAR'S DIRIGE TO THE KING
BYDAND OUR LANG IN STIRLING.

*"This performance," says LORD HAILES, "is a bold
"and profane parody of the litanies of the church of
"Rome. Protestants cannot be fully sensible of its
"irreligious nature. Had JAMES V. retained the
"least appearance of devotion, no poet durst have ad-
"dressed him in such a style. Yet LESLEY extols
"JAMES for his ardent zeal against heretics."*

The King whom DUNBAR here addresses, cannot surely be JAMES V. but JAMES IV. LORD HAILES, on another occasion, says that DUNBAR's Lament for the Death of the Poets must have been written when he was far advanced in years. His Lordship did not then know that the Lament was printed so early as 1508, and written probably some years before, let us suppose in 1505, that is, about the 50th year of the Poet's age. If this poem was addressed to JAMES V. the King must have been then at least twenty or twenty-five years old, and the age of DUNBAR would thus be about 75, or 80, which is contrary to every probability; the pieces written by DUNBAR in his latter years, being entirely of a religious or moral cast.

SPOTTISWOOD, in his History of Religious Houses, says that JAMES IV. used, especially in lent time, to become Franciscan Monk at Stirling, where he founded a convent for that order in 1494. This poem might probably be written a few years afterwards; as also the subsequent one, which informs us that it had been recommended to DUNBAR, perhaps from high authority,

thority, that he should become a Friar of this the King's favourite order. The life or character of a Monk, however, not being to his liking, the proposal was rejected. His views, at that time, were higher :

— ga bring to me ane Bifchop's weid
Gif ever thow wald my faul gaid unto hevin.

Great must have been the Poet's humiliation when in old age he thus addresses the King :

I wes in yowth on nureis kné
“ Dandely, Bifchop, dandely.”
And when that age now dois me greif,
Ane semple Vicar I may nocht be.

And again, on another occasion,

Greit abbais grayth I nill to gadder,
Bot ane kirk scant coverit with hadder,
For I of lytil wald be fane, &c.

Even this, it does not appear, that he ever obtained.

WE that ar heir in Heaven's glory,
To you that ar in purgatory,
Commends us on our hearty ways,
I mene we folk in paradyce,
In Edinbrugh with all mirryness,
To you in Stirvling in distrefs,
Quhair nowther pleafance nor delyt is,
For pity this epistell wrytis.

O ye hermits and hankerfaidlis,
That takis your penance at your tables,
And eitis nocht meit restorative,

Not

Nor drink no wyne confortative,
 But ale and that is thin and small,
 With few courtes into your hall,
 Bot company of Lords or Knychts,
 Or ony uther guidly wichts,
 Solitar walkand your alone,
 Seing naething but stock or stone
 Out of your painfull purgatory,
 To bring you to the bleis of glory :
 Of Edinbrugh the mirry toun
 We fall begin a cairfull foun,
 Ane dregy kynd, devout and meik,
 The blest abune we fall beseik
 You to delyvir out of your noy,
 And bring you sune to Edinbrugh's joy,
 Thair to be mirry amang your freins,
 And sae the dregy thus begins.

LECTIO II.

The fader, the son, and haly gaisf,
 The mirthfull Mary, virgin chafst,
 Of angels all the orders nyne,
 And all the heavenly court divyne,
 Sune bring ye frae the pyne and wae
 Of Stirvling, ilka court mans fae,
 Again to Edinbrugh's joy and blifs,
 Quhair worschip, wealth and weillfair is,
 Play, pleasance, and eik honesty,
 Say ye amen, for Charity.

Responsio, tu autem Domine.

Tak consolation in your pain
 In tribulation, tak consolation,
 Out of vexation cum hame again,
 Tak consolation in your pain.

Fube

Fube Dom. benedicite.

Out of distrefs of Stirvling toun
To Edinbrugh blefs, God mak ye boun.

LECTIO II.

Patriarchs, prophets and apostles deir,
Virgins, confessoris, martyris cleir,
And all the feat celestially,
Devoutly we upon them call,
That fane out of your painis fell,
Ye may in Heaven heir with us dwell,
To eat cran, pertrick, swan, and pliver,
And every fish that swyms in river,
To drink with us the new fresch wyne
That grew upon the river Ryne,
Fresch fragrant Clarits out of France,
Of Angiers and of Orliance,
With mony comforts of grit dainty,
Say ye Amen, for charity.

Responso, tu autem Dom.

God and Sanct Jeil heir you convoy
Baith fane and weil, God and Sanct Jeil,
To sonce and feil, solace and joy,
God and Sanct Jeil heir you convoy,
Out of Stirvling painis fell,
In Edinbrugh joy, fane mot ye dwell.

LECTIO III.

We pray to all the saints in Heaven,
That ar abune the starnis seven,
You to bring out of your penance,
That ye may fane sing, play and daunce
In Edinbrugh heir, and mak gude cheir,
Quher wealth and weelfare is bot weir;

And

And I that do your pains discryve
 Intend to viffy you belyve,
 In defart not with you to dwell,
 But as the angel faint Gabriell
 Dois go betwein, frae Heaven's glory,
 To them that ar in purgatory,
 Sum confolation them to give,
 Quhyle they in tribulation live,
 And fchaw them, quhen thair pains ar past,
 They fall cum up to Heaven at laft ;
 Hou nane deserves to haif fweitness,
 That nevir tastit bitternefs ;
 And therfor hou fuld ye confidder
 Of Edinbrugh's blefs, quhen you cum hidder ;
 But gif ye tastit had befoir
 Of Stirvling toun, the painis soir,
 And therefore tak in patience
 Your penance and your abstinence,
 And ye fall cum or yule begin
 Into the blefs that we ar in ;
 Quhilk grant we pray to all on hy,
 Say ye Amen, for charity.

Respons. tu autem Dom.

Cum hame and dwell nae mair in Stirvling,
 Frae hydious hell cum hame and dwell,
 Quhair fisch to sell ar nane but spirrling,
 Cum hame and dwell nae mair in Stirvling.

*Et ne nos inducas in temptationem de Stirvling,
 Sed libera nos à malo illius.*

Requiem Edinburgi dona iis, Domine,

Et lux ipsius luceat iis ;

A porta tristitiæ de Stirvling,

Orna, Domine, animas et corpora eorum :

Credo gustare statim vinum Edinburgi,

In

*In villa viventium,
Requiescant Edinburgi. Amen.*

*Deus, qui justos in corde humiles
Ex omnium eorum tribulatione liberare dignatus es,
Libera famulos tuos apud villam Stirvling versantes,
A pœnis & tristitiis ejusdem,
Et ad Edinburgi gaudia eos perducas,
Ut requiescat Stirvling. Amen.*

NOW

HOW DUNBAR WAS DESYRED TO BE ANE FRIAR.

[See introduction to the preceding poem, p. 234. It has been urged as an argument against the antiquity of that fine ballad, *The Flowers of the Forest*, that preachings were unknown till the reformation. This, however, is a mistake. In this poem we find DUNBAR boasting of his having preached in the pulpit at Canterbury; and DAVID LINDSAY, in his *Papingo*, written in 1530, says,

War nocht the preching of the beggyng freris,
Tint war the faith amang the secularis.

The preaching Friars had been instituted in the thirteenth century, with the intention of restoring that duty, often neglected by the superior clergy, and of opposing the popular preaching of the Lollards. Preachings are mentioned by CHAUCER in the Wife of Bath's Prologue, and in the Second Merchants Tale ascribed to him; also by DUNBAR in his tale of the Twa Mariit women and the wedo, p. 213.

I.

THIS nycht befor the dawing cleir
Methocht Sanct Francis did to me appeir,
With ane religious habite in his hand,
And said, In this go cleith thé my fervand,
Refuse the warld, for thow mon be a freir.

II.

With him and with his habeit bayth I skarrit,
Like to ane man that with a gaisf wes marrit:

Methocht

Methocht on bed he layid it me abone ;
 Bot on the flure delyverly and sone
 I lap thairfra, and nevir wald cum nar it.

III.

Quoth he, quhy skarris thow at this holy weid ?
 Cloith thé tharin, for weir it thow most neid ;
 Thow that hes lang done Venus lawis teiche,
 Sall now be freir, and in this habeit preiche :
 Delay it nocht, it mon be done but dreid.

IV.

Quoth I, Sanct Francis, loving be thé till,
 And thankit mot thow be of thy gude will
 To me, that of thy clayis ar so kynd ;
 Bot thame to weir it nevir come in my mynd ;
 Sweet confessor, thow tak it nocht in ill.

V.

In haly legendis have I hard allevin,
 Ma sanctis of bischoppis, nor freiris, be sic sevin ;
 Of full few freiris that has bene sanctis I reid ;
 Quhairfoir ga bring to me ane bischopis weid,
 Gife evir thow wald my faule gaid unto hevin.

VI.

My brethir oft hes maid thé supplicatiouns,
 Be epistillis, sermonis, and relatiounis,
 To tak this habeit ; bot thow did postpone ;
 But forder procefs cum on ; thairfoir anone
 All circumstance put by and excusationis.

VII.

Gif evir my fortoun wes to be a freir,
 The dait thairof is past full mony a yeir ;
 For into every lusty toun and place,

Off all Yngland, from Berwick to Calice,
I haif into thy habeit maid gud cheir.

VIII.

In freiris weid full fairly haif I fleichit,
In it haif I in pulpet gone and preichit
In Derntoun kirk, and eik in Canterbury;
In it I past at Dover our the ferry,
Throw Piccardy, and thair the peple teichit.

IX.

Als lang as I did beir the freiris style,
In me, God wait, wes mony wink and wyle;
In me wes falsset with every wicht to flatter,
Quhilk mycht be flemit with na haly watter;
I wes ay reddy all men to begyle.

X.

This freir that did Sanct Francis thair appeir,
Ane fieind he wes in liknes of ane freir;
He vaneist away with stynk and fyrrie smowk;
With him methocht all the house end he towk,
And I awoik as wy that wes in weir.

FOLLOWS

FOLLOWS THE WOWING OF THE KING
QUHEN HE WES AT DUNFERMLING.

[*This is certainly a strange production coming from the pen of a candidate for church preferment, but it is attributed to DUNBAR in both of the ancient Manuscripts.*

Historians inform us that the piety or superstition of JAMES IV. was not more violent than his disposition to amorous sin; that he used frequently to travel, disguised and unknown through a great part of his kingdom, and to lodge in the hovels of the meanest of his subjects; partly, no doubt, with a view of gratifying his propensity to vague and fugitive amours. "While the people enjoyed his equitable and prosperous government, they seem to have smiled at his irregularities." Even the daughters of the nobles yielded to his attractions of person and rank. By MARY BOYD, daughter of ARCHIBALD BOYD of Bonshaw, he had issue, ALEXANDER, Archbishop of St. Andrews, and CATHARINE, wedded to the EARL OF MORTON; by JEAN KENNEDY, daughter of the EARL OF CASSILIS, he had JAMES, EARL OF MURRAY; by MARGARET, daughter of LORD DRUMMOND, he had MARGARET, wedded to the heir of HUNTLEY; and by ISABEL STUART, daughter of the EARL OF BUCHAN, he had JEAN, married to MALCOLM, LORD FLEMING.]

I.

THIS hinder nicht in Dunfermeling,
 To me wes tauld ane wonder thing,
 That lait ane Tod wes with ane Lame,
 And with hir playit, and mait gud game;
 Syne till his breift did hir imbrace,
 And wald haif rydden hir lyk ane ram,
 And that methocht ane ferly case.

II.

He braist hir bonny bodie sweit,
 And halst hir with his forder feit,
 Syne schuke his tail with whindge and yelp;
 And todlit with hir lyke ane quhelp,
 Then lourit on growf, and askit grace;
 And ay the Lame cryd, lady help,
 And that methocht ane ferly case.

III.

The Tod was nowthir lein nor scowry,
 He wes ane lusty reid-haird Lowry,
 Ane lang taidl beist and grit withall;
 The filly Lame was all to small,
 To sic ane tribbel to hald ane base:
 Scho fled him not, fair mot hir fall,
 And that methocht ane ferly case.

IV.

The Tod wes reid, the Lame wes quhyte,
 Scho wes ane morsell of delyte;
 He luvit nae yowis auld, teuch and sklender,
 Because this Lame wes yung and tender.

He

He ran upon hir with a race,
And scho schup nevir till defend hir,
And this methocht ane ferly case.

V.

He grippit hir about the west,
And handilt hir as he had hest ;
This innocent that neir trespast,
Tuke heart thoch scho wes handilt fast,
And lute him kifs hir lusty face :
His girnand gams hir nocht agast,
And that methocht ane ferly case.

VI.

He held hir till him be the hals,
And spak full fair thocht he wes fals ;
Syne said and swore to hir be God,
That he fuld not twich hir prein-cod.
The filly thing trow'd him, allace !
The Lame gaif creddance to the Tod,
And that methocht ane ferly case.

VII.

I will nae leifings put in verse,
Lyke as sum janglers do reherse ;
But be quhat manner they wer mard,
Quhen licht wes out and dores were bard :
I wate not gif he gaif hir grace ;
But all the hollis wer stoppit hard,
And that methocht ane ferly case.

VIII.

Quhen men dois fleit in joy maist far,
Sune cummis wae or they be war,
Quhen carpand wer thir twa maist croufs,
The wowf he ombeset the house,

Upon

Upon the Tod to mak ane chace :
 The Lame than cheipit lyke ane mause,
 And that methocht ane ferly case.

IX.

Throw hyddowis howling of the wowf,
 This wylie Tod plat down on growf;
 And in the filly Lames skin,
 He crap as far as he micht win,
 And hid him thair ane weill lang space ;
 The yowis besyde they made nae din,
 And that methocht ane ferly case.

X.

Quhen of the Tod wes hard no peip,
 The wowf went all had bene alleip ;
 And quhyle the Tod had striken ten,
 The wowf he drest him to his den,
 Protestand for the second place :
 And this report I with my pen,
 How at Dunfermling fell the case.

TIDINGS

TYDINGS FRA THE SESSION.

This poem is in both the ancient Manuscripts, and must allude to the old Court of Session, created in 1425, regulated anew in 1457, and apparently abolished in 1503, at least in some degree, by the institution of the Lords of Daily Council; who, instead of sitting by Terms or Sessions, were ordained to sit continually, to decide on all civil matters, &c. To this permanent Court, the title of THE SESSION does not seem quite applicable; and the College of Justice, in its present form, was not instituted until 1532, about ten years after the death of DUNBAR. We may therefore suppose the poem to have been written about the year 1500. The Lords of Session then consisted of committees of members of the Parliamentary Estates, who sat by turns. One of the regulations of 1457 is curious: "As twitching the expences of the said Judges, the Lordes of the three estaites thinks that the Lordes of Session, of their awin benevolence, sould bear thair awin costis, considering the shortness of the time of thair sitting, the quhilk is but fortie days, and peradventure, in sevin yeire not to come again to them." They were, however, allowed a share of some trifling fines for offences, that seemingly did not affect life or limb.]

I.

ANE murelandis man of uplandis mak,
At hame thus to his nychbour spak,

Quhat

Quhat tidings, goffep? peax or weir?
 The tother rounit in his eir,
 I tell yow this under confessioun,
 But laitly lichtit of my meir,
 I come of Edinburgh fra the fessioun.

II.

Quhat tydingis hard ye thair, I pray yow?
 The tother answerit, I fall say yow;
 Keip this all secreit, gentill brother,
 Is na man thair that trestis ane uther:
 Ane common doer of transgressioun,
 Of innocent folkis prevenis a futher:
 Sic tydings hard I at the fessioun.

III.

Sum with his fallow rownis him to pleis
 That wald for anger byt aff his neis.
 His fa sum by the oxtar leidis;
 Sum patteris with his mowth on beids,
 That hes his mynd all on oppreffioun;
 Sum beakis full law, and schawis bair heidis,
 Wald luke full heich war not the fessioun.

IV.

Sum bidand the law, layis land in wed;
 Sum superspendit gois to his bed;
 Sum speidis, for he in court hes meins;
 Sum of partialitie complenis,
 How feid and favour flemis discretioun;
 Sum speikis full fair, and falsly fenis:
 Sic thingis hard I at the fessioun.

V.

Sum casts summondis, and sum exceptis;
 Sum stand besyd and skaild law keppis;

Sum

Sum is continarit, sum wins, sum tynes ;
 Sum makis him mirry at the wynis ;
 Sum is put out of his possessioun ;
 Sum herreit, and on credens dynis :
 Sic tydings hard I at the fessioun.

VI.

Sum fweiris, and forsaikis God ;
 Sum in ane lamb-skin is ane tod ;
 Sum in his tung his kyndness turfis ;
 Sum cuttis throattis, and sum cuttis purfis ;
 Sum gois to gallows with proceffioun ;
 Sum fains the fait, and sum thame curfis :
 Sic tydingis hard I at the fessioun.

VII.

Religious men of divers placis
 Cum thair to wow, and fé fair faces ;
 Baith Carmelitis and Cordilleris
 Cumis thair to genner and get ma freiris,
 And ar unmindfull of thair professioun ;
 The yunger at the eldair leiris :
 Sic tydings hard I at the fessioun.

VIII.

Thair cumis yung monkis of het complexioun,
 Of devoit mynd, luv, and affectioun ;
 And in the courte thair proude flesche dantis,
 Full fader-lyk, with pechis and pantis ;
 Thay ar so hummill of intercessioun,
 All mercifull wemen thair errand grantis :
 Sic tydings hard I at the fessioun.

St. 3. l. 1. "Sum with his *fallow* rownis him to pleis." One whispers in a familiar insinuating manner to his companion, or the person next him. HAILES.

St. 3. l. 4. "Sum patteris with his mowth on beids." One mutters his prayers, and tells his beads over. *Pitter-patter* is an expression still used by the vulgar; it is in allusion to the custom of muttering *pater-nosters*. H.

St. 4. l. 1. "Sum *bidand the law* layis land in *wed*." One mortgages his estate while his suit is depending. H.

— l. 5. "How *feid* and favour *flemis* discretioun." How enmity and favour banish discernment. H.

St. 5. This stanza will be both intelligible and entertaining to those who are acquainted with the forms of procedure in the court of session; to those who are not, a commentary would be nearly as obscure as the text. H.

— 3. "Sum is *continarit*." The BANN. MS. reads *concludit*.

St. 6. l. 6. "Sum *fains the fait*, and sum thame *curfis*." Some bless, others curse the judges. *Lords of the seat*, for judges of the court of session, is used in act 53. parliament 5. James V. and is an expression still remembered by the vulgar. H.

St. 7. l. 3. "Baith Carmelitis and Cordilleris." In order to point this satire more keenly, the author has selected his examples of incontinency from the severer orders of regular clergy. H.

Allan Ramsay, in his *Evergreen*, has added two stanzas, which are not only modern, but also, as it would seem, satirically aimed at individuals. Speaking of the great number of unemployed advocates, he says,

"But weil I wate, ane of ilk *ten*

"Micht very weil gane all the *fessioun*."

He did not advert, that at the institution of the college of justice, there were no more than *eight* advocates in all; Act 64. parliament 5. James V. H.

In the time of the old Court, the number was probably still smaller.

THE BENIFITE OF THEM WHO HAVE LADIES WHA CAN
BE GUDE SOLICITERS AT COURT.

[Written by DUNBAR, probably about the same time
with the preceding poem.]

I.

THIR ladys fair, that mak repair,
And at the court are kend,
In three days thair, they will do mair,
Ane matter for till end,
Than ther gudemen will do in ten,
For any craft they can,
Sae weil they ken, what time and quhen,
Thair manes they fuld mak than.

II.

With little noy they can convoy
A matter finally,
Richt myld and moy, and keip it coy,
On evens quietly ;
They do no miss, but gif they kifs,
And keeps collation ;
Quhat reck of this, thair matter is
Brocht to conclusion.

III.

Wit ye weil, they haif grit feil,
And mater to solist,
Trest as the steil, syne neir a deil,
Quhen they come hame is mist.

This

Thir lairds they are, methink richt far,
 Sic ladies behalden to,
 That fae weil dar gae to the bar,
 Quhen there is ocht to do.

IV.

Therefore I reid, gif ye haif pleid,
 Or matter into pley,
 To mak remeid, fend in your steid
 Your ladys graitht up gay ;
 They can deffend, even to the end,
 And matters forth exprefs ;
 Suppose they spend, it is unkend,
 Thair geir is nocht the lefs.

V.

In quiet place, thocht they have space,
 Within lefs nor twa hours,
 They can percase, purchace sum grace,
 At the compositours ;
 Thair composition but suspicioun
 Thair finally is endit,
 With expedition, full remissioun
 Thair seals then are to pendit.

VI.

All hale almost they make the cost,
 With sober recompence,
 Richt little lost, they get indorst,
 All hale their evidence,
 Sic ladys wyfe, they are to pryze,
 So say the verity,
 Sae can devyse, and none suppryse
 Thame nor thair honesty.

HERE BEGYNNIS ANE LITIL TRETIE, INTITULIT THE GOL-
DIN TERGE, COMPILIT BY MAISTER WILYAM DUNBAR.

*It will not afford much entertainment to those who, in
ancient poems, seek for the manners of a remote age ;
but it is rich in description and allegory, and appears
to have been much admired in the days of its author.
By it SIR DAVID LINDSAY estimates the poetical me-
rit of DUNBAR,*

— “ Who langage had at lerge
As may be seen into his *Golden Terge*.”

*It is found in both of the Ancient Manuscripts, and
also in MILLER and CHEPMAN'S Miscellany 1508,
printed in the author's life-time, and probably under
his own inspection. This curious Miscellany was un-
known to the former publishers.]*

I.

RICHT as the sterne of day begouth to schyne,
Quhen gone to bed was Vesper and Lucyne,
I raise, and by ane rosere did me rest ;
Upsprang the goldyn candill matutine,
With cleir depurit bemys christallyne,
Glading the mery fowlis in thair nest,
Or Phoebus wes in purpoure cape revest ;
Upraise the lark, the hevenis menstral fyne
In May intill a morrow mirthfullest,

II.

Full angelyk thir birdis sang thair houris
Within thair courtyngis grene, into thair bouris,
Apperrellit

Apperrellit quhite and reid, with blumys sweit ;
 Ennamelit wes the feild with all cullouris,
 The perlie droppis schuke in filver schouris ;
 Quhyle all in balme did branche and levis fleit.
 To pairt fra Phœbus did Aurora greit ;
 Hir cristall teiris I saw hing on the flouris,
 Quhilk he for lufe all drank up with his heit.

III.

For mirth of May, with skippis and with hoppis,
 The birdis sang upon the tendir croppis,
 With curious note, as Venus chapell-clarks,
 The rosis yung, new spreiding of their knoppis,
 Were powderit bricht with hevinly berial droppis,
 Throw bemis rede, burning as ruby sparkis ;
 The skyis rang for schoutyng of the larkis,
 The purpour hevin our-scailit in filver floppis,
 Owregilt the treis, branchis, lef, and barkis.

IV.

Doun throu the ryce ane revir ran with stremis
 So lustely agayn the lykand lemys,
 That all the lake as lamp did leme of licht,
 Quhilk shaddowit all about with twynkline glemis ;
 The bewis baithit war in secund bemis,
 Throu the reflex of Phœbus visage brycht.
 On every syde the hegies raise on hicht :
 The bank wes grene, the bruke wes full of bremys,
 The stanneris cleir as stern in frosty nycht.

V.

The crystall air, the sapher firmament,
 The ruby skyis of the orient,
 Kest berial bemis on emerant bewis grene,
 The rosy garth depaynt and redolent
 With purpour, azure, gold, and goulis gent,

Arrayit

Arrayit wes be Dame Flora the Quene
 Sa nobilly, that joy wes for to sene.
 The roch agane the rivir, resplendent
 As low, enlumynit all the levis schene.

VI.

Quhat throu the mery foulis armony,
 And throu the ryveris sound rycht ran me by,
 On Florayis mantill I slepit as I lay;
 Quhair sone into my dremes fantasy
 I saw approche agane the orient sky,
 An faill, as quhyte as blossom upon spray,
 Wyth mast of gold, bricht as the sterne of day.
 Quhilk tendit to the land full lustely,
 As falcoun swift desyrouse of hir pray.

VII.

And hard on burd into the blumyt medis,
 Amang the grene rispis and the redis,
 Arryvit scho quhairfro anon thair lands;
 Ane hundreth ladeis lustie intill weids,
 As fresche as flouris that in May upspredis,
 In kirtills grene, withoutyn kell or bandis.
 Thair bricht hairis hang gleting on the strandis
 In treffis cleir, wyppit with goldin threidis,
 With papis quhyt, and middills small as wands.

VIII.

Discryve I wald, bot quho cowth weill endyte
 How all the fieldis, with thair lilleis quhyte,
 Depaint war bricht, quhilk to the hevyn did glete:
 Noucht thou, Omer, als fair as thou coud wryte,
 For all thy ornat stylis so perfyete;
 Nor yit thou, Tullius, quhois lippis swete
 Of rethorike did intill termis fleit;

Your

Your aureat tongis baith bene all to lyte,
For to compyle that paradyse compleit.

IX.

Thair saw I Nature, and Dame Venus Quene,
The fresche Aurora, and Lady Flora schene,
Juno, Latona, and Proserpina,
Dyane the goddes chaift of woddis grene,
My Lady Clio, that help of Makaris bene,
Thetes, Pallas, and prudent Minerva,
Fair faynit Fortoun, and lemand Lucina,
Thir mighty Quenis with crownis mycht be sene
With bemis blyth, bricht as Lucifera.

X.

Thair saw I May, of myrthfull monethis Quene,
Betwixt Apryle and June, hir sifteris schene,
Within the gardyne walkand up and doun
Quham of the foulis gladdith all bedene ;
Scho was full tendir in her yeeris grene.
Thair saw I Nature present her a gown,
Rich to behald, and nobil of renoun,
Of every hew undir the hevin that bene
Depaynt, and broud be gude proportioun.

XI.

Full lustily thir ladyes all in fere
Enterit within this park of maist plesere,
Quhair that I lay ourhelit with levis ronk ;
The mery fowlis, blifsfullest of chere,
Salust Nature, methocht, on thair manere,
And every blome on brenche, and eke on bonk,
Opnyt and spred thair balmy levis donk,
Full low enclyneyng to thair Quene full cleir,
Quhame of thair noble norising thay thonk.

XII.

XII.

Syne to Dame Flora, on the samyn wyis,
 They salust, and thay thank a thousand fyis;
 And to Dame Venus, Luvis mighty quene,
 They sang balletis of luvē, as was the gyis,
 With amorous nottis lusty to devyis;
 As thay that had luvē in thair hairtis grene
 Thair hony throttis openit fro the splene,
 With werbills fwete did pers the hevinly skyes,
 Quhyll loud resounit the firmament ferene.

XIII.

Ane uthir court thair saw I consequent,
 Cupeid the King, wyth bow in hand y-bent,
 And dredeful arrowis grundyn scharp and squair.
 Thair saw I Mars, the god armipotent
 Awfull and sterne, strong and corpolent.
 Thair saw I crabbit Saturne, ald and haire,
 His luke wes lyk for to perturb the air.
 Thair wes Mercurius, wise and eloquent,
 Of rethorik that fand the flouris fair.

XIV.

Thair wes the god of gardynis Priapus,
 Thair wes the god of wildernes Phanus,
 And Janus, god of entree delytable;
 Thair was the god of fludis, Neptunus;
 Thair was the god of windis, Eolus,
 With variand luke, like rycht ane lord unstable;
 Thair was Bachus, the gladder of the table;
 Thair was Pluto, the elrich *incubus*,
 In cloke of grene, his court usit nosable.

XV.

And eviry one of thir in grene arrayit,
 On herp or lute full merely thai playit,

And sang ballettis with mighty nottis cleir :
 Ladeis to daunse full sobirly affrayit,
 Endland the lusty ryver so thay mayit,
 Thair observance rycht hevynly wes to heir ;
 Than crap I throw the levis, and drew neir,
 Quhair that I was rycht fudaynly affrayit,
 All throw a luke quhilk I haif boucht full deir.

XVI.

And schortly for to speke, be Luvis Quene
 I was espyit, scho bad hir archeris kene
 Go me arrest ; and thay no tyme delayit ;
 Than ladeis fair lete fall thair mantils grene.
 With bowis and bag, in tressit hairis schene,
 All fudaynly thay had a felde arrayit ;
 And yit rycht gretly was I noucht affrayit ;
 The pairty was so plesand for to sene,
 A woundir lusty bikkar me affayit.

XVII.

And first of all, with bow in hand ybent,
 Come Dame Bewtee, richt as scho wald me schent ;
 Syne followit all her damofalls yfeir,
 With mony divers awfull instrument.
 Unto the pres fair Having with hir went ;
 Syne Portrature, Plesance, and lusty Cheir.
 Than come Resson, with schelde of gold so cleir,
 In plate and maille, as Mars armipotent,
 Defendit me that noble chevellere.

XVIII.

Syne tender Youth come wyth hir virgyns ying,
 Grene Innocence, and shame-full Abasing,
 And quaking Drede, with humyll Obedience ;
 The Golden Terge harmyt thay nothing ;
 Curage in thame wes nocht begonne to spring :

Full

Full soire thay dred to do a violence.
 Swete Womanheid I saw cum in presence,
 Of Artilye a warld scho did inbring,
 Servit with ladeis full of reverence.

XIX.

Scho led with hir Nurtour and Lawlines,
 Contenance, Pacience, Gudfame, and Stedfastnes,
 Discretioun, Gentrise, and Considerans,
 Levefull Cumpany, and Honest Besynes,
 Benigne Luke, Myld Cheir, and Sobirnes.
 All thir bure ganyeis to do me grevance ;
 Bot Ressoun bure the Terge with fik constance ;
 Thair scharp assayes might do no dures,
 To me for all thair awfull ordyvance.

XX.

Unto the pres pursewit hie Degré,
 Hir followit ay Estait and Dignitie,
 Comparisoun, Honor, and Nobill Arrey,
 Will, Wantonnes, Renown, and Libertee,
 Richeffe, Fredome, and eik Nobilitee ;
 Wit ye thay did thair baner hye display,
 A cloud of arowis as hayle-schour loufit thay,
 And schott quhill waistit wes thair artelyé,
 Syne went abak reboytit of thair pray.

XXI.

Quhen Venus had persavit this rebute,
 Diffymilance scho bad go mak persute,
 At all powere to perse the Goldyn Terge ;
 And scho that was of doubilnes the rute,
 Askit her chois of archeiris in refute.
 Venus the best bad her go wale at lerge,
 Scho tuke Presens plicht ankers of the berge,

And

And Fair callyng, that weill a flayn coud schute,
And Cherriffing for to compleit hir charge.

XXII.

Dame Hamelynes scho tuke in cumpany,
That hardy was, and heynd in archery,
And broucht Dame Bewty to the felde agane;
With all the choise of Venus chevalry
They come, and bikkerit unabasitly;
The shour of arrowis rappit on as raine,
Perilouse Presens, that mony fyre hes flaine,
The battell brocht on bordour hard us by,
The salt was all the farar futh to fayn.

XXIII.

Thik was the schott of grundyn dartis kene;
Bot Ressoun, with the Scheld of Gold so schene,
Warly defendit quhosevir affayit:
The awfull stour he manly did sustene,
Quhill Presens kest ane puldir in his ene,
And than as drunken man he all for-vayit;
Quhen he wes blynd the fule with him thay playit,
And baneist him amang the bewis grene;
That fory ficht me suddanly affrayit.

XXIV.

Than was I woundit till the deth wele neir,
And yoldin as ane wofull prifoneir
To Lady Bewty, in a moment space.
Methocht scho femit lustyar of cheir,
After that Ressoun tynt had his ene cleir,
Than of befoir, and lusfiare of face:
Quhy was thou blindit, Ressoun? quhy, allace!
And gert ane hell my paradyse appeir,
And mercy seme quhair that I fand no grace.

XXV.

XXV.

Diffimulance was besy me to fyle,
 And Fair Calling did oft apone me smyle,
 And Cherishing me fed with wordis fair;
 New Acquittance embrasit me a quhyle,
 And favoryt me quhyll men nicht ga ane myle,
 Syne tuk her leif, I saw hir nevir mair:
 Than saw I Dengir toward me repair,
 I cowth eschew hir presens be no wyle,
 On fyde scho lukit with ane fremyt fare.

XXVI.

And at the last deperting coud hir dresse,
 And me deliverit unto Hevynes
 For to remane, and scho in cure me tuke;
 Be this the lord of wyndis, with wodeness
 God Eolus his bowgill blew I gefis;
 That with the blast the levis all to schuke,
 And sudaynly in the space of a luke
 All wes hyne went, thair wes bot wildirness,
 Thair wes no moir bot birdis bank and bruke.

XXVII.

In twynckling of ane ee to schip thay went,
 And swyth up faill unto the top thay stent,
 And with swift course attour the flude thay frak;
 Thay fyrit gunnis with powder violent,
 Till that the reik raise to the firmament,
 The rockis all resounyt with the rak,
 For rede it semyt that the rane-bow brak;
 With spreit affrayit apoun my feit I spreit
 Amangis the clewis, sa cairfull wes the crak.

XXVIII.

And as I did awake of this sweving,
 The joyfull birdis merily did sing

For

For mirth of Phebus tendir bemis schene ;
 Sweit war the vapouris, soft the morrowing,
 Hailsum the vaill, depaynt with flouris ying,
 The air attemperit sobir and amene ;
 In quhyt and reid was all the felde besene,
 Throw Naturis nobill fresch annameling,
 In mirthfull May, of every moneth Quene.

XXIX.

O reverend Chaucere, rose of Rethoris all,
 As in oure tong ane flour imperial,
 That raise in Britane evir, quha reidis richt,
 Thou beris of makaris the tryumph ryall,
 Thy fresche annamallit termes celicall ;
 This mater coud illumynit have full brycht ;
 Was thou noucht of our inglisch all the lycht,
 Surmounting every tong terrestriall,
 Als fer as Mayis morrow dois midnycht !

XXX.

O morale Gower, and Lydgait laureat,
 Your fugarit lippis, and tongis aureat,
 Bene to our eiris cause of grit delyte :
 Your angel mouthis most mellifluate,
 Our rude langage hes cleir illumynat,
 And fair ourgilt our speche, that imperfyte
 Stude, or your goldin pennis schup to wryt
 This yle befoir wes bair, and dissolate
 Of rethorik, or lusty fresche indyte,

XXXI.

Thou litill quair be evir obedient,
 Humyll, subject, and semple of intent,
 Befoir the face of every conning wicht,
 I knaw quhat thou of rethoric may spent,
 Of all hir lusty roisis redolent,

Is nane into thy gerland fett on hicht ;
 Eschame tharof, and draw thé out of ficht :
 Rude is thy weid, desteynit, bair, and rent,
 Wele aucht thou be affeirit of the licht.

St. 29. Every one must admit the justice of the panegyric here introduced on CHAUCER, who was indeed a prodigy,

O reverend CHAUSERE, rose of rethouris all, &c.
 Was thou nocht of *our inglis* all the licht !

From this passage we find that DUNBAR called the language in which he wrote *Englis* ; in opposition to the *Iris*, as spoken in the Highlands of Scotland, which was then called *Scottis*. SIR DAVID LINDSAY uses the same expression when speaking of GAVIN DOUGLAS.

— “ In *our inglis* rhetorick the rose.”

The phrase is therefore misinterpreted by LORD HAILES, who says that DUNBAR, from using it, “ seems to have looked upon himself as an Anglo-Saxon, because he was born in East Lothian.” The colloquial language of the low-lands of Scotland was not distinguished by the title of SCOTTISH, till a collection of poems, some of them of that description, was published by James Watson in 1706-9-11. ;—apparently the first poetical Miscellany printed in Scotland after that of MILLAR and CHEPMAN in 1508—a period of TWO HUNDRED years !

St. 30. And has our-gilt our speiche, &c. Nothing, (says LORD HAILES,) distinguishes the genius of the English language so much as its general naturalization of foreigners. DRYDEN, in the reign of CHARLES II. printed the following words as pure French, newly imported. *Amour, billet-doux, caprice, chagrin, conversation, double-entendre, embarrassed, fatigue, figure, foible, gallant, good graces, grimace, incendiary, levee, maltreated, rallied, repartee, ridicule, tender, tour* ; with several others, which are now considered as natives. *Marriage-a-la-mode.*

THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE.

[*This is a poem of acknowledged merit: Every reader will remember MR LANGHORNE'S encomium:*

"Time still spares the Thistle and the Rose."

It was occasioned by the nuptials of JAMES IV. King of Scots, and MARGARET TUDOR, the eldest daughter of HENRY VII. King of England: An event on which the fate of the two nations has turned throughout every succeeding age; to it we owe the union of the crowns, the union of the kingdoms, and the Protestant succession.

The poem was finished, as DUNBAR himself informs us, on the 9th of May, 1503, near three months before the arrival of the Queen in Scotland. She was the patroness of Poetry at its early dawn with us. STEWART, in his poem called Lerges, lerges, thus gratefully speaks, stanza 10.

*"Grit God releif Margaret our Quene,
"For and scho war as scho hes bene,
"Scho wald be lurger of lufray
"Than all the laif that I of mene,
"For lerges of this new-yeir day."]*

I.

QUHEN Merche wes with variand windis past,
And Appryll had with hir silver shouris,
Tane leif at nature, with ane orient blast,
And lusty May, that muddir is of flouris,

Had

Had maid the birdis to begyn thair houris,
 Amang the tendir odouris reid and quhyt,
 Quhois harmony to heir it wes delyt.

II.

In bed at morrow, fleiping as I lay,
 Methocht Aurora, with her cristall ene,
 In at the window lukit by the day,
 And halfit me, with visage paile and grene;
 On quhois hand a lark fang fro the splene,
 Awalk luvaris out of your flemering,
 Se how the lusty morrow dois upspring.

III.

Methocht fresche May befoir my bed upstude,
 In weid depaynt of mony diverse hew,
 Sober, benyng, and full of mansuetude,
 In bright atteir of flouris forgit new,
 Hevinly of color, quhyt, reid, brown, and blew,
 Balmit in dew, and gilt with Phebus bemys;
 Quhyl all the house illumynit of her lemys.

IV.

Slugart, scho said, awalk annone for schame,
 And in my honor fumthing thow go wryt;
 The lark hes done the mirry day proclame,
 To rais up luvaris with comfort and delyt,
 Yet nocht increfs thy curage to indyt,
 Quhois hairt sumtyme hes glaid and blifsfull bene,
 Sangis to mak undir the levis grene.

V.

Quhairto, quoth I, fall I upryse at morrow,
 For in this May few birdis herd I sing;
 Thay haif moir cause to weip and plane their forrow;

Thy air it is nocht holfum nor benyng ;
 Lord Eolus dois in thy fessone ring :
 So busteous ar the blastis of his horne,
 Amang thy bewis to walk I haif forborne.

VI.

With that this lady sobirly did smyll,
 And said, Uprise, and do thy observance ;
 Thou did promyt, in Mayis lusty quhyle,
 For to discryve the Rose of most plesance.
 Go se the birdis how thay sing and dance,
 Illumynit our with orient skyis brycht,
 Anamyllit richely with new asur lycht.

VII.

Quhen this wes said, departit scho this quene,
 And enterit in a lusty gardyng gent ;
 And than methocht full hestely besene,
 In serk and mantill after her I went
 Into this garth most dulce and redolent,
 Of herb and flour, and tendir plantis sweit,
 And grene levis doing of dew down fleit.

VIII.

The purpour sone, with tendir bemys reid,
 In orient bricht as angell did appeir,
 Throw goldin skyis putting up his heid,
 Quhois gilt treffis schone so wondir cleir,
 That all the world tuke comfort, fer and neir,
 To luke upone his fresche and blifsfull face,
 Doing all fable fro the Hevynis chace.

IX.

And as the blifsfull foune of cherarchy
 The foulis fung throu comfort of the lycht ;
 The

The burdis did with oppin vocis cry
 To luvaris so, Away thow duly nicht,
 And welcum day that comfortis every wicht;
 Hail May, hail Flora, hail Aurora schene,
 Hail princes Nature, hail Venus, Luvis quene.

X.

Dame Nature gaif ane inhibitioun thair
 To fers Neptunus, and Eolus the bauld,
 Nocht to perturb the watter nor the air,
 And that no schouris and no blastis cawld
 Effray fuld flouris nor fowlis on the fauld:
 Scho bad eik Juno, goddes of the sky,
 That scho the hevin fuld keip amene and dry.

XI.

Scho ordaind eik that every bird and beist
 Befoir her Hienes fuld annone compeir,
 And every flour of vertew, most and leift,
 And every herb be feild baith fer and neir,
 As they had wont in May fro yeir to yeir,
 To hir thair makar to mak obediens,
 Full law inclynand with all due reverens.

XII.

With that annone scho fend the fwyift ro
 To bring in beistis of all conditioun;
 The restles swallow commandit scho also
 To fetch all foull of small and greit renown;
 And to gar flouris compeir of all fassoun,
 Full craftely conjurit scho the yarrow,
 Quhilk did forth swirk as swift as ony arrow.

XIII.

All present wer in twynkling of ane ee,
 Baith beist, and bird, and flour, befoir the Quene.

At

At first the Lyone, gretast of degré,
 Was callit thair ; and he most fair to sene,
 With a full hardy countenance and kene,
 Befoir Dame Nature come, and did inclyne,
 With visage bauld, and courage leonyne.

XIV.

This awfull beist full terrible of cheir,
 Perfing of luke, and stout of countenance,
 Rycht strong of corpes, of fassoun fair, but feir,
 Lusty of shaip, lycht of deliverance,
 Reid of his cullour, as the ruby glance,
 In feild of gold he stude full mychtely,
 With floure-de-lycis firculit lustely.

XV.

This lady listit up his clavis cleir,
 And leit him listly lene upone hir kné,
 And crownit him with dyademe full deir,
 Of raydous stonis, most ryall for to fé ;
 Saying, The King of Beistis mak I thé,
 And the protector cheif in wodds and schawis,
 To thy leigis go furth, and keip the lawis.

XVI.

Exerce justice with mercy and consciens,
 And lat no small beist suffir skaith na scornis
 Of greit beistis that bene of moir puissance :
 Do law alyk to aipis and unicornis,
 And lat no bowgle with his busteous hornis
 The meik pluch-ox oppress, for all his pryd,
 Bot in the yok go peciable him besyd.

XVII.

Quhen this was said, with noyis and soun of joy
 All kynd of beistis into thair degré

At onis cryit laud, *Vive le Roy*,
 And till his feit fell with humilité ;
 And all thay maid him homege and fewté ;
 And he did thame reffaif with princely laitís,
 Quhois noble yre is *Proteir Prostratis*.

XVIII.

Syne crownit scho the Egle King of Fowlis,
 And as steill dertis fcherpit scho his pennis,
 And bad him be als just to awppis and owlis,
 As unto pakokkis, papingais, or crenis,
 And mak ae law for wicht fowlis and for wrennis,
 And lat no fowll of ravyne do effray,
 Nor birdis devoir, bot his awin pray,

XIX.

Than callit scho all flouris that grew on feild,
 Discryving all thair fassious and effeirs ;
 Upon the awfull THRISSILL scho beheld,
 And saw him keipit with a busche of speiris ;
 Considering him so able for the weiris,
 A radius crown of rubies scho him gaif,
 And said, in feild go furth, and fend the laif.

XX.

And sen thou art a King, thou be discreit ;
 Herb without vertew thow hald nocht of pryce
 As herb of vertew and of odor sweit ;
 And lat no nettill vyle, and full of vyce,
 Hir fallow to the gudly flour-de-lyce ;
 Nor lat no wyld weid full of churlishness
 Compair her till the lilleis nobilness.

XXI.

Nor hald no udir flour in sic denty
 As the fresche ROSE, of cullor reid and quhyt :

For

For gif thou dois, hurt is thyne honesty ;
 Confiddering that no flour is so perfyt,
 So full of vertew, plesans, and delyt,
 So full of blifsfull angelik bewty,
 Imperial birth, honour, and dignité.

XXII.

Than to the Rose scho turnit hir visage,
 And said, O lusty dochtir most benyng,
 Aboif the lilly lustrare of lynage,
 Fro the stok ryall ryfing fresche and ying,
 But ony spot or macull doing spring ;
 Cum bloume of joy with jemmis to be cround,
 For our the laif thy bewty is renound.

XXIII.

A costly crown, with clarefeid stonis bricht,
 This cumly Quene did on hir heid inclose,
 Quhyll all the land illumynit of the lycht ;
 Quhairfoir methocht the flouris did reiose,
 Crying at anis, Haill be thou richest Rose,
 Haill hairbis Empryce, haill freschest Quene of flouris,
 To thé be glory and honour at all houris.

XXIV.

Than all the birdis song with voce on hicht,
 Quhois mirthfull soun wes marvellus to heir ;
 The mavys sang, Haill Rose most riche and richt,
 That dois upflureifs under Phebus spheir !
 Haill plant of youth, haill Princes dochtir deir,
 Haill blofome breking out of the blud royall,
 Quhois pretius vertew is imperial.

XXV.

The merle scho sang, Haill Rose of most delyt,
 Haill of all fluris quene and foverane.

The

The lark scho fang, Haill Rose both reid and quhyt,
 Most pleasand flour, of mighty coullors twane.
 The nichtingail song, Haill Naturis suffragene
 In bewty, nurtour, and every nobilness,
 In riche array, renown, and gentilness.

XXVI.

The common voce upraise of burdis small
 Upon this wys, O bliffit be the hour
 That thou wes chofin to be our principall;
 Welcome to be our Princes of honour,
 Our perle, our plesans, and our paramour,
 Our peace, our play, our plane felicité;
 Chryst thé conferf frome all adversté.

XXVII.

Than all the burdis song with sic a schout
 That I anone awoilk quhair that I lay,
 And with a braid I turnit me about
 To se this court; bot all wer went away:
 Then up I leinyt, halflinges in affrey,
 Callt to my Muse, and for my subject chois
 To sing the Ryel Thriffill and the Rose.

St. I. l. I. "Quhen Merche wes with *va-ri-and* windis past."

ALLAN RAMSAY, not attending to the rules, or rather to the licence,
 of Scottish prosody, changed the expression into

"Quhen Merche with variand winds was over-past."

This may be a better line than what DUNBAR could make; but it is
 the business of a publisher to set forth other mens works, not his own.

— l. 2. "Appryle." This word is to be pronounced as a trissyl-
 lable. The Scots still pronounce *April* thus, *Aperil*; Lat. *Aprilis*. Pos-
 sibly DUNBAR wrote *Aprilis*, as in the very first line of his master,
 CHAUCER.

St. 1. l. 4. "Thair *bouris*." Hours, *heures*, means their matins or morning-orisons. CHAUCER has made a full choir of birds: p. 570. URIE's edition,

"On May-day when the lark began to ryse,
"To *Matins* went the lusty nightingal, &c."

In the *Evergreen*, DUNBAR's verse is turned thus: "Begin by *timous bours*;" which is both prosaic, and wide of the sense of the poet.

St. 2. l. 5. "Fro the *splene*." From the splene, or, as we would now say, from the heart, assiduously, ardently. It appears to have been a fashionable phrase in the 16th century, but is now forgotten.

St. 7. l. 7. "Doing of dew down fleit;" i. e. quickly dropping dew.

St. 9. l. 1. "And as the *blisfull sone of cherarchy*." Instead of *of cherarchy*, the *Evergreen* has, "drave up the sky." "The blisfull sone of cherarchy," means the thanksgiving of the angels, in allusion to Job xxxviii. the holy shout of the host angelical.

St. 10. l. 4. "No *schouris*." The word "*schouris*," must be pronounced as a trissyllable, *Scho-u-ris*. In the *Evergreen* there is substituted,

"That nowther blasby shower, nor blasts mair cauld."

A line adapted to modern prosody, making *schouris* from three syllables, and *blasby* from two, to become one; adding *blasby*, a superfluous epithet, and *mair*, an unmeaning comparative.

St. 12. l. 6. "Full craftely conjurit scho the *yarrow*." The *yarrow* is *Achillea*, or *Millefolium*, vulgarly *sneefwort*. I know no reason for selecting this plant to go on the message to all flowers, but that its name has been supposed to be derived from *arrow*, being held a remedy for flesh wounds inflicted by that weapon. The poet, in apology for personifying *sneefwort*, has added, "full craftily conjurit scho." A ridiculous enough example of the *ratio ultima vatum*, the ΘΕΟΣ ΑΠΟ ΜΗΧΑΝΗΣ.

St. 13. l. 7. "And *courage leonyne*." ALLAN RAMSAY observes, "this perhaps may be smiled at; but there is as much to laugh at in the modern phrase, of one's looking like himself." I cannot admit, as a sufficient apology for an old phrase, that a newer one equally absurd is still employed. Indeed the expression *courage leonyne*, used of a lion, has nothing at which "one may smile," unless that *one* be of the vulgar, who judge of language without learning, and deride what they do not understand. The expression means no more, than "with a heart such as befits a lion." In old French, *courage* means *coeur*. Thus *courage feminine*, would, from analogy, mean the tender sensibility which befits the nature of woman.

St. 14.

St. 14. The manner of blazoning the Scottish arms is ingenious and elegant.

St. 17. l. 7. "Quhois noble yre is *proteir prostratis*." This obscure expression was not understood by ALLAN RAMSAY. In place of it he has, happily enough, substituted "his greitnes mitigates." There is, probably, some error in the MS. From the word *prostratis* being used, a very intelligent gentleman concludes, that the passage, however corrupted, has an allusion to the manly sentiment of VIRGIL, *parcere subiectis*: Thus expressed in the motto of an illustrious family, "Est nobilis ira leonis."

St. 21. This is an ingenious exhortation to conjugal fidelity, drawn from the high birth, beauty, and virtues of the Princess Margaret.

St. 22. l. 3. "Aboif the lilly, lustrare of lynage." Of more noble lineage than the lilly. He prefers *Tudor* to *Valois*; for there can be no doubt that the lilly means France.

St. 25. l. 4. "Of mighty coullors twane." The white of York, and the red of Lancaster. The medal of JAMES I. is well known: "*Rosas Henricus, regna Jacobus*;" Evelyn of medals, p. 102. May there never be occasion to add, "*At quis concordet animos?*"

St. 27. The conclusion of this stanza is taken from ALLAN RAMSAY, who caught the spirit of DUNBAR, which DUNBAR himself seems to have let escape, by his bald and prosaic conclusion,

"And thus I wret as ye haif hard to sorrow,

"Of lusty May upone the nynt morrow."

A conclusion worse, if worse may be, than the lines of BEN JONSON to SIR KENELM DIGBY:

"Witness thy victory gained at Scanderoon,

"Upon thy birth day the eleventh of June."

[This poem has been handed down in the MAITLAND MS. collection, and presents us with a curious picture of the Court of JAMES IV. probably AFTER his marriage. "Advocats in chaumer," are pretty wives, concerning whom see p. 251.]

BE divers wayis and operationis
Men maks in court thair solistationis.
Sum be service, and diligence:
Sum be continual residence:
On substance sum men dois abyde,
Quhill fortoun do for thame provyde.
Sum sings. Sum dances. Sum tell storyis.
Sum lait at ewin brings in the moryis.
Sum flyrds. Sum fenyeis: and sum flatters.
Sum playis the fuil, and all owt clatters.
Sum man, mufand be the waw,
Luiks as he mycht nocht do at aw.
Sum standis in a nuik, and rownes:
For covatyce ane uthair neir swownes.
Sum beris as he wald ga wud
For heit desyr of warlds gud.
Sum at the mefs levis all devotioun.
And besy labours for promotioun.
Sum hes thair advocatts in chaumir,
And taks thamefelf thairoff no glawmir.

My sempilnes, amang the laiff,
Wait of na way, sa God me faif,
Bot, with ane humble cheir and face,
Referrs me to the kyngis grace.
Methink his gracious contenance
In ryches my sufficiance.

ON A DANCE IN THE QUEEN'S CHAMBER.

[*This piece seems evidently not meant for broad day, but a mere poësie de société. The third stanza, and a subsequent line, give us odd ideas of the court of QUEEN MARGARET; but certainly they are mere falsities of buffoonery to make the persons ridiculous. MISS MUSGRAVE was probably an English Lady, the name not being Scottish. DUNBAR hints that his love for her was the talk of the court, and his praises do not confute it. This circumstance, with his appearance in a dance at court, shews that the poet was a person of some consequence, or estimation. The QUEEN'S Dog, (without doubt,) is DOIG, her wardrobe-keeper, whom we find hitched into rime in the two subsequent poems.*]

SCHIR John Sinclair begowth to dance,
For he wes new cum out of France.
For ony thing that he do micht,
His an futt yeid ay owr hycht,
And to the tother would not gree.
Quoth ane, 'Tak up the Quenis knycht.'
A mirrear dance micht na man see.

Than cam in Maistir Robert Schaw:
He lukit as he culd lern them a;
Bot ay his an futt did waver;

He

He stackerit lyke ane strummal aver
 Hop-schakelit abone the knee.
 To feik fra Stirling to Stranaver
 A mirrear dance nicht na man see.

Than cam in the maister Almaſer,
 Ane homelty-jomelty juſſler,
 Lyke a ſſirk ſtackarand in the ry :
 His hippis gaff mony heddous cry.
 John Bute the fule ſaid ‘ Woves me !
 ‘ He is bedirtin. Fy ! O fy !’
 A mirrear dance nicht na man ſee.

Than cam in Dunbar the mackar ;
 On all the flure thair was nane frackar,
 And thair he dauncet the Dirry-duntoun :
 He hoped, lyk a piller wantoun ;
 (For luſſ of Muſgraeſſe men fulis me.)
 He trippet quhill he tuir his pantoun.
 A mirrear dance nicht na man ſee.

Than cam in Maeftris Muſgraeſſe :
 Scho mycht haſſ lernit all the laeſſe.
 Quhen I ſaw hir ſa trimlye dance,
 Hir gud conwoy and contenance ;
 Than for hir ſaek I wiſſit to be
 The grytaſt erle, or duke, in France.
 A mirrear dance nicht na man ſee.

Than cam in dame Doutébour :
 God waitt giff that ſcho lukit ſour !
 Scho maid ſic morgeounis with hir hippis,
 For lauter nane mycht hald thair lippis.
 Quhen ſcho was danceand biſſilye,
 Ane blaſt of wind foun fra hir ſlippis.
 A mirrear dance nicht na man ſee.

Quhen

Quhen thair wes cum in fyve or fax,
 The Quenis Dog begouth to rax.
 And of his band he maid a bred;
 And to the dancing foun he him med.
 How masterlyk about yeid he!
 He stiniket lyk a tyk, sum said.
 A mirrear dance nicht na man fee.

St. 2. *Hop schakelit*; the two fore-legs fastened together. The phrase is still common.

St. 4. *He hopped lyk a piller*; seems equivalent to DOLL COMMON'S jest.

‘FALSTAFF. The rogue fled from me like quick silver.

‘DOLL. Ay, and thou followedst him *like a church*.’

Pantoun is *slipper* or *pump*.

St. 7. *And of his band he maid a bred*; perhaps means, “And tied his neckcloth with a bow or slip-knot.” MR PINKERTON, however, puts this down as a passage *not understood*.

UPON

UPON JAMES DOIG, KEPAR OF THE QUEIN'S WARDREP.

—seemingly because he had scrupled to deliver to DUNBAR a doublet, or suit of clothes which had been ordered him by the Queen.]

TO THE QUEIN.

THE wardraipper of Venus' bour
To giff a doublet he is als doure,
As it war off ane fute fyd frog.
Madame, ye heff a dangerous Dog.

Quhen that I schaw to him your markis,
He turns to me agane and barkis,
As he war wurriand ane hog.
Madame, ye heff a dangerous Dog.

Quhen that I schaw to him your wrytin,
He gurnis that I am 'red for bytin :
I wuld he had ane havy clog !
Madame, ye heff a dangerous Dog.

Quhen that I speik to him friendlyk,
He barkis lyke ane midding tyke
War chafand catel thro a bog.
Madame, ye heff a dangerous Dog.

He is ane mastyf, mekle of mycht,
To keip your wardrip ovir nicht
Fra the grit fowdan Gogmagog.
Madame, ye heff a dangerous Dog.

He is our mekil to be your meffoun,
Madame I red you get a les on ;
His gangarris all your chalmers schog.
Madame, ye heff a dangerous Dog.

UPON

UPON THE SAME.

TO THE SAME.

O GRACIOUS princes guid and fair !
Do weill to James your wardraipair ;
Quhais faythful brudermair freind I am.
He is no Dog ; he is a lam.

Thoch I in ballat did with him bourde,
In malice spak I never a word :
Bot all, Madame, to do you gam.
He is no Dog ; he is a lam.

Your hienes cannot get ane meter
To keip your wardreip ; nor discreter
To rewle your robbis, and dres the sam.
He is no Dog ; he is a lam.

The wyff, that he had in his innys,
That with the tangs wald birs his schynnis,
I wald scho drount war in a dam.
He is no Dog ; he is a lam.

The wyf that wald him kuckald mak,
I wald scho war, bayth syde and bak,
Weill batterit with ane barrow tram.
He is no Dog ; he is a lam.

He hes so weill done me obey
Ourtill all thing, thairfoir I pray
That nevir dolour mak him dram.
He is no Dog ; he is a lam.

TO THE KING.

[*This address appears to have been written while the Poet was yet in the practice of "setting himself to sing and dance."* LORD HAILES conjectures the meaning of the first line to be, "A divine hand has visited me with the pains of poverty."—the phrase, "silver sorrow," seeming to imply the anguish arising from the want of ready money. Our fore-fathers, in their zeal for making saints, were pleased to make a SANCT SALVATOUR.

We may suppose this to be one of the earliest of DUNBAR's addresses to JAMES IV. as it contains no request for a benefice. Hitherto he probably thought himself secure of promotion.]

I.

SANCT Salvatour send silver sorrow
It grevis me both evin and morrow,
Chafing fra me all cheritié;
It makis me all blythnes to borrow;
My panefull purs so priclis me.

II.

Quhen I wald blythlie ballattis breif,
Langour thairto givis me no leif;
Did nocht gud howp my hart uphie,
My verry corps for cair wald cleif;
My panefull purs so priclis me.

III.

III.

Quhen I fett me to sing or dance,
 Or go I to plesand pastance,
 Than pausing of penuritie
 Revis that fra my remembrance ;
 My panefull purs so priclis me.

IV.

Quhen men that hes purses in tone,
 Passes to drynk or to disjone,
 Than mon I keip ane gravetie,
 And say that I will fast quhill none ;
 My panefull purs so priclis me.

V.

My purs is maid of sic ane skin,
 Thair will na corfes byd it within ;
 Strait as fra the feynd thay fle,
 Quha evir tyne, quha evir win ;
 My panefull purs so priclis me.

VI.

Had I ane man of ony natioun,
 Culd mak on it ane conjuratioun,
 To gar silver ay in it be,
 The devill fuld haif no dominatioun
 With pyne to gar it prickill me.

VII.

I haif inquiryrit in mony a place,
 For help and confort in this cace,
 And all men sayis, my Lord, that ye
 Can best remeid for this malice,
 That with sic panis prickills me.

THE DAUNCE.

[The drawing of this picture is bold, and the figures well grouped. "I do not recollect, (LORD HAILES observes,) ever to have seen the seven deadly sins painted by a more masterly pencil than that of DUNBAR. His designs certainly excel the explanatory peacocks and serpents of CALLOT." In several passages, the poem appears to have some satyrical allusion to real life; its precise date may be ascertained, being that year of the reign of JAMES IV. when Lent began on the 16th February.]

I.

OF Februar the fiftene nycht,
Richt lang befoir the dayis lycht,
I lay intill a trance;
And than I saw baith hevin and hell,
Methocht amangis the feyndis fell,
Mahoun gart cry ane dance,
Of shrewis that wer never schrevin,
Against the feist of Fasternis evin,
To mak thair observance;
He bad gallands ga graith a gyis,
And cast up gamountis in the skyis,
As varlats dois in France.

II.

Lat se, quoth he, now quha beginis:
With that the fowll sevin deidly finis
Begowth to leip atanis.

And

And first of all in dance wes *Pryd*,
 With hair tollit bak, bonet on fyd,
 Lyk to mak vaistie wanis ;

And round about him as a quheill,
 Hang all in rumpillis to the heill,
 His heich cot for the nanis.

Mony proud trumpour with him trippit ;
 Throw skaldan fyre ay as they skippit,
 They girnd with hyddous granis.

III.

Heilie Harlottis in hawtane wyis
 Come in with mony findrie gyis,
 Bot yet luche nevir Mahoun,
 Quhill preistis cum with bair schevin nekks,
 Than all the feyndis lewche, and maid gekks,
 Black-belly and Bawfy-Brown.

IV.

Than *Yre* come in with sturt and stryfe ;
 His hand wes ay upoun his knyfe,
 He brandeist lyk a beir ;
 Bostaris, braggaris, and barganeris,
 Eftir him passit into pairis,
 All bodin in feir of weir.

In jakkis, stryppis, and bonnettis of steill,
 Thair leggis wer chenyiet to the heill,
 Frawart wes thair affeir ;
 Sum upoun uder with brandis best,
 Sum jagit utheris to the heft,
 With knyvis that scherp coud scheir.

V.

Next in the dance followit *Invy*,
 Fild full of feid and felony,
 Hid malice and dispyte.

For

For pryvie haterit that tratour trymlit,
 Him followit mony freik diffymlit,
 With fenyeit wordis quhyte ;
 And flattereris into menis facis,
 And back-byttaris in secreit placis,
 To ley that had delyte,
 With rownaris of fals lesingis ;
 Allace ! that courtis of noble kingis,
 Of thame can nevir be quyte.

VI.

Next him in dans come *Cuvatyce*,
 Rute of all evill, and grund of vyce,
 That nevir coud be content ;
 Catyvis, wrechis, and Ockeraris,
 Hud-pykis, hurdars, and gadderaris,
 All with that Warlo went :
 Out of thair throttis they shot on udder
 Hett moltin gold, methocht, a fudder
 As fyre-flaucht maist fervent ;
 Ay as thay tunit thame of schot,
 Feynds fild thame well up to the thrott,
 With gold of all kynd prent.

VII.

Syne *Sweirnes*, at the secound bidding,
 Com lyk a fow out of a midding,
 Full slepy wes his grunye.
 Mony sweir bumbard belly-huddroun,
 Mony flute daw, and slepy duddroun,
 Him servit ay with founye.
 He drew thame furth intill a chenyie,
 And Belliall, with a brydill renyie,
 Evir lascht thame on the lunye.
 In dance thay war so slaw of feit,
 They

They gaif thame in the fyre a heit,
And maid them quicker of counyie.

VIII.

Than *Lichery*, that lathly corfs,
Cam berand lyk a bagit horfs,
And Idilnefs did him leid ;
Thair wes with him an ugly fort,
And mony ftinkand fowll tramort,
That had in fyn bene deid :
Quhen thay wer enterit in the daunce,
Thay wer full ftrenge of countenance,
Lyk turkas burnand reid ;
All led thay uddir by the t——,
Suppoifs thay fyckit with thair a——,
It mycht be na remeid.

IX.

Than the fowll monfir *Glutteny*,
Of wame unfafiable and gredy,
To dance fyn did him drefs ;
Him followet mony foull drunckhart,
With can and collep, cop and quart,
In fuffet and excefs.
Full mony a waiftlefs wally-drag,
With waimis unweildable, did furth wag,
In creifche that did increfs.
Drynk, ay thay cryit, with mony a gaip ;
The feynds gave them hait leid to laip,
Thair lovery wes na lefs.

X.

Na menstralls playit to thame but dowl,
For glé-men thair wer haldin out,
Be day, and eik by nycht ;
Except a menstrall that flew a man ;

Sa till his heretage he wan,
And entirt be breif of richt.

XI.

Than cryd Mahoun for a Heleand Padyane;
Syn ran a feynd to fetch Makfadyane,
Far northwart in a nuke;

Be he the Correnoch had done schout,
Ersche men so gadderit him about,

In hell grit rume thay tuke:
Thae tarmegantis, with tag and tatter,
Full loud in Ersche begowt to clatter,
And rowp lyk revin and ruke.

The devill sa devit wes with thair yell,
That in the depest pot of hell
He smorit thame with smuke.

St. I. l. 6. "*Maboun*." According to MATTH. PARIS, p. 289. ad an. 1236, *Mabo* is the same with *Mahomet*. Du Cange, voc *Mabum*, has quoted various passages from the old French poets, which he thinks proves this. A more direct proof is to be found in the fragment of a Fairy tale, in the BANN. MS. where the following lines occur:

"The carling now for dispyte,
"Is mareit with *Maobomyte*,
"Sensyne the cokkis of Crawmound crew nevir a day,
"For dule of that devillish deme was with *Maboun* mareit," &c.

Here *Maboun* and *Mabomet* are evidently synonymous. It would seem that the Franks hearing the Saracens swear by their prophet, imagined him to be some evil spirit which they worshipped: Hence all over the western world *Maboun* came to be an appellation of the devil. HAILES.

— I. 7. "*Shrewis* that wer never schrevin." Accursed persons who had never made confession to the priest, nor of consequence obtained absolution.

— I. 10. "*Gallands ga graith a gyis*." Gallants prepare a mask. The exhibitions of *gyfarts* are still known in Scotland, being the same with the Christmas mummary of the English. In Scotland, even till the beginning of this century, maskers were admitted into any fashionable

able family, if the person who introduced them was known, and became answerable for the behaviour of his companions. Dancing with the maskers ensued.—This, probably, was the *promiscuous dancing*, the subject of many a sad declamation, borrowed from PRYNNE, and other writers of that sort.

— l. 12. “*Gamountis.*” *Gambade, crurum jactatio*, of the newest French fashions.

St. 2. l. 4. “And *first* of all in dance wes *Pryd.*” Pride properly takes place of all the other deadly sins. By that sin fell the angels.—He is described in the ceremony-habit of those times, in his bonnet and gown, his hair loosely thrown back, his cap awry; his *beich-coat, casoque*, or gown, industriously made to fall down to his feet in ample folds. Line 6th is obscure.

— l. 10. “*Trumpour.*” There is no word in English that approaches so nearly to the sense of this as the vulgar one, *rattle skull*. In the Low Dutch, *tromp* is a rattle; *trompen*, to rattle. It is more immediately derived from the French, *trompou*, when understood as that whereby one is deceived; for the context will not admit of our understanding it in the sense of an active cheat.

St. 3. l. 1. “*Heilie Harlottis on howtane wyis.*” This is a bold line, if it implies, as I think it does, “Holy whores in haughty guise.”

— l. 6. “*Elack-belly and Bawfy-Brown.*” Popular names of certain spirits. *Bawfy-Brown* seems to be the English Robin Goodfellow, known in Scotland by the name of *Brownie*. In the BANNATYNE MS. p. 104. among other spirits there occurs,

“Brownie als that can play know
“Behind the claith with mony mow.”

St. 4. l. 4. “*Bostaris, braggaris, and barganeris.*” Huffers, (or threatners,) boasters, and they who pick quarrels.

— l. 6. “*All bodin in feir of weir.*” Literally, all arrayed in feature of war. “*Bodin* and *feir of weir*, are both in the statute-book. Sir DAVID LINDSAY thus speaks of the state of Scotland during the minority of JAMES V.

“Oppression did sa loud his bugil blaw,
“That nane durst ride but into feir of weir.”

i. e. His horn so loudly did oppression blow,
That none durst journey but in martial shew.

— l. 7. “*In jakkis, stryppis, and bonnetis of steill.*” With short coats of mail, and steel head-pieces. *Stryppis* may signify *stirrups*. It is oddly joined with armour.

— l. 8. “*Thair leggis wer chenyiet to the heill.*” Probably their legs were all covered with iron net-work.

St. 5.

St. 5. l. 10. "With rownaris of fals lesingis." Rounders or whippers of false injurious reports. DUNBAR, with a generous indignation, laments that the gates of princes were not shut against the plague of such vermin.

St. 6. l. 6. "All with that *Warlo* went." "Warloch" is still used for a male witch or magician. See LYE in his additions to Junius, voc. *Warloch*. *Hud pyke*, was used in that age for a miser.

— l. 8. "A *fudder* or *fidder*." It is properly 128 lb. weight, but here it is used for any indefinite great quantity.

St. 7. l. 4. "Mony *sweir* *bumbard* belly-huddroun." *Sweir*, lazy, sluggish. In modern language, the consequence only is used; for *sweir* means unwilling. *Bumbard*: The meaning of this word is to be found in *Pierce Ploughman*, p. 24. p. 2. quoted by SKINNER. "And who so *bummed* thereof, bought it thereafter, a gallon for a grote." SKINNER says, "Videtur ex contextu, quicumque eam cerevisiam gustavit, vel quicumque eam appetiit seu concupivit." Hence *bummard*, *bumbard*, *bumpard*, must be a trier or a taster, "Celui qui goute." A *drammer* will be found to have a like signification; he who drinks often in small quantities. "*Belly-huddroun*." The word *buddroun* is still used for "a slovenly disorderly person."

— l. 5. "Mony flute *daw*, and slepy *duddroun*." *Slute*, *slewth*, slothful. *Daw*, idle, useless, creature. G. DOUGLAS says, Prologue to MAPHEUS's supplement, p. 452. l. 23.

"I wyl not be ane *daw*, I wyl not sleip."

"*Duddroun*." Probably it means a ghost, from A. S. *dydrunyha*. *Phantasmata*. See BENSON *Vocabularium Anglo-Saxonicum*.

— l. 6. "Him servit ay with *founyie*." Attended on him with care.

— l. 12. "Quicker of *counye*." Quicker of cunning or apprehension, or, perhaps, quicker of coin, of circulation or course. The law of the measure which DUNBAR uses, required that the 3d, 6th, 9th, and 12th lines of each stanza should rhyme together. This has fettered the poet, and obliged him to use several expressions, not because they were the aptest, but because they answered the measure best.

St. 8. l. 2. "*Berand* lyk a *bagit* hors." Neighing like a stone horse. The meaning of the Fr. *baguette* is well known.

— l. 5. "Tramort." Dead body, corpse.

— l. 9. "Lyk *turkas* burnand reid." Like red-hot pincers?

St. 9. l. 7. "Full mony a *waistless wally drag*." *Wally-dragle* is a word still used for the weakest bird in the nest, or the weakest chicken in the stock. It seems corrupted from *wallowit dreg*, a withered outcast, and

and thence by an easy metonymy, signifies any thing useless or unprofitable.

St. 9. l. 12. "Thair *lovery* wes na less." Their desire was not diminished; their thirst was insatiable.

St. 10. l. 2. "Glemen." Glee-men, or minstrels. See PIERCY'S *Dissertation on minstrels*, wherein many curious illustrations of British antiquities are to be found.

— l. 6. "And entirt be *breif of richt*." Was admitted to the possession of his inheritance in hell by the *Breve de recto*.

St. 11. This whole stanza is employed in satyrizing the Highlanders. Such was the illiberal practice of former times!

— l. 2. "Macfadyane." MAHOUN having expressed his desire to see an Highland pageant, a fiend hastened to fetch *Macfadyane*. I suppose this name was chosen by the poet as one of the harshest that occurred to him. In the BANNATYNE MS. there is a poem by Captain MONTGOMERY, the elegant author of *The Cherry and the Slae*, which begins thus:

"Finlay Macconnoquhy ful Macfadyan.

The rest of the poem is equally illiberal and scurrilous, and shews how poor, how very poor, genius appears, when its compositions are debased to the meanest prejudices of the meanest vulgar.

— l. 4. "Be he the *Correnoch* had done schout." As soon as he had made the cry of distress, or what in old French is called *à l'aide*. So in the ballad of the Battle of Harlaw. St. 1. l. 7. "Cryand the *Corynoch* on hie."

— l. 7. "Thae tarmegantis." See an account of the word *termagant* in LYE'S edition of *Junius*. That article, however, might have been more ample. I suspect that DUNBAR meant another word than *termagant*, or, "heathenish crew." The *Ptarmigan* is a species of wild-fowl well known in the Highlands of Scotland, and is called in our statute-book *termigant*—DUNBAR may have likened the Highlanders to a flock of their country birds; the context favours this interpretation, and thus his illiberal raillery will be like that of Essex calves, Hampshire hogs, Middlesex mungrels, Norfolk dumplings, Welch goats, &c. and his wit will be upon a footing with that of CLEVELAND.

" ——— when the Scots decease,

" Hell, like their nation, feeds on barnacles:

" A Scot, when from the gallows-tree got loose,

" Falls into Styx, and turns a soland goose.

[From the BANN. MS. compared with the Variations in the MAITLAND MS. The copy published by ALLAN RAMSAY in the Evergreen, is altered from the original in almost every line. Instead of the simple burden, he has inserted many lively repartees on the Devil's part, and sometimes has made him speak against his own interest, as in stanza 13th.

“ Quoth Nick thoult get far less with me.”

It is remarkable that many of the oaths that fell under the lash of DUNBAR'S satire, are actually recited in the 16th Act of QUEEN MARY, 1551, “ Devil stick, cummer, (i. e. cum over, or our,) gore, roist, or rieve them.” Penalties are inflicted by that statute on the users of such oaths: In particular it is provided, that, ane Prelate of Kirk, Earle, or Lord, “ shall, for the first offence, be fined in twelve pennies, and for the fourth fault, be banished or committed to prison during a complete year, and sik-like of all uther estaites, after their qualitie; and wemen to be weyed and considered conform to their bloude and estate.”]

I.

THIS nycht in sleip I was agast,
Methocht the devill wes tempand fast
The people with aithis of crewaltie,
Sayand, as throw the merkat he past,
Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

II.

II.

Methocht as he went throw the way,
 Ane preist sweirit braid, be God verey,
 Quhilk at the alter reffavit he ;
 Thow art my clerk, the devill can say,
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

III.

The court man be Chrystis woundis did sweir
 He wald serve Satan for sevin yeir
 For fair claithis, and gold plentie.
 The devil said, " Thaire's sum for geir
 Wald God renunce to dwell with me."

IV.

Ane merchand, his geir as he did sell,
 Renuncit his part of hevin and hell ;
 The devill said, Welcum mot thow be,
 Thou fall be merchand for my fell,
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

V.

Ane goldsmith said, The gold's sa fyne
 That all the warkmanschip I tyne ;
 The feind reffaif me gif I lie ;
 Think on, quoth the devill, that thow art mine,
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

VI.

Ane tailyor said, In all this toun,
 Be thair ane better shappin gown,
 I gif me to the feynd all fré ;
 Gramercy, tailyor, said Mahoun,
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

VII.

VII.

Ane fountar said, In gud effek,
 Nor I be hangit be the nek,
 Gife bettir butis of ledder ma be ;
 Fy, quoth the feynd, thou sawris of blek,
 Ga clenge thé clene, and cum to me.

VIII.

Ane baxter said, I forsaik God,
 And all his werkis, evin and od,
 Gif fairar breid neidis to be ;
 The devill luche, and on him cowth nod,
 With thy licht leves cum thou to me.

IX.

The fleschour sweiris be Godis woundis,
 Cam never sic beif into thair boundis,
 And fatter muttoun cannot be.
 Fals ! quoth the feynd, and till him roundis ;
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

X.

The maltman sayis, I God forsaik,
 And that the devill of hell me taik,
 Gif ony bettir malt may be,
 And of this kill I haif inlaik.
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

XI.

Ane browstar swore the malt wes ill,
 Baith reid and reikit on the kill,
 That it will be na aill for me,
 Ane boll will not sex gallonis fill ;
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

XII.

XII.

Be Godis bluid, quoth the taverneir,
There is sic wyne in my felleir
Hes never cum in this cuntrie.
Tut, quoth the devill, thou fells our deir
With thy fals mett; cum doune to me.

XIII.

The smith fwoir be rude and raip,
Intill a gallowis mot I gaip,
Gif I ten dayis wan pennies thré,
For with that craft I can nocht thraip;
Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

XIV.

Ane menstrall said, The feind me ryfe,
Gif I do ocht but drynk and swyfe.
The devill said, Than I counsal thé,
Exerce that craft in all thy lyfe,
Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

XV.

Ane dyfour said, with words of stryfe,
The devill mot stik him with a knyfe,
But he keft up fair fyffis thré;
The devill said, Endit is thy life,
Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

XVI.

Ane theif said, Ill that evir I chaip,
Nor ane stark widdy gar me gaip,
But I in hell for geir wald be;
The devill said, Welcum in a raip,
Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

XVII.

XVII.

The fische-wyffis flet, and fwoir with grainis,
 And to the feynd fauld flefche and banis ;
 Sa did the hukstars haillilie ;
 The devill faid, Welcum all at ainis,
 Renunce your God, and cum to me.

XVIII.

The rest of craftis grete aithis fwair
 Thair wark and craft had na compeir ;
 Ilk ane into their qualitie.
 The devill fpak thane withouten mair,
 Renunce your God, and cum to me.

XIX.

To ban and sweir na staitis stude aw ;
 Man or woman, grit or sma,
 Ryche and puir, nor the clargie.
 The devill faid than, Of comoun la,
 All men-fworne folk maun cum to me.

I have never been able to discover, says LORD HAILES, from what cause our ancestors became so monstrously addicted to profane swearing. TOM BROWN some where uses, "swear like a Scotsman," as a proverbial expression. There certainly must be a tradition upon the continent, that the inhabitants of the whole island were apt to swear in common conversation ; for in Holland, the children, when they see any British people, say, "there come the *G—dams* ;" and the Portuguese, when they acquire a smattering of English, say, "How do you do, Jack ; G—damn you." — Queen ELISABETH was a common swearer. AUBERY LE MAURIER, in his *Memoires de la Hollande*, p. 213. observes, that Queen ELISABETH did not pronounce French properly ; for that she said, *Maa foi*, and *paar Dieu*. This, by the way, is one proof, among many others, that, in the 16th century, the English made more use of the open *a*, than they do now. Had Queen ELISABETH lived in the present age, she would have been more apt to say, *mai* and *per*. There is another example of this kind in WALPOLE's *Noble Authors*, art. Essex. "The Queen *dawnced*."

BRANTOME

BRANTOME says, that the French were taught swearing by the Spaniards. The modern French oaths are generally of the Gascogne dialect, introduced by HENRY IV. H.

St. 1. l. 3. "Aithis of *crewaltie*;" that is, in the words of the statute just quoted, *grievous oaths*. In vulgar English, *bloody* is still used in a similar sense.

St. 3. l. 1. "Ane preist sweirit braid." The scandalous oath here alluded to, as peculiar to the clergy, and to butchers, stanza 9. is much used in Germany. The French also use it, but politely minced down, as is their practice in swearing.

St. 4. l. 2. "His part of hevin and hell." ALLAN RAMSAY took the trouble to make sense of this oath, by printing, *for*, instead of *and*.

St. 7. "Ane *sowtar* said," &c. From this and other passages in DUNBAR's poems, it appears that he had a strange antipathy at shoemakers. The oaths which he appropriates to the shoemakers may not have so much of the *bon ton* of infidelity as those of the churchmen and butchers. They are, however, less exceptionable, being no more than "ifackins;" and, "may I be hanged else."

St. 10. This stanza is aimed at the extortion of maltmakers, who took a profit of *six shillings* on the boll of barley. This would be incredible, were it not proved by act 29. par. 4. JAMES V. which limits their profit to *two shillings* on the boll.

St. 13. l. 4. "For with that craft I can nocht *thraip*." The sense of this line is obscure. I apprehend that it means, in demanding high or exorbitant prices for my work, I cannot *threap*, affirm, or persist, as other artificers do; for every customer knows the just price of my work, consisting solely of horse-shoes and plough-irons. It is probable that throughout the country men were *astriected* or *thirled* to the smith's shop of the barony, as much as to the mill; so that the complaint of the smith, concerning the small gains of his profession, is to be considered as highly affected. Possibly *thraip* may be the same as *thrive*.

St. 15. "Ane *dysfour* said," &c. In a dispute at play, a gamester swore, that he had thrown three fixes with three dice. This is the highest throw known excepting that of St GHISLAIN, who playing against the devil threw *sevens*.

St. 16. l. 1. "Ill that evir I chaip." The MS. instead of ill has God. The word *chaip* is used for *escape*. So that the sense is, "I will not desist from my vocation till I be hanged."

THE TESTAMENT OF MR WALTER KENNEDY.

[DUNBAR, in this singular performance, represents his contemporary KENNEDY, the Poet, under the character of a drunken graceless scholar. The alternate lines are composed of shreds of the breviary, mixed with what we call Dog-Latin, and the French Latin de cuisine. Stanzas 13th and 14th contain a bold ridicule of the funeral ceremonies used in the Romish church. The poem appears in MILLAR and CHEPMAN'S printed Miscellany 1508, and may have been written about 1506. The Lord mentioned by DUNBAR as the chief of the name of KENNEDY, cannot, therefore, as LORD HAILES supposes, be the SECOND, but the FIRST Earl of Cassilis, who was slain at Flowden in 1513. It seems probable that KENNEDY was yet alive when DUNBAR wrote this satire, and therefore it is placed before the "Lament for the Death of the Poets," where his name is mentioned by DUNBAR, seemingly for the first time with tenderness, now that their bickerings were at an end.]

I.

I MASTER Walter Kennedy,
A cunno quando sum vocatus,
Begotten with sum incuby,
Or with sum freir *infatuatus* ;
In faith I can nocht tell redely,
Unde aut ubi fui natus,
Bot in truth I trow trewly,
Quod sum dyabolus incarnatus.

II.

II.

Cum nihil sit certius morte,
 We mon all dé quhen we haif done ;
Nescimus quando, vel qua sorte,
 Nor blynd allane wait of the mone.
Ego patior in pectore,
 This nicht I mycht nocht sleip a wink ;
Licet æger in corpore,
 Yet wald my mouth be wett with drink.

III.

Nunc condo testamentum meum,
 I leif my faule for evirmair,
Per omnipotentem Deum,
 Into my lordis wyne cellar :
Semper ibi ad remanendum
 Quhill domisday ; without diffiver
Bonum vinum ad bibendum
 With sweit Cuthbert that lufit me nevir.

IV.

Ipse est dulcis ad amandum,
 He wuld oft ban me in his breth,
Det mihi modo ad potandum,
 And I forgaif him laith and wreth.
Quia in cellario cum cervisia,
 I had lever ly baith air and lait,
Nudus solus in camisia,
 Than in my lordis bed of flait.

V.

Ane barrel bung ay at my bosum,
 Of warldly gude I bad na mair ;
Corpus meum ebriosum
 I leif onto the toun of Air ;

In ane draff midding evir and ay,
Ut ibi sepeliri queam,
 Quhair drink and draff may ilka day
 Be cassyn *super faciem meam.*

VI.

I leif my hairt that nevir wes ficker,
Sed semper variabile,
 That evermair wald flow and flicker,
Consorti meo Jacobo [Lee.]
 Thoch I wald bind it with a wicker,
Verùm Deum renui;
 Bot and I hecht to tume a bicker,
Hoc pactum semper tenui.

VII.

Syne leif I the best aucht I bocht,
Quod est Latinum propter caupe,
 To heid of kin; but I waite noch,
Quis est ille, than schro my skaupe.
 I callit my Lord my heid, but hiddill,
Sed nulli alii hoc dixerunt,
 We wer als fib as seif and riddill,
In una silva quæ creverunt.

VIII.

Omnia mea solatia
 They wer bot lesingis all and ane,
Cum omni fraude et fallacia.
 I leive the maister of Sanct Anthane
Guillimo Gray, sine gratia,
 Myne awne deir cusine, as I wene,
Qui nunquam fabricat mendacia,
 But quhen the Holene growis grene.

IX.

IX.

My fenyeing, and my fals wynyng,
Relinquo falsis fratribus ;
 For that is Goddis awin bidding,
Disparfit, dedit pauperibus.
 For mennis faulis thai say and sing,
Metientes pro muneribus ;
 Now God give thaime ane evill ending,
Pro suis pravis operibus.

X.

To Jok the fule, my foly fré
Lego post corpus sepultum ;
 In faith I am mair fule than he,
Licet ostendo bonum vultum.
 Of corne and cattell, gold and fee,
Ipse habet valde multum,
 And yit he bleiris my lordis ee,
Fingendo eum fore stultum.

XI.

To Maister Johney Clerk syne,
Do et lego intimé
 Gods braid malesone, and myne ;
Nam ipse est causa mortis mee.
 Wer I a doig and he a swyne,
Multi mirantur super me,
 Bot I fould gar that lurdoun quhyne,
Scribendo dentes sine D.

XII.

Residuum omnium bonorum
 For to dispone my lord fal haif,
Cum tutela puerorum,
 Adie, Kittie, and all the laif.

In faith I will na langer raif,
Pro sepultura ordino
 On the new gyse, fa God me faif,
Non sicut more solito.

XIII.

In die meæ sepulturæ,
 I will have nane but our awin gang,
Et duos rusticos de rure
 Berand ane barrell on a stang,
 Drinkand and playand cop-out ; evin
Sicut egomet solebam,
 Singand and greitand with hie stevin,
Potum meum cum fletu miscebam.

XIV.

I will no preistis for me sing,
Eies ille, dies iræ ;
 Nor yet na bellis for me ring,
Sicut semper solet fieri ;
 But a bag-pyp to play a spring,
Et unum ale-wisp ante me ;
 Insteid of torchis, for to bring
Quatuor lagenas cervisiæ,
 Within the graif to sett, fit thing,
In modum crucis juxta me,
 To flé the feyndis, than hardely sing
De terra tu plasmasti me.

This mingling of sentences from the Breviary, with verses in the vulgar language, sounds very strange to modern ears, but our forefathers seem not to have perceived its impropriety. In a rare and curious book, intitled, "A detection of egregious impostures," by SAMUEL HARNET, afterwards Archbishop of York, a ludicrous example of the kind occurs: "Out of these is shaped as the true idea of a witch, an old
 " weather-beaten creanne, having her chinne and her knees meeting
 " for

“ for age, walking like a bow, leaning on a shaft, hollow eyed, un-
 “ toothed, furrowed on her face, having her lips trembling with the
 “ palsy, going mumbling in the streetes, one that hath forgotten her
 “ *pater-noster*, and yet hath a shrewd tongue in her head, to call a drab,
 “ a drab. If shee have learned of an old wife in a chimnies end, *Pax*,
 “ *max*, *fax*, for a spell; or can say Sir John of Grantam’s curse, for the
 “ Miller’s celes that were stolne,

“ All you that have stolne the Miller’s celes,
Laudate Domino de calis;

“ And all they that have consented thereto,
Benedicamus Domino.

“ Why then, ho! beware, look about you, my neighbours,” &c.

St. 4. l. 4. “ *Laith and wreth.*” Let him but give me drink, and I
 forgive both his disgusts and his anger.

— l. 8. “ *My Lordis bed of stait.*” The bed in the principal bed-
 chamber, called “ the chawmyr of dice,” i. e. *chambre au dats*, having a
 canopy.

St. 5. l. 2. “ Of warldly gude I *bad* na mair.” I prayed or wished
 for no other worldly goods.

— l. 5. “ *Draff midding.*” After having consigned his soul to
 the wine-cellar, he orders his body to be laid on a heap of brewer’s
 grains.

St. 6. l. 4. “ *Conforti meo Jacobo.*” So it is written in the MS.; but
 the correspondent word, *variable*, looks as if it should be *Jacobo Lee*, or
 perhaps *Wyllie*. It has been suggested to me, that *jocabili* is the better
 reading. “ To my playfom confort.” The rest of the stanza means,
 notwithstanding my most solemn vows, I denied or disobeyed God; but
 when I made a vow to empty a pot, I religiously observed it. H.

St. 7. l. 1. “ *The best aucht I bocht.*” In the Law-Latin of that age,
 “ *Melius averium de conquestu.*”

— l. 2. “ *Quod est Latinum propter caupe.*” *Propter caupe*, by
 way of *caupes*. SKENE, *De verborum significatione*, says, “ *Caupes*, calpes
 “ in Galloway and *Carriēt*, quhair of mention is maid in the actes of
 “ parliament, JAMES IV. p. 2. c. 18. 19. signifies ane gift, quilk an man
 “ in his awin lifetime, and liege poustie, gives to his maister, or to onie
 “ uther man, that is greatest in power and authoritie, and *specially to*
 “ *the head and chiefe of the clann*, for his maintenance and protection.”

— l. 4. “ *Than schro my skawpe;*” i. e. Then “ shrew my scalp.”
 Curse my head, or, may evil light on my head.

— l. 5. “ I callit my Lord, my *heid*, bot *biddill*.” I *privately*
 called the Earl of Caillis my chief, as being chief of the name of KENN-
 NEDY. H.—*Bot biddill* seems rather to mean, *openly*.

St. 7. l. 7. "We wer als *sib* as *seif* and *riddill*." We were as nearly related as sieves of different bores and fineness, made of wood from the same forest.

St. 8. l. 4. "The maister of *Sant Anthane*." The preceptor of St. Anthony's hospital. The order of St. Anthony had only one monastery in Scotland, at Leith, now called *the South Kirk*; SPOTTISWOOD'S *Religious houses in Scotland*, c. 3.

St. 9. l. 1. "My false wynyng." To *weene*, is to lament; hence the word *whine*: as if he had said, "I leave my hypocritical whining to the knavish friars, *qui conducti plorant in funere*."

St. 10. l. 1. "To Jok the *fule*." In the family of every person of distinction, there was a jester maintained, generally a composition of knave and fool. PITSCOTTIE says, History of JAMES V. "The Lords discharged all his old officers, and put new in their steads; that is to say, treasurer, comptroller, secretary, Mr Macer, Mr Household, capper, carver, Mr Stabler, Mr Hunter, Mr Falconer, Mr Porter, and a fool called *John Mackilrie*."

In Scotland the vestiges of this sort of establishment still remain.

In those days it was the custom for men to assume, or receive, names from their offices. Hence, D. Dempster, or Doomster; i. e. he who publishes the doom or sentence; until lately, the executioner. A. Scisfar, B. Tinctor, C. Textor, D. Molendinarius, and many more of the same nature in our old chartularies. There is a curious instance of this custom in *Historia Ingulphi*, p. 103. Anno 1091.—W. BARBOUR qui veniens coram conventu, juramentum præstitit quod fidus et fidelis nobis foret: recitavimusque tunc illi officium suum; scilicet radet totum conventum in ordine suo, absque aliqua personarum acceptatione," &c. Thus also among the leaders of the Kentish rebellion, in the reign of RICHARD II. of England there were Tom Tyler, Wat Miller, Hob Carter. Their names are elsewhere recited in a manner somewhat different: Thomas Baker, Wat Tyler, called Jack Straw, Jack Miller, Jack Carter. MR HUME says, that the populace was "headed by the most audacious and criminal of their associates, who had assumed the feigned names of Wat Tyler, &c. by which they were fond of denoting their mean origin." We have seen from KNYGHTON that this *Wat Tyler* was also denominated *Jack Straw*. Those eminent personages had *names*, and therefore were obliged to distinguish themselves by descriptions, arising from their respective professions: *Jack Straw* appears to have been the only feigned appellation, or *nom de guerre*. Another example of surnames, assumed from particular occupations occurs in RYMER'S *Fœdera*. Among the minstrels of HENRY V. of England, there occur *Peut. Tromper*, *Richard Pyper*, *Snyth Fydeler*, &c. This custom prevailed in England down to the times of Camden. "In every place we see the youth very commonly called by the names of their occupations, as John Baker, &c." *Remains*, p. 147.

St. 11. This stanza is obscure, because we are not acquainted with Maister Johnie Clerk. He was, probably, an ignorant practitioner in physic, who took upon him to prescribe in Latin without understanding the language. Such a person prescribing for the teeth, might say, R. "*ad curandos entes*;" catching at an imperfect sound, as the ignorant universally do: a trifling circumstance of this kind was sufficient to point the satire of the poet at Maister Johnie Clerk.

St. 13. l. 6. "With *hie stevin*." So it stands in the MAIT. MS. and in the edition 1508, signifying "with a loud voice." The BANN. MS. reads erroneously, "*the stevin*."

After stanza 5th in the MAIT. MS. we find these four lines; seemingly an interpolation:

Their wald I be bereit methink;
Or beir my bodie *ad tabernam*,
Quheir I may feil the favour of drynk,
Syn syng for me *requiem eternam*.

St. 14. l. 11. "Than *hardely* sing." Then sing hardily, or with confidence.

THE

THE FENYET FRIER OF TUNGLAND.

[About this time (1503-7) a certain Italian came into Scotland, who pretended to great knowledge in Alchemy, and gave the King hopes of being put in possession of the philosophers stone. It is said, that the King collated him to the Abbay of Tungland in Galloway. This fellow was a cheat at first, but, by no very uncommon gradation, he rose to be an enthusiast. He made unto himself wings, and engaged to fly to France from the walls of Stirling castle : he tried the experiment, fell, and broke his thigh bone. BISHOP LESLEY has given an ample account of the feats of this extraordinary personage, and likened him to SIMON MAGUS : there is, however, this difference between the stories; that the fanatic Italian did attempt to fly, whereas the adventure of SIMON MAGUS is a stupid, inconsistent, impossible fable. LESLEY says that the Abbot of Tungland thus accounted for his misfortune : “ My wings, said he, were composed of various feathers ; among them were the feathers of dung-hill fowls ; and they, by a certain sort of sympathy, were attracted towards the dunghill ; whereas, had my wings been composed of the feathers of eagles alone, the same sympathy would have attracted them into the region of air.” A fit apology during the reign of sympathies and antipathies ! The preferment of this adventurer seems to have roused the indignation of DUNBAR,—who was then also a declared candidate for some appointment in the Church.]

I.

AS young Aurore with chryftall baile,
 In orient ſchewed her viſage paile,
 A ſwenyng ſwyth did me affaile
 Of ſonis of Sathanis ſeid;
 Methocht a Turk of Tartary
 Cum throw the boundis of Barbary,
 And lay forloppin in Lombardy,
 Full long in wachman's weid.

II.

Fra baptaiſing for to eſchew,
 Thair a religious man he flew,
 And cled him in his abeit new,
 For he cowth wryte and reid.
 Quhen kend was his diſſimulance,
 And all his curſit governance,
 For feir he fled, and come in France,
 With litill of Lumbard leid.

III.

To be a leiche he fenyt him thair;
 Quhilk mony a man might rew evirmair;
 For he left nowthir ſick nor fair
 Unſlane, or he hyne yeid:
 Vane-organis he full clenely carvit;
 Quhen of his ſtraik ſae mony ſtarvit,
 Dreid he had gottin quhat he deſarvit,
 He fled away gude ſpeid.

IV.

In Scotland than, the narreſt way,
 He come, his cunning till aſſay,
 To ſum man thair it was no play
 The preving of his ſciens.

In pottingry he wrocht grit pyne,

He mureist mony in medecyne ;
 The Jow was of a grit engyne,
 And generit was of gyans.

V.

In leichecraft he was homecyd,
 He wald haif for a nycht to byd
 A haiknay and the hurtman's hyd,
 So meikle he was of myance.
 His yrins was rude as ony rawchtir,
 Quhaire he leit blude it was no lawchtir,
 Full mony instrument for slawchtir
 Was in his gardevyance.

VI.

He cowth gif cure of laxatife
 Wald gar a wicht horse want his lyfe ;
 Quha evir affayd it, man or wyfe,
 Thair hippis yied hiddy-giddy.
 His practikis never war put to preif,
 Bot suddane deid or grit mischief.
 He had purgatioun to mak a theif
 To die without a widdy.

VII.

Unto no mefs preffit this prelat,
 For found of sacring bell nor skellat,
 As blackfmyth bruikit was his pellatt
 For battring at the study.
 Thocht he come hame a new maid channoun,
 He had dispenfit with matynis cannoun,
 On him come nowthir stole nor fannoun
 For smuking of the smydy.

VIII.

Methocht feir fassonis he affailyeit
 To mak the quintessance, and failyeit ;

And

And quhen he saw that nocht availyeit,
 A fedrene on he tuke :
 And schupe in Turkey for to fle ;
 And quhen that he did mont on hie,
 All fowill ferleit quhat he fowld be,
 That evir did on him luke.

IX.

Sum held he had bene *Dedalus*,
 Sum the Menatair marvelous,
 And sum *Martis* smyth *Vulcanus*,
 And sum *Saturnus* kuke.
 And evir the cuschettis at him tuggit,
 The rukis him rent, the ravynis him druggit,
 The hudit-crawis his hair furth ruggit,
 The hevin he nicht not bruke.

X.

The myttaine and Saint Martynis fowle
 Wend he had bene the hornit howle,
 Thay set upon him with a yowle,
 And gaif him dynt for dynt.
 The golk, the gormaw, and the gled,
 Best him with buffets quhill he bled ;
 The spar-halk to the spring him sped
 Als fers as fyre of flynt.

XI.

The tarsall gaif him tug for tug,
 A stanchell hang in ilka lug,
 The pyot furth his pennis did rug,
 The stork straik ay but stint ;
 The bissart bissy but rebuik,
 Scho was so cleverus of her cluik,
 His lugs he nicht not langer bruke,
 Scho held thame at ane hint.

XII.

XII.

Thik was the clud of kayis and crawis,
 Of marleyonis, mittanis, and of mawis,
 That bikkrit at his berd with blawis,
 In battell him abowt.

Thay nybbillit him with noyis and cry,
 The rerd of thame raife to the sky,
 And evir he cryit on Fortoun, Fy,
 His lyfe was into dowl.

XIII.

The ja him skrippit with a skryke,
 And skornit him as it was lyk;
 The egill strong at him did stryke,
 And raucht him, mony a rout:
 For feir unkennandly he cawkit,
 Quhill all his pennis war drownd and drawkit,
 He maid a hundreth nolt all hawkit,
 Beneath him with a spowt.

XIV.

He scheure his fedderene that was schene,
 And flippit out of it full clene,
 And in a myre, up to the ene,
 Amang the glar did glyd.
 The fowlis all at the fedrem dang
 As at a monster thame amang,
 Quhyl all the pennis of it owtsprang
 Intill the air full wyde.

XV.

He at the plunge lay evir mair
 Sa lang as any ravin did rair;
 The crawis him socht with cryis of cair
 In every schaw besyde.

Had

Had he reveild bene to the ruikis,
 Thay had him revin with thair cluikis.
 Thre dayis in dub amang the dukis
 He did with dirt him hyde.

XVI.

The air was dirkit with the fowlis
 That come with yawmeris, and with yowlis,
 With skryking, skryming, and with scowlis,
 To tak him in the tyde.

I walknit with noyis and schowte,
 So hiddowis beir was me abowte.
 Senfyne I curst that cankirit rowte
 Quhair evir I go or ryde.

St. 1. l. 3. "A *fwening fwyth* did me affaile." A vision suddenly came upon me.

— l. 5. "A Turk of *Tartary*." The Turks were first known by the name of *Tartars*, from the country out of which they issued. There is a curious account of the Turks in the Chronicle of Melros, much in the form of a Newspaper.

Here let me observe, in passing, that the origin of Newspapers is probably to be ascribed to the circular letters from the Pope to the clergy, or from the generals of the different religious orders to their conventual brethren. Anciently those Newspapers were occasional and rare; but now things are changed. 13 Evening Posts make a Magazine, 12 Magazines make a Register, and, it is supposed, 20 Registers may make a History. H.

— l. 7. "*Forloppin*." *Fer-lowpen*, a fugitive or vagabond.

— l. 8. "In *wachman's* weid." In the dress of a stroller or wanderer. *Waif* pronounced *waff*, is a *stray*. The English still pronounce *ch* as *ff*, *loff* for *loch*.

St. 2. l. 1. "Fra baptasing for to eschew." To avoid being baptized; for had he been discovered, he would have been made a slave, or, by way of alternative, forced to profess Christianity.

— l. 4. "For he cowth wryte and reid." The meaning is, as he could read and write, he was able to pass for a frier under the habit which he had assumed.

— l. 8. "With litill of Lumbard *leid*." Either "with small knowledge

knowledge of the Italian language," or "with a little or a smattering of Italian literature," or "with some knowledge of the Lombard business of a broker."

St. 3. l. 4. "Or he *byne yeid*." Before he went from thence.

— l. 5. "*Vane-organis* he full clenely carvit." Seems to mean the veins of the head; and then the sense will be, He was dextrous in bleeding at the veins of the head. This is commonly performed by cupping-glasses, which no doubt would be considered in Scotland as a curious operation.

— l. 6. "Of his *straik* sae mony *starvit*." When so many died by his stroke. The word *straik*, or *stroke*, seems to confirm the notion, that cupping-glasses are here meant. *Starvit* is a word still preserved in English, implying a violent death by hunger. *To starve of cold*, is still a Scottish expression, from the word *florten*, to die.

St. 4. l. 5. "In pottingry he wrocht grit pyne." Acting in the character of apothecary he did much mischief. The poet distinguishes the three branches of the *healing art* all joined in this empyric, "Pottingry, medecyne, and leiche-craft." *Leiche*, is physician,

— l. 7. "This *Jow*." Not this Jew, but this juggler or magician. The words to *jowk*, to deceive, and *jowkery-pawkery*, juggling tricks, are still in use.

In the BANN. MS. p. 136. there is a fragment of a sort of fairy tale, where "Scho is the Quene of *Jowis*;" means, she is the queen of magicians.

St. 5. l. 2. 3. "He wald haif for a nycht to byd,
"A hacknay and the hurtman's hyd."

His fees were so exorbitant, that one night's attendance cost a horse, the most sumptuous of presents in those days, and the skin of the patient; still alluding, as it would seem, to the manner in which the mountebank applied his cupping glasses. *Hyd* may, however, mean *hidden treasure*, or *board*. H.

— l. 4. "So meikle he was of *myance*." Probably corrupted from *moiens*. It means expedients for gain.

— l. 5. "His *yrins* was rude as ony rawchtir." His surgical instruments were like those used in torture. Ungrammatical phrases, such as "*yrins was*," are very frequent in this collection.

— l. 8. "*Gardevyance*." Literally *garde de viande*, or cupboard; but here it implies his cabinet. The glossary subjoined to the *Evergreen*, ridiculously enough explains it to be *a case of instruments*.

In this stanza and the following, the poet describes his hero busied in the laboratory. "This dignitary of the church," says he, "never chose to go to mass, although warned by the holy bell, or skellat. (This name is still given to a sort of rattle which criers use.) His skin, with beating at the anvil, was *befouled* like a blacksmith's;" the MS. reads *brinkit*, probably an error of the transcriber for *bruikit*, i. e. streaked with black

black and brown. "Although a new made canon, he disobeyed the ecclesiastical law, which requires persons of that station to say matins. He neither put on *stole* nor *fanon*, (*stola* and *manipulus*, or *sudarium*, parts of the vestments of an officiating priest,) lest they should have been defiled with the smoke of his laboratory."

St. 8. l. 2. "To mak the *quinteſſance* and *failyeit*." Of alchemy and its royal bubbles, there is a good account in a tract by J. F. BUDDIUS. "*An alchemiſtæ ſint in republica tolerandi*;" *Hale Saxonum*, 1712, 12mo. This tract contains a curious anecdote, which appears to have a free circulation in Germany. § 3. MARTIN DELRIO, l. 1. Diſq. Mag. c. 5. 9-4. ſays, that "there was formerly a law in England againſt any perſon exerciſing the practice of Alchymy, without a licence from the King, under pain of death. But HENRY IV. of the ſame kingdom propoſed a contrary law, enacting by *four edicts*, that all and ſingular his ſubjects ſhould beſtow their utmoſt attention in preparing the philoſophers ſtone, to relieve the commonwealth of debt. And a pleaſant reaſon is given for inducing the clergy to devote themſelves to the ſtudy of the tranſmutation of metals, viz. *that as they were able to change bread and wine into the body and blood of Chriſt, they would eaſily convert the baſer metals into gold*. JO. PETTUS, an Engliſhman, mentions theſe edicts in his *Fodinis mineralibus*, or, the hiſtory, laws, and places of the chief mines and mineral works in England, p. 1. c. 27. from whom GEORGE PASCHIUS relates them in his book *de inventis nov-antiquis*, c. 6. p. 332. who alſo brings the teſtimony of Morrhoſius to the ſame purpoſe, *De tranſmutatione metallorum*, § 12. p. 287. who, enquiring into the above fact, was told by the keeper of the public records, that the original document was ſtill extant in the archives". The *four* acts of parliament, H. 4. recommending the ſtudy of alchemy, in order to pay the national debt, would be a curious acceſſion to the ſtatute-book. JAMES IV. of Scotland was a profeſſed admirer of alchemy. In a letter from him to Mr JAMES INGLIS, *epiſt. reg. Scot.* v. 1. p. 119. he ſays, "We have thankfully received your letter, by which you inform us that you are in poſſeſſion of the abſtruſe books of the *ſound philoſophy*; which, as certain moſt deſerving perſons have begged them of you, you with difficulty preſerve for our uſe, having heard that *we are addicted to the ſtudy of that art*." H.

— l. 4. "A *fedrene* on he tuke." After having in vain attempted to make the grand elixir, he put on wings; *fedrem* or *fedderome*, is *feathering*.

— l. 5. "And ſchupe in Turkey for to flie." Shaped his courſe, or prepared himſelf to fly back into the land of the Turks, which the poet has thought proper to repreſent as the native country of this friar.

St. 9. &c. The author has introduced the names of many different fowls. Inſtead of cumbering the glosſary with the explication of a multitude of words which occur but once, I will explain them here as well as I am able. *Gled*, *ſparbalk*, *tarſal*, *ſtanchel*, *biffart*, *marlyen*, *mittane*, are all

all different kinds of hawks. *Pyot*, magpie; *crawis*, common crows; *matwis*, mew; *gormarw*, cormorant; *kayis*, jack-daws; *ja*, jay; *egill*, eagle; *bornet bowle*, great horned owl; *rukis*, rooks; *St Martin's fowl*, the marten or martlet, which is supposed to leave this country about St Martin's day in the beginning of winter; *cuschettis*, is ring-doves; but from the company they are placed in, may be understood of *chouette*, common owl. H.

St. 10. l. 7. "To the *spring* him sped." Betook himself hastily to his *spring* or flight.

St. 11. l. 8. "Scho held them at a *bynt*." Literally, held them by a hold, i. e. held them fast.

St. 13. l. 1. "*Skrippit* with a *fkryke*." The word *skrippit* signifies to make mouths in sign of derision.

— l. 5. "Unkennandly he cawkit," Unknowingly he bewrayed himself. The MS. reads *uncunnandly*.

— l. 7. "Hawkit." Horned cattle are called *hawkit* when they have streaks of white on their skin, and particularly on their foreheads.

DREAM.

I.

LUCINA schynnyng in silence of the nicht,
The hevin being all full of sternis bricht,
To bed I went; bot thair I tuke no rest,
With havy thocht I wes so soir opprest,
That fair I langit eftir dayis licht.

II.

Of Fortoun I compleinit hevely,
That scho to me stude so contrarously;
And at the last quhen I had turnyt oft
For werines, on me an slummer soft
Come, with ane dreming, and a fantesie.

III.

Methocht Deme Fortoun, with ane fremit cheir,
Stude me beforne, and said on this maneir:
Thow suffir me to work gif thow do weill,
And preifs thé nocht to stryfe aganis my quheill,
Quhilk every wardly thing dois turne and steir.

IV.

Full mony ane man I turne into the hicht,
And maks als mony full law to doun licht.
Up on my staigis or that thow ascend,
Treist weill thy trouble neir is at ane end,
Seing thir taiknis, quhairfoir thow mark them richt.

V.

Thy trublit gaisf fall neir moir be degest,
Nor thow into no benefice posselt,
Quhill that ane abbot him cleith in earnis pennis,
And flé up in the air amangis the crennis,
And als ane falcone fair fro eist to west.

VI.

He fall ascend as ane horreble grephoun,
 Him meit fall in the air ane scho dragoun;
 Thir terrible monsteris fall togidder thrift,
 And in the cludis gett the Antechrist,
 Quhill all the air infeck of their pufoun.

VII.

Undir Saturnus fyrie regioun
 Symone Magus fall meit him, and Mahoun;
 And Merlyne at the mone fall hym be bydand,
 And Jonet the widow on ane beffome rydand,
 Of wichis with an windrous garefoun;

VIII.

And syne thay fall discend with reik and fyre,
 And preiche in erth the Antechryst's impyre.
 Be than it fall be neir this world's end.
 With that this lady sone fra me did wend.
 Sleipand and walkand wes frustrat my desyre.

IX.

Quhen I awoke my dreame it wes so nyce,
 Fra every wicht I hid it as a vyce;
 Quhill I hard tell be mony suthfast wy
 Fle wald an abbot up into the sky,
 And all his fetherine maid wes at devyee.

X.

Within my hairt confort I tuke full sone,
 Adew, quoth I, my drery dayis are done.
 Full weill I wist to me wald nevir cum thrift,
 Quhill that twa monis wer sene up in the list,
 Or quhill an abbot flew aboif the mone.

TO THE KING.

[In this address, and several others of inferior note, we find DUNBAR soliciting earnestly for a benefice, which now seems to have been the utmost of his wishes. In some of these he complains grievously of the unequal distribution of ecclesiastical good things ;

Of benefyce, at everie feist,
Quha monyast has maks maist requeist ;
Ryche befoir pur spraidis ay thair net ;
Quha nothing hes can nothing get.

Sum fwallis swan, sum fwallis duik,
And I stand fastand in a nuik ;

Schir, quhiddel is it merit mair
To gif him drynk that thriftis fair ;
Or fyll ane fu man quhyll he brist,
And lat his fallow dye for thrift ?

Feist of benefyce, repeatedly mentioned by DUNBAR, means "vacation of a benefice," according to MR PINKERTON. It seems rather to have been some "hie feast of sanct in glory," as DUNBAR expresses it in one of these addresses. In this, the 5th stanza allegorically, and the 6th more directly accuse the King of an injurious partiality to foreigners. From the nature of the allegory, it would appear that the featherene and good fortune of the Abbot of Tungland were still fresh in the poet's recollection—we may therefore suppose this address to have been written soon after the preferment of that juggling foreigner.]

I.

SCHIR, yit remembir as of befoir,
 How that my yowth is done forloir
 In your service with pane and greif,
 Gud consciens cryis, reward thairfoir;
 Excess of thocht dois me mischeif.

II.

Your clerkis ar servit all about,
 And I do lyk ane reid halk schout,
 To cum to lure that hes no leif,
 Quhair my plumyis begynis to mout;
 Excess of thocht dois me mischeif.

III.

Foryett is ay the falconis kynd;
 But evir the myttane is hard in mynd;
 Oft quhon the gled dois peirtrikkis preif,
 The gentill goishalk gois undynd;
 Excess of thocht dois me mischeif.

IV.

The pyet with hir pairtie cot,
 Fenyis to sing the nyctingalis not;
 Bot scho can nevir the corchat cleif,
 For harshnes of hir carlich throt;
 Excess of thocht dois me mischeif.

V.

Ay farest faderis hes farrest fowlis;
 Suppois thay haif no sang bot youlis,
 In silver caigis thay sit bot grief;
 Kynd natyve nest dois clek bot owlis;
 Excess of thocht dois me mischeif.

VI.

VI.

O gentill egill, how may this be,
 That of all fowlis dois heest flé;
 Your legis quhy will ye nocht releif,
 And chereis eftir thair degré?
 Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif.

VII.

Quhen fervit is all udir man,
 Gentill and femple of every clan,
Ralph Colyar's kyn, and *Johne the reif*,
 Nathing I get, nor conquais can;
 Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif.

VIII.

Thocht I in court be maid refus,
 And haif few vertewis for to rus;
 Yet am I cumin of Adame and Eif,
 And fane wald leif as uderis dois:
 Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif.

IX.

Or I fuld leif in fic mifchance,
 Gif it to God war no grevance,
 To be a pyk-thank I wald preif,
 For thay on warld wantis no plefans;
 Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif.

X.

In fum parte on my felf I plenyé;
 Quhen udir folkis dois flattir and fenyé,
 Allace! I can bot ballattis breif,
 Sic bairnheid leidis my brydill renyé;
 Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif.

XI.

XI.

I grant my service is bot licht ;
 Thairfoir of mercy, and nocht of richt,
 I ask you, Schir, no man to greif,
 Sum medecyne gife that ye micht ;
 Excess of thocht dois me mischeif.

XII.

May nane remeid my malady
 Sa weill as ye, Schir, veraly ;
 For with a benefice ye may preif
 Gif that I mend nocht hestely ;
 Excess of thocht dois me mischeif.

XIII.

I wes in yowth, on nureis kné,
 Call'd dandely, Bischop, dandely !
 And quhen that ege now dois me greif,
 Ane semple vicar I can nocht be ;
 Excess of thocht dois me mischeif.

XIV.

Jok that wes wont to keip the stirkis,
 Can now draw him ane cleik of kirkis,
 With ane fals cairt into his sleif,
 Worth all my ballattis undir the birkis ;
 Excess of thocht dois me mischeif.

XV.

Twa curis or thré hes upolandis Michell,
 With dispensatiouns in a knitchell ;
 Thocht he fra nolt had new tane leif,
 He playis with *totum*, and I with *nichell* ;
 Excess of thocht dois me mischeif.

XVI.

XVI.

How fuld I leif that is nocht landit,
 Nor yit with benefice am blandit;
 I say nocht, Schir, you to repreif,
 Bot doutles I ga rycht neir hand it;
 Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif.

XVII.

As faulis into purgatorie,
 Leving in pane and houp of glorie;
 So is myfelf ye may belief,
 In howp, Schir, of your adjutory;
 Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif.

St. 2. l. 3. "To cum to *lure* that hes no leif." Who is not permitted to come to lure, or to his master's hand; A term of falconry.

St. 3. l. 3. "Oft quhon the gled dois *peirtrikkis preif*." Often when the gled feeds upon partridges. The BANN. MS. reads erroneously, "Of quhome the gled dois *prettikis preif*."

St. 4. l. 3. "The corchat cleif." Divide a crochet. A term of music.

St. 5. The meaning is this, "Fairest fowls have always fairest feathers, although they scream instead of singing: *They* sit at ease in cages of silver, but in our own home-bred nest, nothing is hatched but owls."

St. 7. l. 3. "*Rauf Colyar's kyn*, and *Jobne the reif*." *Ralph Collier*, says LORD HAILES, is a robber of no name, "*caret quia vate sacro*." This, however, is not strictly true, a popular song or ballad under the name of *Ralph Colyer*, being mentioned by WEDDERBURN in his "Complaint of Scotland, 154.8" It seems now to be lost. *Jobne the reif*, or Johny Armstrong, is immortalized in popular ballads. BUCHANAN says, l. 14. c. 39. "Johannes Armistrangius, princeps unius factionis latronum—fracta gula periit;—cum Angli fuerint ejus morte vehementer lætati, ut qui gravi hoste liberati essent." Wretched is the state of princes, their most laudable actions cannot escape unblamed. BUCHANAN obliquely censures JAMES V. for this great act of public justice, because the English rejoiced at the death of a robber, formidable to the enemies of his country, as well as to his country. ARMSTRONG, after
 having

having infested the borders for many years, was executed in 1529. His name, therefore, must have been well known in Scotland about the end of the reign of JAMES IV. or this *John* might be quite a different person.

St. 8. l. 2. "And haif few vertewis *for to rus.*" Have few good qualities, for which I may applaud myself.

— l. 3. 4. "Yet am I cumin," &c. As if he had said,

"Yet, come of Adam and of Eve,

"I wish to thrive as others do."

St. 9. l. 3. "To be a *pyk-thank* I wald preif." I would attempt to turn spy, informer, or tale-bearer.

St. 10. l. 4. "Sic bairnheid leidis my brydell renyé." Such childish employment leads me astray in my course to preferment. Literally, such an infant leads me as with bridle reins. The BANN. MS. erroneously has *biddis*.

St. 12. Indeed you, Sir, can best cure my disease: bestow a benefice upon me, and see whether *that* will not recover me at once.

St. 13. When I was an infant, my nurse dandling me on her knees, called me bishop, and yet, stricken as I am in years, I have not attained to a curacy.—A singular argument for obtaining preferment, and a reason no less singular for repining at the want of preferment! The prognostications of nurses and gossips have been more fortunate in other cases than in that of poor DUNBAR. Bishop DUPPA says of Archbishop SPOTTISWOOD, "he was no sooner brought into the world, but a *remarkable passage* accompanied it; for among the rest that were present, not ordinary gossipers, but women of good note, there was one among them, who in a sober, *though in a prophetic fit*, taking the child in her arms, called aloud to the rest, in these or the like terms, *You may all very well rejoice at the birth of this child, for he will become the prop and pillar of this church, and the main and chief instrument in the defending it. From what principle this prediction came, or how she was thus inspired, I will not search into;*" *Life of Archbishop SPOTTISWOOD*, p. 2. Were it not too presumptuous, I would attempt to search into what the Bishop so reverently touches.—A child was born to a Presbyterian minister; one of the gossipers, of *good note* indeed, but still a gossip, cried out, "Be blyth, cummeris, we haif gottin a lad-bairn; I warrant he will be a bra minister belyve." Such is the very simple gossiping story, when divested of rhetorical ornaments. H.

St. 14. Jok, formerly a keeper of bullocks and heifers, makes a hawl of benefices, by means of secret calumny and false suggestion, of more value

"Than all my lays beneath the birchen shade."

St. 15.

St. 15. l. 2. "With dispensatiouns *bund in a knitchell*." Probably the same as *fatchell*. With a wallet-ful of dispensations, for incapacity, non-residence, &c.

St. 15. l. 4. "He playis with *totum*, and I with *nichell*." Alluding to that game of chance called *T totum*, exploded from the facility of perverting it to deceit. See RABELAIS, l. I. c. 22. and the notes to the words, "pille, nade, jocque, fore."

St. 16. l. 4. "Bot doutles I ga rycht neir hand it." I do not presume to censure your Majesty's conduct, but surely I go near to censure it.

P. S. Add to note on St. 7. GAWIN DOUGLAS, in his "*Palice of Honour*," written in 1501, mentions the same two personages among other fictitious or mock-heroes of former times, such as *Gowmacmorne*, *Fyn Mac Cowl*, (OSSIAN's heroes,) *Robene Hude*, *Hay of Naughton*, *Cowkelbie* and his fow, *Gilbert with the white hind*, &c.

"I saw *Raf Coilyear* with his thrawin brow,

"*Craibit Johne the Reif*, and auld *Cowkelbi's fow*," &c.

PRAYER THAT THE KING WAR JOHNE THOMSOUN'S
MAN.

[*The original of this proverbial expression was probably JOAN THOMSON'S MAN: Man, in Scotland, signifying either Husband or Servant. COLVILLE, in his Scottish Hudibras, says,*

“ We read in greatest warrior's lives,
“ They oft were ruled by their wives.
“ So the imperious ROXALAN,
“ Made the great Turk *Johne Thomson's man.*”

The intent, therefore, of the poem is, “ That the King were ruled by the Queen.” MARGARET, Queen of JAMES IV. had, in all likelihood, promised DUNBAR her assistance in procuring him a benefice ; but he found that her influence with the King was not very strong, and wrote this poem in consequence.]

SCHIR, for your Grace, bayth nicht and day,
Richt hartlie on my kneis I pray,
With all devotioun that I can,
‘ God gif ye war *Johne Thomfounis man !*

For war it so, than weill war me ;
But benefice I wald nocht be.
My hard fortoun wer endit than.
God gif ye war *Johne Thomfounis man !*

Than wald sum reuth within yow rest
For saik of hir, fairest and best
In Bartane syn hir tyme began.
God gif ye war *Johne Thomfounis man !*

For it micht hurt in no degré
 That on, so fair and gude as sche,
 Throw hir vertew sic worschip wan,
 As yow to mak Johne Thomfounis man.

I wald gif all that ever I have
 To that conditioun, sa God me saif,
 That he had vowit to the fwan,
 Ane yeir to be Johne Thomfounis man.

The merfy of that sweit meik ros
 Suld fast yow thairtill I suppois ;
 Quhois pykes throw me so reuthles ran.
 God gif ye war Johne Thomfounis man !

My advocat, bayth fair and fueit,
 And the hale rowfing of my spreit,
 Wald speid into my erands than ;
 And ye war anis Johne Thomfounis man.

Ever quhen I think yow hard or dour,
 Or merciles in my succour,
 Than pray I God, and sweit Sanct An,
 ' Gif that ye war Johne Thomfounis man !

St. 3. *In Bartane* ; that is, in Britain, for so the old Scottish poets spell it.

St. 5. "That ye had vowit to the *fwan*." The stanza containing this line is quoted from the Mait. MS. by MR TYRWHYTT in his excellent Glossary to CHAUCER ; who there adduces a singular instance of this vow from MATTHEW of Westminster. When EDWARD III. was setting out on his last expedition to Scotland 1306, a festival was held, at which "*Allati sunt in pompatica gloria duo cygni, vel olores, ante regem, phalerati retibus aureis, vel fistulis deauratis, desiderabile spectaculum intuentibus. Quibus visis, Rex votum vovit Deo cali et cygnis se proficisci in Scotiam.*" In the days of chivalry, it was customary for the Knights to make vows to God over a roasted swan, peacock, pheasant, heron, or other bird ; and these vows were held to be inviolable. The bird was afterwards carried to the table.

In the 6th stanza, DUNBAR ventures, without ambiguity, to express the deep impression which the charms of the Queen had made upon his heart. Such was the freedom both of speech and manners of that age ! But the most extraordinary instance, is his address to the same Queen at a *Fasirenis-evin*, in the MAIT. MS. The burden, although sometimes a little varied in the expression, ends throughout with the word "*pockis*," and cannot now be repeated without disgust.

Sum of your men sic curage hed,
 Dame Venus' fyte sa harde thame sted,
 Thai brak up durris, and raef up lokkis,
 To get ane pamprette on ane pled,
 That thai mycht, &c.

Sum that war ryatus as rammis,
 Are now maid tame lyk ony lammis,
 And settin doun lyk farye crokkis;
 And hes forsaiken all sic gammis
 That men calls, &c.

Sum, thocht thamselfes stark lyk gyands,
 Are now maid waek lyk willy wands;
 With schinnis sharp and small lyk rokkis,
 And gottin thair bak in baith thair hands,
 For ower oft, &c.

This seems to be the earliest mention of *LUES VENEREA* by the Scottish poets. The first seeds of it must have been sown in Scotland in, or before 1497. And it was then believed to be epidemical. On Sept. 22d. of that year, the Privy Council sent the Magistrates of Edinburgh the following order : " That all maner of persons within the fredome
 " of this burgh, quhilk ar infectit, or hes bene infectit of the said con-
 " tagious plague callit the grand-gore, devoyd, red and pass furth of this
 " town, and compeir upoun the sandis of Leith, at ten hours befor none,
 " and thair shall thai have and fynd boatis redie in the havin, ordaint
 " to thame be the officers of this burgh, reddely furneist with victuals
 " to have them to the *Inch*, (the Island of *Inch-keith*,) and there to re-
 " mane quhill God provyde for thair health. And that all uther per-
 " sons quhilk take upon them to hale the said contaigious infirmitie,
 " sall devoyd and pass with them; sua that nane of thir personis quhilk
 " take sic cure upoun thame, use the samyn cure within this burgh." The penalty of contravention, either by the diseased or their physicians, was " brynning on the cheik with the marking irne, that thai may be
 " kennit in tyme to cum; and thairastir, gif ony of thame remains, that
 " thai sall be banist but favour." Hence it appears that this disease was known in Edinburgh within five years after the discovery of America. In the above mentioned poem, it is once called the *Spenyie pockis*.

LAMENT

LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF THE MAKARS.

[Printed from the copy in MILLAR and CHEPMAN'S Miscellany 1508, compared with those of the BANN. and MAIT. Manuscripts. "This general elegy," says LORD HAILES, "has not the spirit of some of the earlier compositions of DUNBAR. The solemn burden serves to shew under what impressions it was composed by the aged poet,—deprived, we may suppose, of his joyous companions; and probably jostled out of court by other wits, younger and more fashionable. It is far, however, from being destitute of poetical effect. He mentions the names, and mourns the death of no less than twenty-three Scottish poets; of about twelve of whom, not a single memorial now remains; or, at least, is known. Their fate is like that of those writers in the Augustan age whom OVID celebrates.

"Ponticus Heroo, Bassus quoque clarus Jambo,
————— magnique Rabirius oris."

All that is known relative to the others, has either been already mentioned, or will be found in the notes subjoined to this poem. It is remarkable that DUNBAR does not record the name of JAMES THE FIRST as a poet !]

I.

I THAT in heill wes and glaidness,
Am trublit now with grit feikness,
And feblit with infirmitie;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

II.

II.

Our plesans heir is all vane glory,
 This false world is bot transitory,
 The flesche is bruckle, the feynd is flé;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

III.

The stait of man dois chainge and vary,
 Now sound, now seik, now blyth, now fary,
 Now danfand mirry, now lyk to die;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

IV.

No stait in erd heir standis sicker;
 As with the wind wavis the wicker,
 So waivis this warlds vanitie;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

V.

On to the ded gois all estaitis,
 Princis, prelottis, and potestaitis,
 Bayth riche and pur of all degré;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

VI.

He takis the knyghtis into the feild,
 Anarmyt undir helme and scheild,
 Wiector he is at all mellie;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

VII.

That strang unmercifull tyrand
 Taks, on the moderis breist fowkand,
 The bab, full of benignitie;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

VIII.

VIII.

He taikis the campioun in the stour,
 The capitane clofit in the tour,
 The lady in bour full of bewtie;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

IX.

He sparis no lord for his puiscence,
 Na clerk for his intelligence;
 His awfull straik may no man flé;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

X.

Art magicianis and astrologgis,
 Rethoris, logicianis, theologgis,
 Thame helpis no conclusionis flé;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XI.

In medicyne the most practitianis,
 Leichis, furrigianis, and phisicianis,
 Thame self fra deth ma not supplé;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XII.

I see the Makkaris amang the laif
 Playis heir thair pageant, syne gois to graif,
 Spairit is nocht thair facultie;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XIII.

He hes done petuousslie devour,
 The Noble Chawfer of Makaris flowir,
 The monk of Berry, and Gowyr, all thré;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XIV.

XIV.

The gude Schir Hew of Eglintoun,
 Etrik, Heryot, and Wyntoun,
 He hes tane out of this cuntrie ;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XV.

That scorpioun fell hes done infek
 Maister Johne Clerk, and James Afflek,
 Fra balat making and trigidé ;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XVI.

Holland and Barbour he has berevit ;
 Allace ! that he nocht with us levit
 Schir Mungo Lockhart of the Lee ;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XVII.

Clerk of Tranent eik he hes tane,
 That made the auntris of Gawane ;
 Schir Gilbert Hay endit hes he ;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XVIII.

He hes Blind Hary and Sandy Traill
 Slane with his schour of mortall hail,
 Quhilk Patrik Johnstoun mycht nought flé ;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XIX.

He hes rest Merfar his endyte,
 That did in luv so lyfly wryte,
 So schort, so quyk, of sentens hie ;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XX.

XX.

He hes tane Rowll of Aberdene,
 And gentill Rowll of Corstorphyn;
 Twa bettir fallowis did no man fie;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XXI.

In Dunfermling he hes done rounne
 With Maister Robert Henrifoun;
 Schir Johne the Ros enbraist hes he;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XXII.

And he hes now tane, last of aw,
 The gentill Stobo and Quintyne Schaw,
 Of quhome all wichtis hes peté;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XXIII.

Gud Maister Walter Kennedy,
 In poynt of dede lyis veraly,
 Gret reuth it wer that so suld be;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XXIV.

Sen he hes all my brether tane,
 He will naught let me leif alane,
 On forße I man his nyxt pray be;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XXV.

Sen for the ded remeid is none,
 Best is that we for dede dispone,
 Eftir our dede that leif may we;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

St. 8. l. 1. "In the *flour*." In the dust of war. See *glossary* to DOUGLAS's *Virgil*, v. *Stoure*. Sir GEORGE MACKENZIE observes, *Pleadings before the supreme courts of Scotland*, p. 17. "Sometimes our fiery temper has made us, for haste, express several words into one, as *flour*, for *dust in motion*." This observation, now become an axiom with us, affords a striking example of national prejudices: for the English *dust*, respects motion as well as rest, and the Scottish *flour*, rest as well as motion.

— l. 2. "The *capitane* cloist in the *tour*." By *captane* is meant, governor of a fortified place, as captain of Norham, of Berwick, of Calais.

St. 14. l. 1. "SCHIR HEW OF EGLINTOUN." WINTOUN, in his *Chronicle* mentions a *Huchon* of the *Aule Ryall* who wrote the romances of "ARTHUR" and "GAWAN," and the Epistle of SUSANNA. *Huchon* being the old Scottish mode of *Hew* or *Hugh*, a suspicion arises that this poet is the Schir *Hew* here mentioned.

— l. 2. "WINTOUN." ANDREW WINTON composed a *Chronicle Original* in Scottish metre. See page 7.

St. 15. l. 2. "CLERK." In the BANN. MS. are two poems subscribed "CLERK." One, or both of them will be found near the end of this reign.

— l. 3. "*Trigide*." It would seem, that in the language of those times, *tragedy* meant any moral descriptive poem. Thus in a poem by ROWLL, (see next page.)

"This *tragedy* is callit, but dreid

"*Rowlis* cursing, quha will it reid."

The poem here called a tragedy, is an invective against those who defraud the clergy of their dues, and has no resemblance to any sort of dramatic composition. The name of *tragedy*, for a dramatic composition, was not known in England before the reign of HENRY VIII. See PERCEY, *Origin of the English stage*, p. 10.

St. 16. l. 1. "HOLLAND." Author of a poem called the *Howlat*. See p. 61.

— l. 1. "BARBOUR." JOHN BARBOUR, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, drew up the acts of ROBERT I. in Scottish metre. See p. 1.

— l. 3. "SCHIR MUNGO LOCKHART of the *Lee*." I do not find this name in the family of LEE, one of the most ancient and honourable in Scotland. I suspect that the person here meant has been some priest, officiating in a chapel belonging to that family. Every one knows that *Sir* was the common appellation of secular priests, the *Pope's knights*, as they were vulgarly denominated. H.

St. 17. l. 2. "That made the auntris of GAWANE." PERCEY, in his *Essay on the ancient metrical romances*, p. 25, 26. mentions three different poems of the adventures of Sir GAWANE. From the spelling of the specimens which he exhibits, I incline to think that all the three were composed by Englishmen. H. See p. 62. and 153. Sir GAWANE was the hero of many a romantic tale; and his character was as well known, and as distinctly marked among our ancestors, as HOMER's heroes were among the Greeks.

— l. 3. SCHIR GILBERT HAY was chamberlain to CHARLES VII. of France; and, in 1456, translated from French into Scottish, the book of Bonet, prior of Salon, upon Battles. From this testimony of DUNBAR, it appears that Sir GILBERT also wrote poems; but his subscription does not occur in any of the ancient collections.

St. 18. l. 1. "BLIND HARY." A popular poet, who celebrated the actions of WALLACE. See p. 82.

— l. 3. "PATRICK JOHNSTOUN." One poem intituled, *The thré deid powis*, is ascribed to him. See p. 191.

St. 19. l. 1. "MERSAR." See his poem, intituled, *Perrell in Paramours*, p. 195.

St. 20. l. 1. "ROWLL." There is a poem in the BANN. MS. called *Rowll's cursing*. The following passage in it determines the æra at which he lived.

— "and now of Rome that beiris the rod,
" Undir the hevin to lowse and bind,
" Paip Alexander."

The Pontiff here meant must have been the virtuous ALEXANDER VI. who was *Divine Vice-gerent*, from 1492 to 1503.—LINDESAY also mentions ROWLL; but there is no distinguishing between the two poets of that name.

ROWLL's invective being a solitary memorial, it would be hard to reject it entirely. Take therefore the following specimen:

Devyne power of michtis maist,
Of Fader, Sone, and Haly ghaist;
Jesu Chryst, and his appostillis;
Petir, Paull, and his disappilis,
And all the power under God,
And now of Rome that beiris the rod,
Undir the hevin to lowse and bind,
Paip Alexander that we do fynd
With that power that Peter gaif!
Godis braid malesone mot thay haif,
And all the blude about thair hairt,
Blak be thair hour, blak be thair pairt,
For syve fat geise of Schir Johne Rowllis,

With

With capons, hennis, and uther fowllis ;
 Baith the haldaris and conseilaris,
 Reflettaris, and the previe steilaris !
 And he that faulis faiffes, and dammis,
 Bekith the devill thair guttis, and gammis,
 Thair toung, thair teith, thair hands, thair feit,
 And all thair body haill compleit,
 That brak his yard and stall his frutt,
 And raif his erbis up be the rute ;
 His quheit, his aitis, his peifs, his beir
 In stowk or stak ; to do him deir
 In barn, in houfs, in kill or mill,
 Except it had been his awin will :
 His wow, his lamb, his cheis, his stirk,
 Or ony teyndis of haly kirk.
 Now cursit and wareit be thair werd
 Quhyll thay be levand on this erd ;
 Hunger, sturt, and tribulation,
 And never to be without vexation.
 The panefull gravel and the gutt,
 The gulfoch that thay nevir be but,
 The stranyolis, and the grit glengor.
 The hairschott lippis them before, &c. &c.
 This *tragedy* is callit, but dreid
Rowlis cursing, quha will it reid.

Quod ROWLL.

St. 21. l. 1. "*Hes done rounne,*" has rounded, or whispered in the ear. The BANN. MS. reads "*has tane BROWN.*" And LORD HAILES observes, that in the same MS. there is a poem of *a judgement to come*, by WALTER BROWN, probably the person here meant. See p. 206.

— l. 2. "With MR ROBERT HENRYSOUN ;" an excellent poet. See p. 87. &c.

— l. 3. "SCHIR JOHNE THE ROS." To this person DUNBAR addresses his invective against KENNEDY. The distinction of *Sir*, probably relates to his ecclesiastical character. It seems uncertain whether *Ros* was his name, or only the place of his residence.

St. 22. l. 2. "QUINTENE SCHAW." Some notice will be found of him towards the end of this reign; also of KENNEDY, mentioned in the 23d stanza.

* * In the above poem "*wareit be thair werd,*" is, execrated be their fate. *Gulfoch* is, jaundice. *Stranyolis*, strangury. *Glengor*, lues ven. See p. 324.

Throughout the whole of MILLAR and CHEPMAN'S copy of DUNBAR'S LAMENT, the copulative *and* is printed *et*.

ON THE WORLD'S INSTABILITIE.

[*Preserved in the MAIT. MS. "It is," says MR PINKERTON, "a well written poem, though beginning with a morality, and ending with a petition for a benefice."* Of the object in view the poet says,

"It cumis by King, it cumis be *Quene*,

"But ay sic space is us betwene," &c.

And in the next Stanza,

"It micht have cummun in schortar quhyl

"Fra Calyecot, and the new fund Yle," &c.

That is "from America," discovered in 1492. These expressions shew clearly that the poem must have been written about this time. America would not be called the new fund Yle after the marriage of JAMES V. in 1537.]

TO THE KING.

THIS waverand warldis wretchidnes,
The failyand and fruitles biffines,
The mispent tyme, the service vaine,
For to confidder is ane pane.

The flydant joy, the glaidnes schort,
The fenyeid luif, the fals confort,
The fueit abayd, the flichtful trane,
For to confidder is ane pane.

The fugurit mouthis, with myndis thairfra ;
The figurit speiche, with faceis tua ;

The

The plesand toungis, with harts unplane,
For to confidder is ane pane.

The labour lost, and leil service ;
The lang availl on humil wyfe,
And the lytill rewarde agane,
For to confidder is ane pane.

Nocht I say all be this cuntré,
France, Ingland, Ireland, Almané,
Bot all be !talie, and Spane,
Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

The change of warld fra weill to wo ;
The honourable use is all ago
In hall and bour, in burgh and plane ;
Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

Beleif dois leip, traist dois nocht tarie ;
Office dois flit, and courtis dois varie ;
Purpois dois change, as wynd or rane ;
Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

Gud rewl is banist our the bordour,
And rangit rings, bot ony ordour,
With reird of rebalds, and of swane ;
Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

The pepil so wickit ar of feiris,
The frutles erde all witnes beiris,
The ayr infectit and prophane ;
Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

The temporale stait to gryp and gather
The sone disheris wald the father,
And as ane dyvour wald him demane ;
Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

Kirkmen

Kirkmen so halie ar and gude,
That on their conscience rowne and rude,
May turn aucht oxin and ane wane ;
Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

I knaw nocht how the kirk is gydit,
Bot beneficis ar nocht leil devydit ;
Sum men hes sevin, and I nocht ane.
Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

And sum, unworthy to brouk ane stall,
Wald clym to be ane cardinall :
Ane bischopric may nocht him gane.
Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

Unwourthy I, amang the laif,
Ane kirk dois craif, and nane can have ;
Sum with ane thraif playis passage plane.
Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

It cumis be king, it cumis be quene ;
Bot ay sic space is us betwene,
That nane can shut it with ane flane.
Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

It micht have cummin in schortar quhyl
Fra Calyecot, and the new fund Yle,
The partis of transmeridiane.
Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

It micht be this, had it bein kynd,
Cummin out of the deserts of Ynde,
Our all the grit se oceane.
Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

It micht have cummin out of all ayrtis ;
Fra Paris, and the orient partis ;

And

And fra the Ylis of Aphrycane.
Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

It is so lang in cuming me till,
I dreid that it be quhyt gane will ;
Or bakwart it is turnit agane.
Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

Upon the heid of it is hecht
Bayth unicornis, and crowns of wecht :
Quhen it dois cum all men dois frane.
Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

I wait it is for me provydit ;
Bot sa done tyrfum it is to byd it.
It breiks my hairt, and bursts my brane.
Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

Greit abbais grayth I nill to gather,
Bot ane kirk scant coverit with hadder ;
For I of lytil wald be fane.
Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

And for my curis in findrie place,
With help, Schir, of your nobil grace,
My fillie faule fall never be flane ;
Na for sic syn to suffer pane.

Experience dois me so inspyr
Of this fals failyeand world I tyre,
That evermore flittis lyk ane phane.
Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

The formeft hoip yit that I have
In all this world, sa God me save,
Is in Your Grace, bayth crop and grayne.
Quhilk is ane leefing of my pane.

P. 334. St. 2. "*Nocht I say all be this cuntré,*" &c. I do not confine my observation to this country, but it extends to France, &c. nay to Italy and Spain. P.

— St. 5. "*Rebalds,*" that is, scoundrels. "*Roy des Ribaux,* c'étoit autrefois une qualité d' un homme suivant la cour, dont la fonction étoit de faire sortir de la cour, ou de la suite du Roy, tous les fripons, mal-faiteurs, et gens sans aveu." *Glossaire du Roman de la Rose*, 1735.

P. 335. St. 1. "May turn aucht oxin and ane wane." The MS. and Mr PINKERTON's copy read, no doubt erroneously, *opin* instead of *oxin*. The meaning is palpable, "May turn a waggon drawn by eight oxen." Little use seems then to have been made of horses by the husbandmen. In the days of JAMES I. eight oxen were used in a plough: Act 81. anno 1426 ordains that "ilk man teilland with a pleuch of aucht oxen, fall saw at the least ilk year, (i. e. besides oats and barley,) a firloft of quheate, half a firloft of pease, and fourty beanes, under the paine of ten shillings to the Barronne of the land." Here the 41st Act of the same King also deserves notice. "It is ordained that ilk man of simple estate, that suld be of reason labourers, have outhir halfe ane ox in the pleuch, or else delve ilk day seven fute of length, and seven fute of breadth, under the paine of halfe ane ox to the King." This statute, says LORD HAILES, may be interpreted in a consistent and probable manner, if we read "*half an oxen pleugh*" instead of "*half an ox in the pleugh*." For it may be observed that the original records of the statutes of JAMES I. are lost; and that we are possessed of nothing more than a transcript, into which errors may have crept by the carelessness or ignorance of transcribers. If this interpretation be true, the Act of JAMES I. will be found to be no more than a ratification of the law of ALEXANDER II. c. 1. § 3. Anno 1214. "All husbandmen, quha hes lesse nor four kye, albeit they can nocht labour and teill land: yit with hand and fute they fall delve the land, and saw as meikill as they may, for sustenation of the life of them and thers.—*Mairover*, quha hes mae nor four kye, fall take land fra their maisters, and fall labour it be teiling and sawing. And gif he neglects to doe this, his maister fall take for an amends, (or fine,) ane kow and ane scheip: and theirafter fall compell him to doe aganis his will, quhilk he wald not doe with his will."

— St. 3. The transition to the poet's own case is arch. In the next stanza, "Ane bishopric may nocht him gane, signifies "may not avail, or be of any use to him."

— St. 6. *The new fund Yle*, must be America by eminence, discovered by Christopher Colon, Aug. 1492. The family name was Co-

LOMBO originally; but Christopher leaving his country, changed it to COLON, and he always signs it so; as did his brother and all his family. See his life by his son DON FERNANDO.

P. 235. St. 2. "Bayth *unicornis*, and crowns of wicht." These are coins; the first Scottish, the latter French. JAMES III. was the first who coined *unicorns*, or gold coins stamped with an unicorn. See PINKERTON's Essay on Medals, App. No. III. In a preceding poem by DUNBAR, page 281. Stanza 5th, *crosses* also are coins.

LAMENT

LAMENT TO THE KING.

[From the MAIT. MS. The lines are here transposed, so as to make the first, second, and fourth to rhyme, according to DUNBAR'S usual practice. "It is an affecting piece," says MR PINKERTON, "though upon a poor allegory;" and probably has been written near the end of the reign of JAMES IV.]

SCHIR, lat it neir in towne be tald
That I fould be ane owtlir hald.

Suppois I war ane ald yaid aver,
Schott furth our cleuchs to squishe the clevir,
I wald at Youl be housit and stald
And get the strenth of awstrene bayvar.
Schir lat it neir in towne be tald.

I am ane auld hors, as ye knaw,
That er in duil dois drup and draw.
To fang the fog be firthe and fald
Gryt court hors puts me fra the staw.
Schir lat it neir in towne be tald.

I hef run lang, furth in the feild,
On pastours that ar plaine and peld;
My boks are spruning hé and bauld;
I mycht be now tane in for eild.
Schir lat it neir in towne be tald.

My

My maine is turnit into quhyt,
 And thairof ye hef all the wyt.
 I gat bot grefs, grype gif I wald,
 When uthir hors hed bran to byt;
 Schir lat it neir in towne be tald.

Exord. l. 2. "Ane *owt-lir* held," confidered as an *out-lyer*, or neglected person. The word signifies literally, a horse, or horned beast that is not housed during the winter. The MS. reads *bowllis*, which seems inexplicable.

St. 1. "Ane auld *yaid aver*." An old worn-out horse; *yaid* or *yede* signifying gone, spent or wasted. "To squishe the *clevir*," can be nothing else but to mumble or feed upon soft grasse, such as clover. The MS. reads *clevis*, which neither rimes with *aver*, nor can be explained. "And get the strenthe of *awstrene bayver*, or *astrene bayard*," i. e. "of a spirited horse." The MS. reads, "And hed the strenthis of all strenne bevis," apparently nonsense.

St. 3. "My *boks* are spruning hé and bauld," probably means "My corner teeth are growing long and bare."

St. 4. l. 2. "And thairof ye hef all the wyt." It is remarkable that most of the addresses to JAMES IV. and V. in this collection partake more of the nature of satire or reproof, than of panegyric. In a fragment which Mr PINKERTON calls DUNBAR'S Complaint, the author speaks of those whom the King had been pleased to prefer to him, with supreme indignation and contempt:

Men of vertew and cunning
 Of wit, and wysdome in gyding
 Thai nocht can in this court conquyfs
 For lawte, luif, nor lang servyfs:
 Bot fowl jow, jourdane-heided jevens,
 Cowkins, henfeis, and culroun kevels.
 Druncarts, dysfours, dyvours, drevels,
 Misgydit members of the devels,
 Ewill horrible monsteris, fals and fowl,
 Sum causis cleik till him ane cowl,
 Ane gryt convent fra fyn to 'tyce,
 And he himsell exampil of vyce,
 Enterand for derne and not devotioun,
 The devel is gled of his promotioun.
 And him that gaits ane personage,
 Thinks it a present for a page,

And

And on no wayis content is he,
 My Lord quhill that he callit be.
 The leirit son of Erle or Lord,
 Upon this ruffie to remord,
 That with auld castings hes him bred,
 His erands for to ryn and red,
 Seeing his odius ignorance,
 Put on ane prelottis contenance;
 And far above him set at tabel,
 That wont wes for to muk the stabel; . . .
 Ane pyk-thank in a prelotts chayse,
 With his wawil feit and virrok tais. . . .
 And evir mair as he dois rys,
 Ald nobles of bluid he dois disprys,
 And helpis for to hald thame downe,
 That thai rys neir to his renowne.
 Thairfoir, O Prince maist hy and abil!
 Be on this mater merciabil, &c. &c.

ADVICE

ADVICE TO SPEND ANIS AWIN GUDES.

Preserved in both of the ancient Manuscripts. The advice to be liberal, as commonly happens in such cases, exhorts to profusion; in vitium virtus. Another poem by DUNBAR on the same subject has the following expression, which ought to be kept in remembrance, as containing more good sense than some entire systems of ethics:

“ Thoch all the werth that euir had levand wycht
“ Wer onlie thyne, no moir thy pairt dois fall,
“ Bot meit, drink, clais, and of the laif a ficht,
“ Yit to the juge thow sall gif compt of all.”

In modern language DUNBAR probably would have expressed himself thus:

What riches gives us, let us then explore;
Meat, drink, and cloaths; what else? *a sight of more!*

I.

MAN, sen thy lyfe is ay in weir,
And deid is evir drawand neir,
Thy time unficker and the place,
Man! spend thy gude quhil thow hes space.

II.

Thow may to-day haif gude to spend,
And hestely to-morne fra it wend,
And leif ane uthir thy baggis to brais;
Man! spend thy gude quhil thow hes space.

III.

III.

Gif it be thyne, thy self it ufis;
 Gif it be not, thow it refusis;
 Ane uthir of it the profite hes;
 Man! spend thy gude quhil thow hes space.

IV.

Quhile thow hes space, se thow dispone,
 That for thy geir, quhen thow art gone,
 No wicht ane uder flay or chace;
 Man! spend thy gude quhil thow hes space.

V.

Sum all his dayis dryvis our in vane,
 Ay gadderand geir with sorrow and pane,
 And nevir is glaid at Yule nor Pais;
 Man! spend thy gude quhil thow hes space.

VI.

Syne cums ane uder glaid of his sorrow,
 That for him prayit no evin nor morrow,
 And fangis it all with mirry face;
 Man! spend thy gude quhil thow hes space.

VII.

Sum grit gud gadderis, and ay it spairis,
 And efter him thair cumis yung airis,
 That his auld thrift fettis on ane ace!
 Man! spend thy gude quhil thow hes space.

VIII.

It is all thyne that thow heir spends,
 And nocht all that on thé depends,
 Bot his to spend it that hes grace;
 Man! spend thy gude quhil thow hes space.

IX.

IX.

Luk how the bairne dois to the muder,
 And tak example be nane udder,
 That it nocht eftir be thy cace;
 Man! spend thy gude quhil thow hes space.

X.

Trest nocht ane uther will do the to,
 It that thyself wald nevir do;
 For gif thow dois, strenge is the cace;
 Man! spend thy gude quhil thow hes space.

St. 7. l. 3. "That his *auld thrift* settis on ace." This age is not to be told what "settis on ane ace" implies. It may be more necessary to explain the phrase "*auld thrift*." It is wealth accumulated by the successive frugality of his ancestors.

St. 9. and 10. The words in these two stanzas are plain, but the meaning obscure. The sense is probably this: The child draws milk from its mother's breast, but gives nothing in return. In like manner, do not expect that another will do for you, that which you would never do for yourself. H. The meaning seems rather to be: As an infant subsists entirely upon the milk which it draws from its mother's breast, so your heir will probably spend all the wealth which you leave to him, before he thinks of any other means of subsistence. It will then be impossible for him to make you enjoy after death, that which you could not enjoy while you was in life.

ANE

[*"The third stanza of this poem," says LORD HAILES, contains an allegory of pleasures lawful and forbidden, and will not bear a particular explanation. "Fleis of Spenye," are cantharides. This circumstance gives us an HIGH idea of the elegance and refinement of our forefathers." Or, the phrase may here signify metaphorically, the "Spenye diseis," mentioned in a former poem, p. 234.*]

I.

HE that hes gold and grit riches,
And may be into myrrinefs,
And dois gladnefs fra him expell,
And levis daylie in distrefs,
He wirkis sorrow to him fell.

II.

He that may be but sturt or stryfe,
And leif ane lusty plesand lyfe,
And syne with mareige dois him mell,
And weddis with ane wicket wyfe,
He wirkis sorrow to him fell.

III.

He that hes for his awin gainyie
Ane plesand prop, bot mank or mennye,
And shuttis syne at an uncow schell,
And is forfairn with the fleis of Spenye,
He wirkis sorrow to him fell.

IV.

And he that with gud lyfe and trewth,
But variance or uder flewth,

Dois evir mair with ane maister dwell,
 That nevir of him will haif no rewth,
 We wirkis sorrow to him fell.

V.

Now all this tyme let us be mirry,
 And fet nocht by this warld a chirry;
 Now quhyll thair is gude wyne to sell,
 He that dois on dry breid wirry,
 I gif him to the devill of hell.

St. 5. l. 3. "Now quhyll thair is *gude wyne* to sell." Great care was taken in those days that the lieges should drink no wine but what was both good and cheap. In the Reign of JAMES III. *anno* 1482, it was ordained by Parliament that "na man fall tak upon hand to mix or corrupt wine, *under pain of death*." Also, in the Reign of Queen MARY, *anno* 1551, "for sa meikle as the wines that are commonly sold by taverneirs are mixt with auld corrupt wines, or with water, to the greit appearand danger and seikness of the buyers, and greit perelle of the faulis of the sellars, it is enacted, that na manner of taverneirs fall tak upon hand to make onie sic mixtion, under the paine of escheiting all and findrie thair wines, and tinsell of thair freedome for evir. Also, that na taverneir fall tak upon hand to bye onie wines at onie dearer prices nor twentie pounce the tun of *Burdeaux* wine, and the *Rochel* wine for sextene pounce the tun, and that nane of them sell the samin of onie dearer price nor ten pennies the pint (or English half-gallon) of *Burdeaux* wine, and the *Rochel* wine for aucht pennies the pynt." The same wines coming in by the West seas are ordained to be sold at *aucht* pennies and *sex* pennies the Scotch pint, that is, 4d. and 3d. per quart bottle. At that time the Scottish penny was about one-fourth of the English penny. The reader cannot, however, form a correct judgment of these prices, unless he know the value of some other articles at the same period. The next statute of that Parliament, *anno* 1551, fixes thus the prices of wild and tame fowls, &c.: The cran at five shillings; the swan, five shillings; the wild guse, twa shillings; the claik, (barnacle,) quink, and rute, (bittern,) aughteen pennies the peece; plover, and small mure fowle, four pennies; black cock, and gray-hen, sex pennies; the doufane of powtes, twelve pennies; the quhaip, (curlew,) sex pennies; the cunning, twelve pennies; the woodde-cocke, four pennies; the doufane of lavrockes, and uthir small birds, four pennies; the snipe, and quailzie, twa pennies; the tame guse, sexteen pennies; the capone, twelve pennies; hen and pultrie, aucht pennies; the chicken, four pennies; the gryse, aughteen pennies.

ADVICE

ADVICE TO A COURTIER,
BY QUINTYNE SCHAW.

— an allegory assimilating a state to a ship, after the example of HORACE; and preserved in the MAIT. MS. The author of this solitary memorial seems to have been a native of Ayr-shire, and to have died about 1500-1505; for, DUNBAR in his "Lament," mentions him as recently dead. As a poet he is also recorded with applause by SIR DAVID LINDSAY in the "Complaint of the Papingo," and by GAVIN DOUGLAS in his "Palice of Honour." By this last, and in one or two instances by DUNBAR, he is called QUINTYNE, without any addition. KENNEDY, in his invective against DUNBAR, speaks of him as his relation, and sometimes calls him his "Commislar."

If we may believe the account of Scottish Writers given by DEMPSTER, and after him by MACKENZIE, "In the troublesome times of the BRUCE and BALIOL, there flourished a famous poet, called QUINTYNE, who went over to France, and lived at Paris, where he wrote and published, in elegant verse, Querela de Patriæ miseria, 1511." If QUINTYNE wrote that elegant poem in the times of the BRUCE and BALIOL, and lived to publish it in 1511, he might vie in longevity with the celebrated Johannes a temporibus.]

SUPPOIS the courte yow cheir and tretis,
And Fortoun on you schynis and betis,
I rid yow than, war lufe ! war le !
Suppois ye sole betwix twa scheittis ;
Utheris has falit als weil as ye.

Gif changes the wynd, on force ye mon
Bolyn, huke, haik, and scheld hald on.
Thairfoir bewar with ane scharpe blawar :
Gif ye be wys avyse heiron ;
And fet your sale a litle lawar.

For gif ye hauld your sale ouir strek,
Thair may cum bubbis ye not suspek ;
Thair may cum contrair ye not knaw ;
Thair may cum stormes and caus a lek ;
That ye man cap by wynd and waw.

And tho' the air be fair, and stormlés,
Yit thair hauld not your sale ouir pres :
For of hie landis thair may cum flaggis,
At Saint Tabbis Heid, and Buchan Nes,
And ryve your foir-saill all in raggis.

Be thou vexit, and at undir,
Your freinds will fra and on yow wondir.
Thairfoir bewar with our hie lands,
Sic flags may fall, suppois a hundir
War yow to help thai have no hands.

Dreid this danger, gud freind and brudir,
And tak example befoir of uther.
Knaw courtis, and wynd, has oftsys vareit.
Keip weill your cours, and rewle your rudir ;
And think with kingis ye ar not mareit.

St. 1. *War lufe! war le!* evidently, sea terms. *Sole*, sail.

St. 2. *Bolyn* seems equivalent to *tols*; *bolja* fluctus. Goth.—*Haik* is anchor, it is suppose^d. *Hak*, unco prehendere Goth. *Huke* is abide: *huka*, defidere, conquiescere.

St. 3. “*That ye man cap by wynd and warw.*” These you must encounter from the winds and waves.

St. 4. *Slaggis*, in another stanza *flags*, seems from *flug*, *calidus*, a coming blast.

THE

THE FLYTING OF DUNBAR AND KENNEDY.

[WALTER KENNEDY, sometimes by mistake ANDREW, from DUNBAR'S account seems to have been a native of Carrick, and to have resided at Ayr, which he calls "hame." He must have been a poet of considerable repute, though few of his works be now extant. They are only the two satires on DUNBAR in their "Flyting," an "Invective against Mouth-thankless," and "The Prais of aige."

The Flyting between DUNBAR and KENNEDY appears to have taken place soon after DUNBAR'S return from the Continent. It is in many places obscure, in many more utterly unintelligible. "I incline to think," says LORD HAILES, "that this altercation, which for scurrility is unexampled, may have been a play of illiberal fancy, without any real quarrel between the antagonists. This idea is confirmed by the affectionate manner in which DUNBAR speaks of KENNEDY and QUINTENE SCHAW in his Lament for the death of the Poets." Be that as it may, the entire poems cannot now be read with patience. Some parts of them, however, are curious, and probably contain some authentic particulars of the history and external appearance of the two rival bards. The first fourteen stanzas are printed from the BANN. MS. The remaining eleven, from MILLAR and CHEPMAN'S Miscellany 1508.]

DUNBAR TO KENNEDIE.

I.

SCHIR *John the Ros*,
 Ane thing ther is compyld
 In generale, be Kennedie and Quinting,
 (Quhilk has themself aboif the sternis styld ;)
 But had thay maid of manace ony mynting
 In special, sic stryfe suld ryfs bot stynting,
 Howbeit with boist thair breiftis wer als bendit
 As Lucifer, that fra the Hevin discendit ;
 Hell sould not hyd thair harnis fra harm hynting.

II.

The eard suld trymble, firmament suld schaik,
 And all the air in vennom suddane stink,
 And all the devillis of hell for redour quaik
 To heir quhat I suld wryt with pen and ink ;
 For and I flyt, sum sege for schame suld sink,
 The se suld birn, the mone sould thoill eclipsis,
 Roches suld ryve, the warld suld hald nae gripis ;
 Sa loud of cair the sewan bell suld clink.

KENNEDIE TO DUNBAR.

III.

Dreid, dirtfast dearch, that thow has disobeyt
 My cousin *Quintine*, and my Commissar.
 Fantastick fule, trest weil thow fall be fleyt,
 Ignorant elf, ape, owl, yirregular,
 Skaldit skaitbird and common skandelair ;
 Wanfukkit funling, that Nature maid ane Yrle,
 Baith *John the Ross* and thow fall squeil and skirle,
 Gif eir I heir ocht of your making mair.

DUNBAR

DUNBAR TO KENNEDIE.

IV.

Ersch brybour baird, vyle beggar with thy brattis,
 C—bittin *Kennedie*, cowart of kynd,
 Ill-fart and dryit, as *Densmen* on the rattis,
 Lyke as the gledds had on thy gule snowt dynd;
 Thow purpost for to undo our Lord Chief
 In Paislay, with ane poyson that wes fell,
 For quhilk, brybour, yit fall thow thoill a breif;
 Pelor, I fall it preif on thee my sell.

V.

Or thow durst move thy mynd malitious,
 Thow saw the sail abone my heid updraw;
 But Eolus full woid, and Neptunus,
 Mirk and monclefs, was met with wind and waw,
 And mony hundreth myle hyne coud us blaw
 By Holand, Seland, and the Northway coast,
 In desertis, quhair we wer famist aw;
 Yit cum I hame, fals baird, to lay thy boist.

VI.

Forworthin fule, of all the warld refuse,
 Quhat ferly is thocht thow rejoyce to flyte?
 Sic eloquence as they in Erschry use,
 In sic is set thy thrawart appityte;
 Thow has full litle feil of fair indyte,
 I haif on me ane pair of *Lowthiane* hipps,
 Sall fairer *Inglis* mak, and mair parfyt,
 Than thow can blabber with thy *Carrik* lipps.

VII.

Comerwald crawdon, na man compts the a kerfs;
 Sweir swapit swanky fwyne, keppar ay for swaitis
 Thy

Thy Commiffar *Quintyne* bids the cum kis his e—,
 He luvis not sic a loun forlane of laits ;
 He fays, thow fkaiffs and begs mair beir and aits,
 Nor ony criple in *Carrik* land about :
 Uther pure beggars and thow ar at debates,
 Decripit carlings on *Kennedie* cry out.

VIII.

Matter enneuch I haif, I neid not fenyie,
 Thocht thow, foul trumper, has upon me lied ;
 Corrupt carrion, hé fall I cry thy fenyie ;
 Thinkis thow not hou thow came in grit neid ?
 Greitand in *Galloway*, lyke to ane gallow breid,
 Ramand and rolpand, beggand koy and ox,
 I faw thee there into thy wathmans weid,
 Quhilk wes not worth ane pair of auld gray focks.

IX.

Erfch *Katherene* with thy polk, breik and rilling,
 Thow and thy Quean as greidy gleds ye gang
 With polks to mill, and begs baith meil and fchilling,
 Thair is but lyfs and lang nails you amang ;
 Foul heggerbald, for hens this will ye hang ;
 Thow has ane prelus face to play with lammis ;
 Ane thoufand kids wer they in falds full ftrang,
 Thy limmerfull luke wald fley them and thair dammis.

X.

Intill a glen thow has, out of repair,
 Ane laithly luge that wes the lipper mennis,
 With thee ane foutars wyfe, of blifs als bair,
 And lyk twa stalkers fteils in cocks and hens ;
 Thow plukks the poltre, fcho pulls of the pennis.
 All *Karrik* cryis, God gif this dowf be drownd ;
 And quhen thow heirs ane guse cry in the glens,
 Thow thinkft it sweiter than feward bell of found.

XI.

Thow held the burch lang with ane borrowit gown,
 And an caprowfy barkit all with fweit;
 And quhen the ladis saw thee sae like a loun,
 They bickert thé with mony bae and bleit.
 Now upoland thow leives on rubbit quhiet,
 Oft for ane caufs thy burdclaith neids na spredding,
 For thow has nowther for to drink or eit,
 But like a berdless bard that had na bedding.

XII.

Straitgibbons air, that nevir owrestrade ane horfs,
 Blae berfute beirne, in bair tyme wes thow borne;
 Thow bringis the *Carrik* clay to *Edinburgh* corfs,
 Upon thy botingis hobland hard as horne;
 Stra wisps hingis out quhair that the wattis ar worne.
 Cum thow agane to skar us with thy straits,
 We fall gar skale our sculis all the to scorn,
 And stane thee up the cawfy quhair thow gaes.

XIII.

Of *Edinburgh* the boyis as beis out thraws,
 And cryis out ay, Heir cums our awin quier clerk;
 Then fleis thow lyk ane houlat chieft with craws,
 Quhyll all the bichis at thy botings bark.
 Then carlings cryis, Keip curches in the merk,
 Our gallowis gaipis, lo quhair ane graceless gais:
 Ane uthir says, I se him want a fark,
 I reid ye, cummer, tak in your lynning clais.

XIV.

Then rins thow doun the gate, with gild of boys,
 And all the town tykes hingand at thy heils;
 Of lads and lowns ther ryfeis sic ane noyis,
 Quhyll reifyrs rynniss away with cart and quheils,
 And

And cadgers avers castis bayth coals and creilis ;
For rerd of thee, and rattling of thy butis.

Fische-wyves cry fy, and cast down skills and skeils,
Sum clashes thee, sum cloddis thee on the cutis.

KENNEDIE TO DUNBAR.

XV.

Infensuate fow, cefs fals *Eustales* air,
And knaw, kene scald I hald of *Alathya*,
And gar me not the cause lang to declair,
Of thy curst kin *Deulber* and his *Allia* ;
Cum to the corfs on kneis and mak a *crya*,
Confess thy cryme, hald *Kennedie* thy king,
And with ane hawthorn scourge thyself and dyng,
Thus drie thy pennaunce *deliquisti quia*.

XVI.

Pas to my *Commisfare* and be confest,
Cour before him on kneis, and cum in will ;
And syne ger *Stobo* for thy lyf protest :
Renunce thy rymis, baith ban and birn thy bill,
Heve to the hevyn thy hands, and hald thee still.
Do thou not thus, brigane, thou fall be brynt
With pik, tar, fyre, gun-poldre and lynt,
On *Arthuris-fete*, or on ane hyar hyll.

XVII.

I ambulate of *Pernaso* the mountayn,
Inspyrit with *Mercury* fra his goldyn spere,
And dulcely drunk of eloquence the fountayne,
Quhen purifit with frost, and flowand cleir ;
And thou cum fule in *Merche* or *Februer*,
There till ane pule and drunk the padok rod,
That gerris the ryme in termes to thy glod,
And blaberis that noyis mennis eris to here.

XVIII.

XVIII.

Thow lufis nane Erfche elf, I understand,
 But it fuld be all true Scottismennis lede ;
 It was the first gud langage of this land,
 And Scota it caufit to multyplie and fprede,
 Quhill Corfpatrik that we of treffon rede,
 Thy fore-fader, made Erfche and Erfchemen thin,
 Throu his treason brocht Inglis rumplis in,
 Sa wald thyfell, nicht thow to him fucceed.

XIX.

Quhairas thow fays, that I ftall hennis and lamms ;
 I let thee wit I haif land, ftore and ftakkis ;
 Thow wald be fain to gnaw, lad, with thy gamms,
 Under my burde-fmoch, banis behynd dogs bakkis.
 Thow has a tome purfe, I haif baith ftedis and takkis ;
 Thow tint cultur, I haif coulter and pleuch ;
 For fubftance and geir, thow has a widdy teuch,
 On mount *Falconn*, about thy crag to rax.

XX.

And yit mount *Falconn* gallows is owre fair,
 For to be fylde with fic ane frutles face ;
 Cum hame and hyng on our gallowis of *Ayr* ;
 To eard thee under it, I fall purchase grace ;
 To eit thy flefh the dogs fall haif nae fpace.
 The ravens fall ryve naething but thy tung rutes ;
 For thow fic malice of thy mafter mutes,
 It is weil fet that thow fic barat brace.

XXI.

A fmall fynance amang thy freinds thow beggit,
 To ftanche the ftorm wyth baly muldis, thow lofte ;
 Thow failit to get a dowcar for to dregg it ;
 It lyes clofit in ane clout on Seland coast,

Sic

Sic reule gerris the be fervit with cald rost,
 And fit unfoupit oft beyond the sey,
 Cryant *Caritas*, at duris, *amore Dei*,
 Barefute, brekeles, and all in duddis updoft.

XXII.

In Ingland, owl, fuld be thyne habitacione ;
 Homage to Edward Langthanks made thy kin ;
 In *Dunbar* thai refaivit him thy fals nacione :
 They fuld be exylt Scotland, mair and myn.
 Ane stark gallows, a widdy and a pin,
 The heid poynt of thy elders armis are ;
 Written abune in poyfie, Hang *Dunbar*,
 Quarter and draw, and make that furname thin.

XXIII.

I am the kings blude, his trew and special clerk,
 That nevir yit ymaginit his offense,
 Constant in myn allegiance, word, and wark,
 Only dependand on his excellence,
 Traistand to have of his magnificence,
 Gwerdoun, reward, and benefice bedene,
 Quhen that the ravins fall ryve out baith thyne ene,
 And on the rattis fall be thy residence.

XXIV.

Fra Ettrick forest furthward to Drumfrefe,
 Thow beggit with a pardon in all kirks,
 Collapis, cruddis, meil, grotis, gryce, and geis,
 And undernicht quhyle ftall thow ftairs and ftirks.
 Because that Scotland of thy begging irks,
 Thow fchaips in France to be a knicht of the felde ;
 Thow has thy clam shellis and thy burdoun kelde,
 Unhoneft ways all, wolron, that thow wirkis.

XXV.

XXV.

Ane benefice quha wald gyfe sic ane beste ;
 Bot gif it war to gyngle Judas bellis,
 Tak thee a fidill or a floyte and jest,
 Undought thow art, ordainyt to nocht ellis ;
 Thy cloutit cloke, thy skyrp and thy clam-schellis,
 Cleke on thy corfs, and fare on into France,
 And cum thow neir again but a mischance ;
 The feynd fare wyth the forthward our the fellis.

St. 20. l. 1. "On *Mount Falconn*." So it stands distinctly in MILLAR and CHEPMAN's *Miscellany* 1508 ; and *Falcone* in the BANN. MS. But ALLAN RAMSAY in his *Evergreen* thought proper to change it to *Mount Saltone* ; and LORD HAILES happening to overlook this false reading, was led to fix upon *Salton* in East Lothian as the place of DUNBAR's birth or residence. MR PINKERTON, partly from contempt of the poem, fell into the same mistake. The truth is, there is no ground for any such supposition ; nor is there a single passage in all DUNBAR's works that can lead us to ascertain the county to which he belonged. It appears that he often, if not chiefly, resided in Edinburgh ; and probably that was the only reason he had for boasting that he wore "ane pair of Lowthiane hipps." There is, however, a probability that he belonged to the county of Fife. Upon the forfeiture of DUNBAR, Earl of March, anno 1434, the barony of *Kilconquhar*, or *Kinnebar*, in Fife, (probably because it did not hold of the crown,) was suffered to remain with the family, who continued in the possession of it until the reign of Queen MARY. KENNEDY says expressly that DUNBAR was of the *kin* of that family. *Falkland* being situated very near to the *Lorvmond* hills, one of them may have been distinguished, at least in poetical language, by the name of *Falkland Mount* ; and in those days it was also natural enough that there should be a *gallows* in the vicinity of a royal residence. Thus the true reading of the passage may be *Falkland Mount* ; by corruption *Falcann*, or *Falconn*.

Moreover, in MILLAR and CHEPMAN's *Miscellany* 1508, we find the following ludicrous ballad, which probably alludes to DUNBAR, from the circumstance of its being placed in the midst of a number of poems by, or relative to him. It may be a composition of KENNEDY.

My gudame wes a gay wif, bot scho wes ryght gend ;
 Scho duelt fer into Fyfe apon *Falklann fellis* ;
 Thai callit her kynd KITTOK, quhasa hir weill kend ;
 Scho wes like a caldrone croke, cler under kellys.

Thai

Thai threpit that scho deit of thrift; and maid a gude end.
 Eftir hir dede scho dredit nought in hevin for to duell:
 And sa to hevin the hieway dreidles scho wend,
 Yit scho wandrit, and yeid by to ane elriche well.
 Scho met thar, as I wene,
 Ane ask rydand on a snaill,
 And cryit, "Our-tane fallow, haill!"
 And raid ane inche behind the taill,
 Till it wes neir evin.

Sa scho had hap to be horfit to hir herbry;
 Att ane ailhous neir, it nyghttit thaim thare.
 Scho deit of thrift in this warld, that gert hir be so dry,
 Scho neuer eit, bot drank our mesure and mair.
 Scho slepit quhill the morne at none, and rais airly,
 And to the yectis of hevin fast can the wif fair,
 And by Sanct Petir, at the yet, scho stall prevely.
 God lukit and saw hir lattin in, and lewch his hert fair.
 And thar, yeris sevin,
 Scho levit a gud lif;
 And wes our ladyis hen-wif;
 And held Sanct Peter at strif,
 Ay quhill scho wes in hevin.

Scho lukit out on a day, and thocht ryght lang,
 To se the ailhous beside, intill ane evill hour;
 And out of hevin the hie gait couth the wif gang,
 For to get hir ane fresche drink, the aill of hevin wes four.
 Scho come agane to hevinis yet, quhen the bell rang,
 Saint Petir hat hir with a club, quhill a grete clour
 Rais in hir heid, becaus the wif yeid wrang.
 Than to the ailhous agane scho ran, the pycharis to pour;
 And for to brew, and baik.
 Frendis, I pray yow hertfully,
 Gif ye be thrifty, or dry,
 Drink with my guddame, as ye ga by,
 Anyis for my faik.

It may also be added, that probably there never was a gallows at *Salton*; and certainly there is neither hill nor mount.

Stanza 24th and 25th. In these stanzas KENNEDY paints his antagonist in the dress and accoutrements of the antient *Questionarii*, or begging friars. In the BANN. MS. there is a poem called "*Symmye and his Bruder*," where the same particulars are enumerated with greater minuteness. "It is obscure," says LORD HAILES, "but seems to import that these two persons were what is termed *questionarii* in the Scottish canons 1242 and 1296." The narrative appears imperfect, and like

like "Christ's Kirk on the Greene," ends in a scuffle, but the descriptive part of the poem is worthy of notice :

SYMMYE AND HIS BRUDER.

Thair is na story that I of heir,
 Of *Jobne* nor *Robane Hude*,
 Nor yit of *Wallace* wicht but weir,
 That we think half sa gude
 As of thir *Palmars* twa but peir,
 To heir how thay conclude
 Into begging I trow fyve yeir
 In *Sanct-Andro's* thay stude
 Togidder,
 Bayth Symmye and his Bruder.

Thocht thay war wicht, I warrand you,
 Thay had no will to wirk :
 Thay maid them burdowns nocht to bow,
 Twa bewis of the birk ;
 Weil stobbit with steil, I trow,
 To stik into the mirk ;
 Bot sen thair bairds grew on thair mow,
 Thay saw nevir the kirk

Within,
 Nowr Symmye nowr his Bruder.

Syne schupe thame up, to lowp ovr leifs,
 Twa tabartis of the tartane ;
 Thay comptit nocht what thair clowtis wes—
 Quhan sewit thaim on, in certain :
 Syne clampit up *Sanct Peter's* keifs,
 Bot of ane auld reid gartane :
Sanct Jameis schells on the tothir syd sheis
 As pretty as ony partane

Toe,
 On Symmye and his Bruder.

Thus quhan thay had reddit the raggis,
 To rouse thay wer inspyrit ;
 Tuk up thair taipis, and all thair taggis,
 Fure furth as thay war fyrit ;
 And ay the eldist bure the baggis
 Quhan that the yungist tyrit ;
 Tuk counfall at *Kirkew* craggis,
 Than hame as thay war hyrit

Agane,
 Cum Symmye and his Bruder.

Than

Than held thay housis, as men me tells,
 And spendit of their feis;
 Quhen meit was went, thay flew ovr fells
 As bisly as ony beis.
 Syne clengit thay Sanct Jameis schells
 And pecis of palm treis;
 To see quha best the pardoun spells,
 I schrew thame that ay feis
 Bot lauchter,
 Quod Symmye to his Bruder.

Quhen thay wox welthful in thair winning,
 Thay puft thame up in pryd;
 But quhen that Symmye evit in finning,
 His Bruder wald haif ane bryd;
 Hir wedoheid fra the begynning
 Was neir ane moneth tyd;
 Gif scho was spedy ay in spynning,
 Tak witness of thame besyd
 Ilk ane,
 Bayth Symmye and his Bruder.

The carlis thay thikkit fast in cluds,
 Agane the man was marcit,
 With breid and beif, and uthir buds,
 Syne to the kirk thame kareit;
 But or thay twynd him and his dudis,
 The tyme of none was tareit.
 Wa worth this wedding, for by thir rudis
 The meit is all miskareit
 To day!
 Quod Symmye to his Bruder.

The canon respecting these *questionarii*, (or as they are sometimes called *Eleemosynarum quæstores*, and *predicatores*,) runs in these words: "Quoniam quidam quæstionarii variis illusionibus animas simplicis populi seducunt, statuimus," &c. that is, "As certain Questionaries, by various deceits, seduce the minds of the unsuspecting people, we ordain, that when any Questionary comes to a church, the minister of that church shall, on the same day, religiously explain to his parishioners the business of the said Questionary, according to the regulations contained in the letters of the Pope and of the Diocesan; so that he shall in no-wise exceed the tenor of the said letters. But upon no other day in that year shall he on any account admit the same Questionary into that church on the same business. We further ordain it to be strictly observed, that from the beginning of Lent to Easter, the contribution for the building of the church of Glasgow, on all Sundays and Holidays,

shall be faithfully and diligently proposed to the parishioners in all churches after Mass, and the indulgence granted to the contributors to that building, which we command to be set up in writing in every church, shall be openly and distinctly explained to the parishioners in the vulgar tongue; and that their alms, and the effects of those who die intestate, and likewise all pious legacies, according to the custom hitherto approved of, shall be faithfully collected, and given without diminution to the deacons of the places in the nearest chapter; and that within the said period no one shall admit solicitations for other contributions in parochial churches".

In the *Chronicle of Melrose*, John Bishop of Glasgow is said to have built the cathedral church in 1136, and JOCELINE is said to have rebuilt it in 1197. But we learn from this Canon, that fifty years after the death of JOCELINE, the building was not completed.

THE

INVECTIVE AGAINST MOUTH-THANKLESS.

I.

ANE agit man twyce forty yeirs,
Aftir the haly days of Yule,
I hard him say amang the freirs,
Of order gray, makand grit dule,
Richt as he war a furious fule;
Oft-tymes he ficht, and said alace!
Be Chryft, my cair ma nevir cule,
That evir I servt Mouth-thankless.

II.

Throch ignorance, and folly, youth,
My preterit tyme I wald neir spair,
Plefance to put into that mouth,
Till aige said, fule, lat be thy fare;
And now my heid is quhyt and lair,
For feiding of that fowmart face,
Quhairfor I murn baith late and air,
That evir I servt Mouth-thankless.

III.

Gold and filver that I micht get
Brotches, beifands, robbis, and rings,
Frely to gif, I wald nocht let,
To pleife the mulls attour all things.
Rycht as the swan for sorrow fings,
Befoir her deid ane litill space,
Rycht fa do I, and my hands wrings,
That evir I servt Mouth-thankless.

IV.

IV.

Bettir it were ane man to serve
 With worfchip, and honour, under ane sheild,
 Nor her to pleis, thocht thou fuld sterue,
 That will not luke on the in eild,
 Fra that thou has na hair to heild
 Thy heid frae harming that it hes,
 Quhen pen and purse and all ar peild,
 Tak then a meis of Mouth-thankless.

V.

And in example it may be sene,
 The grund of truth quha understude,
 Frae in ane bag thou beir thyne ene,
 Thou gets na grace but for thy gude ;
 At Venus closet, to conclude,
 Call ye not this ane cankerit case :
 Now God help and the haly rude,
 And keip all men frae Mouth-thankless,

VI.

O brukil youth in tyme behald,
 And in thy heart thir wordis graif,
 Or thy complexion gadder cald,
 Amend thy wifs, thy self to saif,
 The hevynis blifs gif thou wald haif,
 And of thy gilt remit and grace.
 All this I hard an auld man raif,
 After the Yule of Mouth-thankless.

KENNEDY.

THE

THE PRAIS OF AIGE.

I.

At matyne houre, in midis of the nicht,
Walkeit of fleip, I saw befyd me fone,
Ane aigit man, seimit sextie yeiris be ficht,
This sentence fett, and song it in gud tone :
O thryn-fold, and eterne God in trone !
To be content and lufe thé I haif caus,
That my licht yowtheid is our past and done ;
Honor with aige to every vertew drawis.

II.

Grene yowth, to aige thow mon obey and bow,
Thy fulis lust lestis skant ane May ;
That than wes witt, is naturall foly now,
Warldy witt, honor, riches, or fresche array :
Deffy the devill, dreid deid and domifday,
For all fall be accusit, as thow knawis ;
Blessit be God, my yowtheid is away ;
Honor with aige to every vertew drawis.

III.

O bittir yowth ! that semit delicious ;
O swetest aige ! that sumtyme semit soure ;
O rekles yowth ! hie, hait, and viciús ;
O haly aige ! fulfillit with honoure ;
O flowand yowth ! frutles and fedand flour,
Contrair to conscience, leyth to luf gud lawis,
Of all vane gloir the lanthorne and mirroure ;
Honor with aige till every vertew drawis.

This

IV.

This warld is sett for to dissaive us evin ;
 Pryde is the nett, and covetece is the trane ;
 For na reward, except the joy of hevin,
 Wald I be yung into this warld agane.
 The schip of fayth, tempestous winds and rane
 Of Lollerdry, dryvand in the sey hir blawis ;
 My yowth is gane, and I am glaid and fane,
 Honor with aige to every vertew drawis.

V.

Law, luve, and lawtie, gravin law thay ly ;
 Diffimulance hes borrowit conscience clayis ;
 Writ, wax, and felis ar no wayis fet by ;
 Flattery is fosterit baith with freinds and fayis.
 The sone, to bruik it that his fader hais,
 Wald fé him deid ; Sathanas sic seid sawis :
 Yowtheid, adew, ane of my mortall fais,
 Honor with aige to every vertew drawis.

KENNEDY.

St. 4. ——— “ Tempestous winds and rane
 “ Of Lollardly dryvand.”

KENNEDY, from this expression, appears to have been a zealous partisan of what was termed *the old faith* ; whereas the poets his cotemporaries were either lukewarm in thair religious tenets, or inclined to the *new* opinions. The name of *Lollard* is well known both on the continent and in Britain. The derivation is said to be from the German *lollen*, in allusion to the drawling unison which they appear to have affected in their prayers and religious hymns. When the Lollards were first discovered in England, the Bishops were at a loss how to describe their tenets. In 1387, HENRY, Bishop of Worcester informed his clergy that they were “ followers of Mahomet.” Some of their conclusions or tenets, as presented by themselves to Parliament in the reign of RICHARD II. are expressed with a singular naivety. Thus, against the celibacy of the clergy, it is said “ *Delicata cibaria virorum ecclesiasticorum, volunt habere naturalem purgationem, vel pejorem.*”—That were

were holy water as efficacious as is pretended, it would be a cure for all sores, the contrary whereof experience teaches :—And again, if all the instruments of the passion, such as the nails and the spear are to be venerated, the lips of Judas Iscariot, could they be procured, would prove excellent relics. The recantation of one WILLIAM DYNOT, a Lollard, made in 1396 before the Archbishop of York, contains the following expressions: “I swere to God, and to all his sayntis upon this holy gospell, that fro this day forward *I shall worship ymages* with praying, and offering unto them in the worschop of the sayntis, that they be made after; and also I shall be buxum to the lawes of haly chirche; and also I shall stand to your declaration (*as to*) *which* is heresy or errour, and do thereafter.”

It is generally held, that in England before the days of HENRY IV. heretics were not capitally convicted. But the horrid writ *anno* 1401, in RYMER'S *Fædera*, ordains the heretic “*igni committi, et in eodem igne realiter comburi.*” It was not enough to pass through the fire to Moloch: Holy Church required an un-equivocal burning. In Scotland, *anno* 1407, during the regency of ROBERT Duke of Albany, the clergy, for the first time, ventured on the experiment of burning a heretic: And it is remarkable that this first victim of holy severity was an Englishman, by name JAMES RESBY;—“*propter certas conclusiones, quarum prima est, Papa de facto non est Christi vicarius; Nullus est Papa, nec Christi vicarius, nisi sit sanctus: de talibus et peioribus tenuit XL. conclusiones, ejus libri adhuc restant curiose servantur per LOLARDOS in SCOTIA.*” *Ford.*
Contin,

ADVICE

ADVYCE TO LUVARIS.

[DUNBAR, in his "Lament for the death of the Markers," stanza 15th, mentions a MAISTER JOHNE CLERK as having been taken by death

"Fra ballat making and trigidé."

And in the BANN MS. we find this and the succeeding poem, with the signature, Quod CLERK. Their stile is quite different from that of CLERK, the author of "SIR GAWANE." It is therefore probable that they are compositions of the same MAISTER JOHNE; as we can hardly suppose that before the year 1568, (the date of the BANN. MS.) there had been a THIRD poet of the same name.]

F AIN wald I luve, bot quhair about,
Thair is so mony luvaris thairout,
That thair is left no place to me;
Quhairoff I levit haif in dowl,
Gif I sowld luve, or lat it be.

Sa mony ar thair ladeis treitis,
With triumphand amoros balletis;
And dois thair bewties pryfs so hé,
That I find nocht but daft consaitis
To fay of luve—Bot lat it be.

Sum thinks his lady lustiest;
Sum haldis his lady for the best;

Sum

Sum sayis his luve is *A per se* ;
 Bot sum, forsuth, ar so opprest
 With luve, war bettir lat it be.

Sum for his ladyis luve lyes feik,
 Suppois scho compt it nocht a leik ;
 And sum drowpes down as he wald die ;
 Sum streykis down a threid bair cheik
 For luve, war bettir lat it be.

Sum luvis lang, and lyes behind ;
 Sum luvis, and freindship can nocht fynd ;
 Sum festnit is, and ma not flé ;
 Sum led is lyk the *belly-blynd*
 With luve, war bettir lat it be.

Thoch luve be grene in gud cūraige,
 And be difficill till affwaige,
 The end of it is miserie:
 Misgovernit youth makis gowfity aige,
 Forbeir ye mot, and lat it be.

Bot quha and fytly wald imprent,
 Sowld find his luve maist permanent,
 Luve God, thy prince, and freind, all thré,
 Treit weill thyself, and stand content,
 And lat all uthir luvaris be.

CLERK.

VOL. I.

A a a

ANE BRASH

ANE BRASH OF WOWING.

I.

IN secret place this hinder nicht,
I heard a bairn say till a bricht,
My hinny, my howp, my heart, my heil,
I haif been lang your luivar leil,
And can of you get comfort nane ;
How lang will ye with danger deil ?
Ye brek my heart, my bony ane.

II.

Quod he, my heart, sweit as the hinny,
Sen that I born was of my minny,
I nevir wouit an uther but you ;
My wame is of your luve sa fou,
That as a ghaist I glowr and grane,
I trymbil sa ye wadna trow,
Ye brek my heart, my bony ane.

III.

Tehei, quod scho, and gaif ane gawf,
Be still my cowfyne, and my cawf,
My new spaind howphyn frae the souk,
And all the blythness of my bouk,
My fwanky sweet, saif thee alane
Na leid haif I luivd all this owk ;
Fow leis me on that graceles gane.

IV.

Quod he, my claver, my curledody,
My hinnyfopps, my sweit possody,

Be

Be not owre bowstrous to your billy,
Be warm hertit, not illwilly ;

Your hals as whyt as quhalis bane,
Gars rise on loft my quilly-lillie ;
Ye brek my heart, my bony ane.

V.

Quod scho, my clip, my unspaynd lam,
With mithers milk yit in your gam,
My belly-hudrom, my hurle-bawfy,
My honneyguks, my filler tawfy,
Your pleins wad pers a heart of ftane ;
Tak comfort, my greit headit gawfy ;
Fou leis me on your graceless gane.

VI.

Quod he, my kid, my capercalyeane,
My bony bab with the ruch brilyeane,
My tender girdil, my wally gowdy,
My tirly mirly, my sowdy mowdy,
Quhen that our mouths do meit in ane,
My ftang dois cork in with your towdy ;
Ye brek my heart, my bony ane.

VII.

Quod scho, then tak me be the hand,
Welcom my golk of Maryland,
My chirry and my maiklefs mynyeon,
My fucker sweit as ony unyeon,
My strummil stirk yit n^o w to spane,
I am applyd to your opinyon ;
Fou leis me on that graceles gane.

VIII.

He gaif till hir ane aple-ruby ;
Gramerce, quod scho, my kind cowhubby !

Syne

Syne thay twa till a play began,
 Quhilk that they call the dirrydan.

Quhile baith thair fancies met in ane,
 O wow ! quoth she, quhair will ye man,
 Leil leis me on that graceles gane.

CLERK.

The MAITLAND MS. ascribes this poem to DUNBAR.

A GENERAL

A GENERAL SATYRE,

— *Attributed in the BANN. MS. to DUNBAR; in the MAITLAND, with more appearance of truth, to SIR JAMES INGLIS; the construction of stanza, and division of measure being considerably different from the manner of DUNBAR. JAMES INGLIS, (or ENGLISH,) denominated SIR because he was a dignified priest, appears from authentic documents, to have been Secretary to, QUEEN MARGARET, and afterwards Abbot of Culrofs. We must also suppose him to be the person to whom JAMES IV. addresses a letter on the subject of Alchemy; see page 311 of this Volume. SIR DAVID LINDSAY in his "Testament of the Papingo," written in 1530, commemorates him thus:*

*"Quho can say more than Schir James English says
"In balletis, fairies, and in pleasaunt plaies!
"Redd in cunnyng, in practyck rycht prudent;
"But Culrofs hath his pen made impotent."*

He was murdered in March 1531, by the Baron of Tulliallan, who soon after suffered decapitation for the crime. It has been already remarked that DUNBAR must have died about, or soon after 1520. Consequently the first line of stanza tenth cannot allude to the College of Justice, instituted in 1532, but to the Lords of Daily Council, appointed in 1503; and thus the poem, whether by SIR JAMES INGLIS, or by DUNBAR, must have been written between 1503 and 1513, when agreeable to stanza fourteenth, the good people of Scotland had an opportunity of reviling both a King and Queen. LORD HAILES seems, therefore, erroneous in his chronology of this poem. He says it
must

must have been written after the marriage of JAMES V. in 1538 ; that is, about seven years after the death of SIR JAMES INGLIS, or seventeen after the death of DUNBAR ; and we have no right to ascribe it to any other person. Of the other " Balletis, fairies, and plays" mentioned by SIR DAVID LINDSAY, not a vestige is now known.]

I.

DEVORIT with dreim, devising in my slumber,
How that this realme, with nobillis out of number
Gydit, provydit sa mony years hes bene ;
And now sic hunger, sic cowartis, and sic cumber,
Within this land was nevir hard nor sene.

II.

Sic pryd with prellattis, so few till preiche and pray,
Sic hant of harlottis with thame, bayth nicht and day,
That fowld haif ay thair God afore thair ene,
So nice array, so strange to thair abbay,
Within this land was nevir hard nor sene.

III.

So mony preistis cled up in secular weid,
With blasing breistis casting thair claiiths on breid,
It is no need to tell of quhome I mene,
Sa few to reid the dargey, and the beid,
Within this land was nevir hard nor sene.

IV.

So mony maisteris, so mony guckit clerkis,
So mony westaris, to God and all his warkis,
So fyry sparkis, of dispyt fro the splene,

Sic

Sic losin farkis, so mony glengour markis,
Within this land was nevir hard nor sene.

V.

So mony lords, so mony naturall fules,
That bettir accordis to play thame at the trulis,
Nor stanche the dulis that commons dois sustene;
New tane fra sculis, so mony anis and mulis,
Within this land was nevir hard nor sene.

VI.

Sa meikle treffone, sa mony partial sawis,
Sa littill reffone, to help the common cawis,
That all the lawis ar not set by ane bene;
Sic fenyet flawis, sa mony wastit wawis,
Within this land was nevir hard nor sene.

VII.

Sa mony theivis and murderis weil kend,
Sa grit releivis of lords thame to defend,
Becauis they spend the pelf thame betwene;
Sa few till wend this mischeif till amend,
Within this land was nevir hard nor sene.

VIII.

This to correct, they schow with mony crakkis,
But littil effect of speir or battar ax,
Quhen curage lakkis the corfs that sould mak kene;
Sa mony jakkis, and brattis on beggaris bakkis,
Within this land was nevir hard nor sene.

IX.

Sic vant of woustours with haitis in findrie statures,
Sic brallaris and bofteris, degenerait fra their natures,
And sic regratouris, the pure men to prevene;

Sa

Sa mony traytouris, fa mony rubeatouris,
Within this land was nevir hard nor fene.

X.

Sa mony jugeis and lords now maid of late ;
Sa small refugeis the pure man to debait ;
Sa mony estate, for commoun weil fa quhene ;
Owre all the gait, fa mony thevis fa tait,
Within this land was nevir hard nor fene.

XI.

Sa mony ane sentence retreitit, for to win
Geir and acquaintance, or kyndness of thair kin ;
Thay think no fin, quhair proffeit cumis betwene ;
Sa mony a gin, to haist thame to the pin,
Within this land was nevir hard nor fene.

XII.

Sic knavis and crakkaris, to play at carts and dyce,
Sic halland-scheckaris, quhilk at *Cowkelbyis* gryce,
Are haldin of pryce, when lymaris do convene,
Sic store of vyce, fa mony wittis unwyse,
Within this land was nevir hard nor fene.

XIII.

Sa mony merchandis, fa mony aythis sworne,
Sic pure tenandis, sic coursing evin and morn,
Quhilk flayis the corn, and fruct that growis grene ;
Sic skaith and sorne, fa mony paitlattis worne,
Within this land was nevir hard nor fene.

XIV.

Sa mony rackettis, fa mony ketché-pillaris ;
Sic ballis, sic nachettis, and sic tutivillaris,
And sic evil-willaris to speik of King and Quene,

Sic

Sic pudding-fillaris, descending down from millaris,
Within this land was nevir hard nor fene.

XV.

Sic farthingaillis on flaggis als fatt as quhailis,
Sic faceit lyk fules with hattis that littil availis;
And sic fowill tailis to sweip the causay clene,
The dust upskailis, mony fillok with faik falis,
Within this land was nevir hard nor fene.

XVI.

Sa mony ane Kittie, drest up with goldin chenye;
Of Satan's feinye sic ane unfell menye
With apill-renyeis ay shawand thair semblance schene.
Sa few witty, that weil can fabillis fenyie,
Within this land was nevir hard nor fene.

St. 2. l. 1. "Prellatis, so few till preiche and pray." For illustration of this charge, see preface to Archbishop HAMILTON's Catechism 1552, and the first book of KNOX's History.

— l. 2. "Sic hant of harlottis with thame bayth nicht and day." LORD HAILES, mistaking the chronology of this poem, had an opportunity of introducing the following curious commentary on this line. DAVID BETHUNE, Abbot of Aberbrothock in 1525, afterwards Archbishop of St Andrew's, and a Cardinal under the title of *Sancti Stephani in Coelio Monte*, had three bastards legitimated in one day; Rec. b. 26. No. 330. WILLIAM STEWART, Bishop of Aberdeen, from 1532 to 1545, had a bastard son legitimated; *ibid.* b. 28. No. 360. WILLIAM CHISOLME, Bishop of Dumblane, from 1527 to 1564, gave great portions to his bastard son and two bastard daughters; Keith, Catalogue of Scottish Bishops, p. 105. ALEXANDER STEWART, Bishop of Moray, from 1527 to 1534, had a bastard daughter legitimated; Rec. b. 30. No. 116.: and a bastard son legitimated; *ibid.* b. 30. No. 374. But they were all excelled by PATRICK HEPBURN, Bishop of Moray, from 1535 until the Reformation, for he had *five* bastard sons all legitimated in one day; *ibid.* b. 30. No. 585.: and *two* bastard daughters, b. 30. No. 572. Such were the goodly fruits of clerical celibacy! They among the reformed who looked back to Rome, always revered the pure politic celibacy of that church.

St. 2. l. 4. "So strange to thair abbay." The practice of holding benefices *in commendam*, became prevalent under the reign of JAMES IV. Of this there are various examples in *Epistolæ Reg. Scot.* vol. I. From that period until the Reformation, benefices were, by a short-sighted policy, heaped on the relations or the retainers of the nobility: meantime, learning, morals, and even discipline, were neglected. A clergy without knowledge and without virtue, could neither withstand the assaults of innovators, nor maintain authority over the minds of the people.

St. 3. l. 1. "Cled up in secular weid." This affectation of wearing the dress of laymen was very ancient. The Scottish Canon XI. anno 1242, ordains, "That the Clergy shall be decently arrayed, both in the state of their minds, and in the dress of their persons; that they shall not wear red, or green, or tartan attire, nor cloathes remarkable for their shortness. Vicars too, and priests, shall have their garments close above; they shall wear a suitable tonsure, lest they offend the sight of beholders, to whom they should be a pattern and example. But if they shall refuse to amend when admonished by the Ordinaries, they shall be suspended from their office," &c.

St. 4. l. 1. "So mony *maisteris*, so mony *guckit* "clerkis." So many masters of arts among the clergy, and yet such general ignorance. *Guck, gouck* is properly the cuckow.

— l. 3. "Of dispyt *fro the splene*." From the spleen; and the sense of the expression seems to be, so thoroughly insolent and overbearing.

— l. 4. "Lofin farkis." So many lost shirts; such petty larceny? "*Glengour markis*." *Luis venereæ indicia*.

St. 5. l. 2. "To play thame at the *trulis*." This is obscure. *Trouil*, in the dialect of Poitou, means a spindle: so that to play at the *trulis*, may imply to hold the distaff, to amuse one self in female occupations.

St. 6. l. 1. "Sa mony partial *farwes*." So many partial sentences or decrees.

— l. 4. "Sic *fenyet flawis*." Possibly pretended defects in the title-deeds of estates, used as an engine of oppression; or it may mean false tales in general.

St. 8. l. 1. — 3. The Nobles loudly declared their resolutions to remedy this grievance; but they are like cowards, who arm while they dare not fight.

St. 9. l. 1. "Vant of *wousters*." A woster is used in *Pierce Plowman* for a *thrafo*, or *miles gloriosus*. It is the same as *boaster*. In modern English, *b* and *w* are often reciprocal letters.

— l. 3. "*Regratouris*." Engrossers and forestallers; of whose offences, mostly imaginary, the statute-book in both kingdoms is full.

St. 10.

St. 10. l. 2. "Sa small *refugeis* the pure man to *debait*." As if he had said, "Such little quirks to lay the poor man low." *Refuge*, in Cotgrave, is said to be *demurrer*.

— l. 3. "For common weil sa *gubene*." So few zealous for the public good. We still use *whene* in the sense of *a few*.

— l. 4. "Sa mony thevis sa *tait*." Probably *tate*, *tyte*, ready and expedite in every highway : So many active thieves.

St. 11. l. 1. "Sa mony ane sentence *retreitit* for to win," &c. So many judgements reversed in order to obtain money, or the friendship and patronage of the parties.

— l. 4. "Haist thame to the *pin*." So many devices to forward their preferment. *Pin* is *point* or *pinnacle*.

St. 12. l. 2. "Sic *balland-scheckaris*." From *baillons*, rags, and *shakers* ; a word still used to express a beggarly knave.

— l. 2. "Quhilk at *Cowkelbyis gryce*." This alludes to a popular poem preserved in the BANN. MS. One COWKELBE had a black sow which he sold for three pennies. He lost one of those *pennies* ; it was found by a person who purchased a pig with it. A very numerous company was invited to feast upon this pig. The guests are enumerated in the tale. It would be tiresome to mention them ; they are, in general, wicked, lewd, and disorderly persons of every degree. The list is thus closed up,

" And twa lerit men thairby,
" Schir Ochir, and Schir Simony."

which, as I understand it, would be thus expressed in modern language :
" And also two learned personages, the Reverend DR USURY, and the Reverend DR SIMONY."

The poem is tedious, and as to versification, below contempt. It contains, however, some curious particulars concerning the manners of the vulgar ; and must be of considerable antiquity. GAWIN DOUGLAS, in his *Palice of Honour*, written in 1501, mentions it among other renowned histories, such as *Robene Hude*, *Ralph Colyear*, *Fyn MacCowl*, &c. that were recited by the ancient bards for the entertainment of our forefathers. The following list of the *fashionable* dances may be acceptable to the Musical Antiquary :

Than all the menstralis, attonis,
Blew up and playit for the ponis,
Shepherdis, nolt-herdis,
And swynherdis out-gerdis.
Ane led the dans and began,
Play us *Joly Lemman* ;
Sum trottit *Tras and trevafs*,
Sum balterit *The Bass* ;
Sum *Perdolly*, sum *Trolly lolly*.

Sum

Sum *Cok eraw thow quhill day,*
Twys-bank, and Terway.
 Sum *Lincolme, sum Lindsay,*
 Sum *Lemman, darwis it nocht day;*
 Sum *Be yon wode-side singis,*
 Sum *Lait lait on evinnyngis;*
 Sum *movit most Mak revill,*
 Sum *Symons sonnis of Zubynfell;*
 Sum *Maister Pier de Conyate;*
 And udir sum in confaite
 At leser dresfit to dans
 Sum *Our-futt, sum Our-brans.*
 Sum *Rusty bully with a bek,*
 And eviry noce in udiris nek;
 Sum the *Tane of Tartary,*
 Sum the *Soldan of Surry.*
 Than all arrayit in a ring,
 Danfit *My deir darlyng.*

The reader will now understand who they were,

——— “ quhilk at Cowkelbyis gryce
 “ Are halden of pryce, when *lymaris* do convene.”

Limmer is supposed to mean *mungrill*. It is here understood of every worthless person. In the modern Scottish language, it is supposed to mean a loose woman; and indeed, if *LYE*'s derivation of the word in his additions to *JUNIUS* be right, that was its original and proper signification.

St. 13. l. 2. “ Sic *curfing* even and morn.” Such constant courfing or hunting with greyhounds, as appears from the context.

—— l. 4. “ Sa mony *paitlattis* worne.” *Parpailauts, partelet, partelot*, is a woman's ruff. In page 324 of this volume, line 11, the word *pamprette* ought probably to be *parplet*, or *partelot*, a word used by *GAVIN DOUGLAS*; corrupted apparently from *CHAUCER*'s *popelote*, which *TYRRWHITT* says may be considered as a diminutive of the French *pouple*, or the Latin *pupula*, a puppet; or as a corruption of *pa-pellet*, a butterfly; in either sense signifying a young wench, comptula, delicatula. *Pamprette* might, however, be formed to signify a bacchanalian nymph, from the French *pampré*, decked with vine leaves.

St. 14. l. 1. “ Sa mony *rackettis*.” *CHAUCER*, Testament of love, p. 482. uses the phrase, “ playing *raket*,” for being inconstant. If the word is here taken in that sense, the meaning is, so much inconstancy either in private life, or in political principles.

—— l. 1. “ Sa mony *ketcbe-pillaris*.” Probably a corruption of the French *gaspilleur*, a spendthrift. *MAIT. MS.* reads *caitharis* and *gillaris*, which

which from the Ang. Sax. and Isl. may signify ostentatious and clamorous talkers.

St. 14. l. 2. "*Nackettis*." A *nacquet*, in French, is a lad who marks at tennis. It is now used for an insignificant person.

— l. 2. "*Tutivillaris*." Junius in *etymol. voc. Tromperies*, has the following note: "*Res nihili, things of no worth, olim titivilitia puto dicta; prout antiquis titivilitiorum nomen denotabat fila putrida, quæ de colo cadunt, pluresque id genus res vilissimas, quas proborum mercimorum loco simplicioribus obtrudunt impostores.*"

Among the other guests at COCKELBE'S feast, there is a *tuttivillus*. This shews how loose our orthography was while there were few books, and men spelt by the ear.

— l. 4. "Sic pudding-fillars descending doun from *millaris*." Such gluttons descended of millars, seems to be personal satire, and, at this distance of time, inexplicable. H. Probably the poet had in his eye the following story, related by WINTON.

DUNKAN be nayme, intil Scotlande,
Sex wyntir ful was kyng regnande.
He gat tua sonnys of lauchful bede;
Yit nevirtheles, in his youtheide,
As he past apon a day,
Intil huntynge hym to play,
With honest cowrt and company,
On his gamyn al thouchty,
The stable, and the fetis fet;
Hymself with bow, and breslet;
Fra slak til hil, our holme and hicht,
He travalit al day, quhil the nycht
Hym partit fra his company.
Than was he wil of herbery,
Yit nevirtheles, swa waverand wil,
He hapnyt to cum to the myl
Of *Fortewyat* the myller,
That hym reffavit, on gud maner,
Til met, and drynk, and til herbery;
And servit hym richt curtasly.

This myllar had a douchtyr fayr,
That to the kyng had oft repayr.
That til her fadyr displeyffit noucht;
To be relevit for that he thocht.
Of that repayr bathe he and scho,
His wil the bettyr was tharto:
Sa scho brought hym a pressande,
That scho trowit til hym pleyfande.
Hir, and hir pressande, thankfully
He reffavit, and curtasly.

And

And thar he cheyfit that woman
 To be fra thyne his luffit leman.
 That ilk nycht, that the kyng
 Tuk with the myller this restyng,
 Into bede withe hir he lay,
 And gat on hir a son or day;
 That was MALCOLM of Scotlande,
 Tharefter crownyt kyng regnande.

St. 15. l. 1. "Sic farthingallis." From the Fr. *verdugalle*, a corruption of *vertu-garde*, a hoop-petticoat. It will scarcely be believed in this age, that in the last, the city ladies reformed their hereditary farthingales, after the Scottish fashion. In a comedy called *Eastward Hoe*, Act 1. DODSLEY'S Collection of old plays, vol. 4. p. 155. 157. "Enter Poldavy, a French tailor, with a Scottish farthingale and a French fall in his arms." Mildred says, "Tailor Poldavy, prythee fit, fit it. Is this a right Scot? Does it clip close? and bear up round?"

—— l. 1. "On flaggis." On flanks as fat as the sides of a whale.

—— l. 2. "Hattis that little avail." Of little avail, or little worth, according to the Scottish idiom, means more than a negative; not useless, but highly censurable. This line probably alludes to the dress of the women, who covered their faces in such a manner as to call for the sage interposition of the legislature; Act 70. JAMES II. That statute provides, "That no woman cum to kirk nor mercat (into places of public resort) with her face muffled or covered, that scho may not be kend." See p. 123 of this vol.

This Act of Parliament to the contrary notwithstanding, the ladies continued muffled during three reigns. In the days of JAMES V. SIR DAVID LINDSAY thus censures them.

"—— Quhen thay go to quyet places,
 " I thame excuse to hide thair faces,
 " Quhen thay wald make collatioun
 " With onie lustie companyeoun;
 " Bot in the kirk and market-places,
 " I think thay suld not hide thair faces."

—— l. 3. "And sic *foul tailis* to sweip the causy clene." The enormity of long trains was provided against by the same statute of JAMES II. "That na woman wear tailes unfit in length." The legislature has not determined what tails were fit in length; that perhaps may be gathered from a mandate issued by a Papal legate in Germany to the nations under his care: "The veils likewise of women, which were allowed them as a token of modesty, but which are now, by their folly, grown into an article of lasciviousness and luxury; and the immoderate length of their petticoats and cloaks, by which they sweep the dust, shall be restrained to a moderate length, as becomes the modesty of the sex, by sentence of excommunication." Transcribed from a MS. of the

14th century by LUDEWIG, *Reliq. diplom.*, tom. 2. p. 441. This mandate does not precisely ascertain the orthodox standard of petticoats; but as it excommunicates the “tailes to swepe the causy clene,” and says that the moderate use of petticoats, for modesty’s sake, is to be adopted, it may be concluded, that ladies who covered their feet were sufficiently conformists: an inch or two less might be immodesty, an inch or two more might be vanity.

What effects followed from this provisional sentence of excommunication, I have not learnt: certain it is, that the Scottish Act of Parliament against long tails, was equally fruitless with that against muffling; for in the reign of JAMES V. SIR DAVID LINDSAY wrote a long poem, called, “An supplication directit from SIR DAVID LINDESAY of the Mont, Knicht, to the Kingis Grace, in contemptioun of syde taillis.”

St. 15. l. 3. “Fillok.” I cannot explain this better than in the words of HORACE.

“Quæ, velut latis equa trima campis,
 “Ludit exultim, metuitque tangi,
 “Nuptiarum expers, et adhuc protervo
 “Cruda marito.”

St. 16. l. 1. “Sa mony ane Kittie drest up with goldin chenye.” As if he had said, “So many whores with golden chains adorned.” Sometimes *Kittie* seems to import a giddy young woman, though not dissolute. It is not uncommon to use the *cause* for the *effect*.

— l. 2. “Of Satan’s *seinye*, sic ane unsell menyé.” In words derived from the French, ending with what is called the *e* mute, our ancestors were wont to give the *e* stronger sound than what the French did. The Dutch are still distinguished for this pronunciation. Thus they pronounce *courte paille*, as if it was written *courteb pailleb*, and *besogne*, *carogne*, nearly as if they were written *besogna*, *carogna*. In like manner we, from *soigne*, *chaine*, *saine*, (Lat. *sanies*,) composed *soinyé*, *chenyé* *sainyé*, or *senyé*. The same word in the same sense occurs, DUNBAR’S Invektive, stanza 8. l. 3. Upon the same principle, *dowsy peiris*, *douze paires*. See SCOT’S Justing, stanza 2. l. 2. The learned glossator on GAVIN DOUGLAS is at a loss what to make of the word *sen* in the description of harpies.

“Bot the vile bellyis of thay curfit schrewis,
 “Haboundis of *sen* maist abhominabill.

He says “It may be an error both in print and MS. for *sent*, *smell*.” It is, in truth, nothing but the French *saine* or *sanies* abridged, as *senyé* is the same word extended. *Unsell* is from the Ang. Sax. *unsaelig*, unhappy. The Gothic *sel* and *unsel* signify good and bad.

The

The meaning then of stanza 16. l. 4. is, "Such an unhallowed company sprung from the corruption of Satan."

It has been suggested, that *seinye* in our old language means *synod*. This interpretation makes good sense, and is confirmed by KNOX, p. 63. The reader will determine whether it or the other contains the most probable sense of the passage.

St. 16. l. 3. "With *apill-renyeis* ay shawand thair semblance schene." *Apill-renyeis*, strings of amber-beads. The French phrase "*pomme d'ambre*" means an amber head, in shape and colour like an apple. By analogy or imitation, the word *apill*, or apple, seems to have had the same sense with us.

The fashion of wearing amber necklaces, by degrees, went down among the lower sort of people in Scotland; it is now almost exploded even among them. I suppose some future age will be to seek among the vulgar for the definition of *cardinale* and *capucine*, while curches (*couvre-chef*) and plaids again cover the head and shoulders of a woman of fashion.

It ought to have been mentioned in the introduction to this poem, that SIR JAMES INGLIS, in a charter dated 9th Sept. 1527, is designed Chancellor of the Royal Chapel of Stirling.

GAVIN

GAVIN DOUGLAS.

The only remaining Poet of this reign, whose name and works are known, is GAVIN DOUGLAS, the third son of ARCHIBALD, the fifth Earl of Angus. He was born in 1475; was Rector of the church of Hawick in 1496; and in 1509 Dean of the collegiate church of St Giles, Edinburgh. By the Queen Regent, who had married his nephew the Earl of Angus, he was recommended in 1514 to the Abbey of Aberbrothwick, and also to the see of St. Andrews; but, partly by violence, and partly by intrigue, he was disappointed of both. He was next presented to the see of Dunkeld; and a reconciliation at last taking place between the Queen and the Earl of Angus on the one part, and the Regent ALBANY on the other, GAVIN DOUGLAS entered into possession of the Bishopric in 1516. The particulars of his public life form a considerable portion of the Scottish history from 1514 to 1522, when he died of the plague at London.

His works now extant are, "The Palace of Honour," composed in 1501, and a "Translation of VIRGIL's Eneid," finished in 1513; both of them first printed at London in 1553. An allegorical poem called KING HART is also ascribed to him in the MAITLAND Collection of poems. His other works, supposed now to be lost, are, 1. A translation of OVID's Book "De Remedio Amoris." 2. Comediæ Sacræ. 3. Auræ Narrationes.

[The author, in a vision, finds himself in a wilderness, where he sees troops of persons travelling to the Palace of Honour. He joins himself to the train of the Muses, and in their company proceeds to the happy place. In his last adventure he seems to allude to the law of Celibacy. The habitation of the honourable ladies is surrounded by a deep ditch, over which is a narrow bridge, supposed to represent the ceremony of marriage. Upon his attempting to pass over by this bridge, he falls into the water, and awakes from his dream.]

This allegorical poem, like many other modern fables, is liable to the charge of prolixity. In particular, it is overloaded, according to the practice of that time, with tedious registers of classical names, to show that the author had not gone to school for nothing. Most of these are here left out: also, two or three godly parabolical digressions; it is hoped, without injury to the poem.]

I.

QUHEN pail AURORA with face lamentabill
Her ruffet mantill borderit all with fabill,
Lappit about, be hevinly circumstance,
The tender bed and aires honorabill
Of FLORA quene till flowris amiabill,
In May I rais to do my obfervance:
And enterit in a gardyne of plesance
With fol depaint, as Paradice delectabil,
And blifsfull bewis, with blomed varyance.

II.

II.

Sa craftily dame FLORA had our fret
 Hir hevinly bed, powderit with mony a fet
 Of ruby, topas, perle and emerant;
 With balmy dew, bathit and keyndlie wet;
 Quhill vapours hote, richt fresche and weil ybet,
 Dulce of odour, of flour maist fragrant,
 The silver dropis on dafies distillant:
 Quhilk verdour branches our the alars yet,
 With smoky fence the mystis reflectant.

III.

The fragrand flowris bloumand in thair feis,
 Ouirspred the levis of natures tapestries;
 Abone the quhilk with hevinly harmonies
 The birdis fat on twittis and on greis,
 Melodiously makand thair kyndlie gleis,
 Whaife schill nottis fordynned all the skyis,
 Of repurcussit air the echo cryis;
 Amang the branches of the blomit tries,
 And on the laurers silver droppis lyis.

IV.

Quhill that I rowmed in that Paradise,
 Replenischit, and full of all delice,
 Out of the sey EOLUS alift his heid,
 I mene the hors whilk drawis at device
 The affiltrie and goldin chair of price
 Of TYTAN; whilk at morrow seemis reid;
 The new colour that all the nicht lay deid
 Is restorit. Baith fowllis, flowris, and rice,
 Recomfort was, throw PHEBUS gudlyheid.

V.

The dasy and the maryguld unlappit,
 Quhilks all the nicht lay with their levis happit,
 Thame to reserve fra rewmes pungitive.
 The umbrate trees that TYTAN about wappit
 War portrait, and on the eirth yschappit,

Be goldin bemis viuificative
 Quhais amene heit is maist restorative.
 The greshoppers amangis the vergers gnappit,
 And beis wrocht material for thair hyve.

VI.

Richt hailfome was the fessoun of the yeir,
 Phebus furth yet depured bemis clear,
 Maist nutritive till all things vegetant.
 God EOLUS of wind list nocht appear,
 Nor auld SATURNE with his mortal speir,
 And bad aspect contrair till evrie plant.
 NEPTUNUS nold within that palice hant.
 The beriall stremis rynning, men nicht heir,
 By bankis grene with glancis variant.

VII.

For till behald that hevinly place complete,
 The purgit air with new engenderit heit,
 The sol enbroued with colour ure, and stone;
 The tender grene, the balmy droppis sweit,
 Sa rejoycit and comfort was my spreit,
 I not was it a vision or fantone.
 Amyd the buskis rowming myne alone,
 Within that garth, of all plesance repleit,
 A voice I hard preclair as PHEBUS schone,

VIII.

Singand, O May ! thow mirrour of solefs,
 Maternall moneth, lady and maistres,
 Till evrie thing adown respirature,
 Thyne hevinlie werk and worthie craftines
 The small herbis constanis till increas.
 O verray ground till werking of nature !
 Quhais hie curage and affucurat cure
 Causis the eirth his fruits till expres,
 Diffundant grace on everie creature.

Thy

IX.

Thy gudly lore, cunning incomparabill,
 Dantis the savage beistis maist unstabill,
 And expellis all that nature infestis.
 The knoppit fyonis with levis agreeabill,
 For till revert and burgione ar maid abill.
 Thy mirth refresches byrdis in thair nestis,
 Quhilkis the to praise and nature neuer restis :
 Confessand yow maist potent and lowabill
 Amang the brownis of the olive twistis.

X.

In the is rute and agment of curage,
 In the enforces MARTIS vassalage ;
 In the is amorous lufe and harmonie,
 With incrementis fresche in lustie age.
 Quha that constrainit ar in luifis rage,
 Addressand them with observance airlie,
 Weill auchtis the till glore and magnifie.—
 And with that word I raized my visage
 Soir affrayit ; half in an frenesie.

XI.

O Nature Quene ! and O ye lusty May !
 Quod I thon, How lang fall I thus foruay
 Quilk yow and VENUS in this garth deservis ?
 Recounsel me out of this greit affray,
 That I may sing yow laudis day be day,
 Ye that all mundane creatures preservis
 Comfort your man that in this fanton stervis,
 With spreit arraisit and everie wit away,
 Quaiking for feir, baith pulfis, vane, and nervis.

XII.

My fatal weird, my febill wit I wary,
 My desie heid, quhome lake of brane gart vary,
 And not sustene so amiabill a foun.
 With ery courage, febill strenthis fary,
 Bounand me hame, and list na langer tary,

Out

Out of the air come ane impressioun,
 Throw whais licht in extasie or fwoun,
 Amyd the virgultis, all intill a fary,
 As feminine fa febilit fell I down.

XIII.

And with that gleme fa defyt was my micht,
 Quhill thair remanit nouthar voice nor sicht,
 Breith, motion, nor heiring natural,
 Saw never man so faynt a levand wicht ;
 And na ferly, for our excelland licht
 Corruptis the witt, and garris the blude awaill
 Untill the hart, thocht it na danger aill ;
 Quhen it is smorit, memberis wirkis not richt,
 The dreidfull terrour fwa did me affaill.

XIV.

Yet at the last, I not how lang a space,
 A lytle heit appeirit in my face,
 Whilk had to foir been pail and voyde of blude.
 Thon in my fwoun I met a ferly cace ;
 I thocht me set within a desert place
 Amyd a forrest, by a hyddeous flude
 With gryfly fische ; and schortly till conclude,
 I fall discryve, as God will give me grace,
 Myne visioun in rural termis rude.

XV.

Bydand the deid thus in my extasie,
 Ane dyn I hard approaching fast me by,
 Quhilk movit fra the plage Septentrionall,
 As heird of beastis stamping with loud cry.
 Bot than God wait, how affrayit was I !
 Traistand to be stranglit with bestialle
 Amid a stock richt privelie I stall,
 Quhair luikand out anon I did espy
 Ane lustie rout of behest rationall,

XVI.

XVI.

Of Ladyis fair, and guidlie men arrayit
 In constant weid, that weill my spreitis payit;
 With degeest mind, quhairin all wit aboundit,
 Full soberlie their haiknays thay assayit.
 Efter, the faitis auld (and nocht forwayit)
 Their hie prudence schaw furth, and naithing roundit,
 With gude effeir; quhairat the wod resoundit.
 In steidfast ordour, to vesie unaffrait,
 Thay ryding furth, with stabilnes ygroundit.

XVII.

Amiddis quhom born in ane goldin chair,
 Ouirfret with perle, and stains maist preclair,
 That drawin was by haiknays all milk quhite,
 Was set MINERVE, as lylie sweit of swair,
 In purpoure rob, hemmit with gold ilk gair,
 Quhilk gemmit claspis closed all persite.
 A diademe maist plesandlie polite,
 Set on the tressis of her giltin hair,
 And in her hand a scepter of delyte.

XVIII.

Syne nixt hir raid in granate violat
 Twolf Damisellis, ilk ane on thair estait,
 Quhilks semit of her counsell maist secré.
 And nixt them was a lustie rout, God wait,
 Lords, Ladys, and mony fair Prelatt,
 Baith born of hie estait, and law degré;
 Furth with thair Quene, thay all by passit me.
 Ane esie pais, thay ryding furth the gait,
 And I abaid alone within the tre.

XIX.

Sine ladyis come with lustie giltin tressis,
 In habit wilde maist like till forsteressis;
 Amiddis quhom heich on ane eliphant,
 In signe that sho in chastitie incressis,
 Raid DIANE that Ladyis hartis drossis

Till

Till be stabill, and na way inconstant.

God wait that nane of thame is variant !

All chaist and trew virginity professis,

I not ; bot few I saw with DIANE hant.

XX.

My daifit heid, fordullit diffelé,

I raifit up, half in ane lithargie,

As dois ane cative ydrunkin, in fleip.

And sa appeirit to my fantasie,

A schynand licht out of the northeist sky,

The whilk with cure to heir I did tak keip.

Proportion founding dulcest, hard I peip,

In musick number, full of harmony,

Distant on far was carit be the deip.

XXI.

Sa dulce, sa fweit, and sa melodious,

That everie wicht thairwith micht be joyous,

Bot I and catives dullit in dispair.

For quhen a man is wraith or furious,

Melancholick for wo, or tedious,

Than till him is all plesance maist contrair :

And semblablie, than sa did with me fair ;

This melodie intonit hevinlie thus,

For profound wo, constrainit me mak cair.

XXII.

And murnand thus, as ane maist wofull wicht,

Of the maist plesant court I had a sicht,

In warld adoun sen ADAM was creat.

Quhat sang, quhat joy, quhat harmony, quhat licht !

Quhat mirthfull solace, plesance all at richt !

Quhat fresche bewtie, quhat excelland estate !

Quhat fweit vocis, quhat wordis fuggurait !

Quhat fair debaitis, quhat luifsum ladyis bricht !

Quhat lustie gallandis did on thair service wait !

XXIII.

XXIII.

Quhat gudlie pastance and quhat minstrellsie?
 Quhat game thay maid, in faith not tell can I,
 Thocht I had profound wit angelicall.
 The hevenlie foundis of thair harmonie,
 Hes dynnit fa my drerie fantasie,
 Baith wit and reffoun half is loist of all.
 Yet (as I knaw) als lichtlie say I fall,
 That angellike and godlie company
 Till se, me thocht a thing celestiall.

XXIV.

Proceidand furth was draw ane chariote,
 Be coursouris twelf, trappit in grene velvete,
 Of fine gold wer junctures and harnassingis—
 The lymnaris wer of burnis hit gold God wote,
 Baith aixtre and quheillis of gold I hote.
 Of goldin cord wer lyamis, and the stringis
 Festinnit conjunct in massie goldin ringis;
 Evor haims convenient for sic note,
 And raw filk brechamis our thair halfis hingis.

XXV.

The bodie of the cairt of evor bone,
 With crisolitis and mony precious stane
 Was all ouirfret, in dew proportioun,
 Like sternis in the firmament quhilks schone,
 Reparrellit was that Godlike plesand one,
 Tyldit abone, and to the eirth adoun,
 In richest claith of gold of purple broun;
 But fas, nor uther frenyies, had it none,
 Saiff claith of gold anamillit, all fassoun.

XXVI.

Quhair fra dependant hang thair megir bellis—
 Sum round, sum thraw, in sound the quhilks excellis,
 All wer of gold of *Araby* maist fine,
 Quhilks with the wind concordandlie fa knellis
 That to be glaid thair sound all wicht compellis,

The harmonie was fa melodious fine,
 In mannis voice and instrument devine,
 Quhairfa thay went it seemit nathing ellis
 Bot ierarchies of angellis, ordours nine.

XXVII.

Amid the chair fulfillit of plesance,
 Ane lady sat at quhais obeyfance,
 Was all that rout : and wonder is to heir
 Of her excelland lustie countenance
 Her hie bewtie quhilk maist to avance
 Precellis all, thayr may be na compeir.
 For like PHEBUS, in heist of his spheir,
 Hir bewtie schane, castand fa greit ane glance,
 All fairheid it opprest baith far and neir.

XXVIII.

Scho was peirless of schap and portraiture,
 In her had nature finischt hir cure,
 As for gude havingis thair was nane bot scho,
 And hir array was fa fine and fa pure,
 That quhairof was hir robe I am not sure,
 For nocht bot perle and stanis micht I see.
 Of quhom the brightness of hir hie bewtie
 For to behald, my sight micht not indure,
 Mair nor the bricht sone may the bakkis ee.

XXIX.

Hir hair as gold or topasis was hewit,
 Quha hir beheld, hir bewtie ay renewit.
 On heid sho had a crest of dyamantis.
 Thair was na wicht that gat a sight eschewit,
 War he never fa constant or waill thewit,
 Na he was woundit, and him hir seruant grantis.
 That hevinlie wicht, hir cristall ene fa dantis,
 For blenkis sweit nane passit unperfewit,
 Bot gif he wer preferuit as thir sanctis.

XXX.

I wondert fair and fast in mind did stair,
 Quhat creature that micht be that was sa fair,
 Of sa peirless excellant womanheid.
 And farlyand thus I saw within the chair
 Quhair that a man was fet with lymmis squair,
 His bodie weill entailyeit everie steid;
 He bair a bow with dartis haw as leid;
 His claithing was als grene as ane huntair:
 Bot he forsuith had na eine in his heid.

XXXI.

I understude be signes persavabill
 That was CUPYD the God maist dissavabill;
 The lady, VENUS, his mother, a Goddes;
 I knew that was the court sa variabill,
 Of eirdly lufe quhilk sendill standis stabill,
 Bot yet thair mirth and solace neuertheless
 In musick tone and menstrallie expres
 Sa craftilie: With curage agreabill
 Hard neuer wicht sic melodie I ges.

XXXII.

Accompanyit lustie yonkeirs withall,
 Fresche ladyis sang in voice virgineall,
 Concordis sweit, divers entoned reportis.
 Proportionis fine, with sound celestiall,
 Duplat, triplat, diatefferiall,
 Sesque altera, and decupla resortis,
 Diapason of mony fundry fortis,
 War sounge, and playit be seir cunning menstrall
 On lufe, ballatis with mony fair disportis.

XXXIII.

In modulation hard I play and sing
 Faburdoun, prickfang, discant, counterung,
 Cant organe, figuratioun, and gemmell;
 On croud, lute, harp, with mony gudlie spring,
 Schalmes, clariounis, portatives, hard I ring,

Monycord,

Monycord, organe, tympane, and cymbell ;
 Sytholl, pfalterie, and voices fweet as bell,
 Soft relefchingis in dulce delivering,
 Fractionis divide, at rest, or clois compell.

XXXIV.

Na mair I understude thair numbers fine,
 Be God, than dois of *Greek* a swine,
 Saif that me think fweet foundis gude to heir.
 Na mair heiron my labour will I tyne,
 Na mair I will thir werbillis fweet define,
 How that thair musick tones war mair cleir
 And dulcer than the moving of the spheir,
 Or ORPHEUS harp of *Thrace* with sound divine,
 GLASKERIANE maid na noyis compeir.

XXXV.

Thay condiscend fa weill in ane accord,
 That by na joint thair foundis bene discord,
 In everie key thay werren fa expert.
 Of thair array gif I fuld mak record,
 Lustie springaldis and mony gudlie lord,
 Tender younglingis with pieteous virgin hart.
 Elder ladyis knew mair of lustis art.
 Divers uthers quhilks me not list remord,
 Quhais lakkest weid was filkis ouirbroudert.

XXXVI.

In vestures quent of mony findrie gyfe,
 I saw all claith of gold men might devise,
 Purpour colour, punik, and scarlote hewis,
 Velvot robbis maid with the grand affyse,
 Dames fatyne, begaryit mony wife,
 Crameffie fatine veluot enbroude in divers rewis,
 Satine figures champit with flouris and bewis,
 Damisflure, tere-pyle quhairon thair lyis,
 Peirle orpany quhilk evrie stait renewis.

XXXVII.

XXXVII.

Thair riche entyre maist peirles to behald
 My wit can not discrive howbeit I wald.
 Mony entrappit steid with filkis feir,
 Mony pattrell nervit with gold I tald,
 Full mony new gilt, harnasing not ald,
 On mony palfray luifsum Ladyis cleir.
 And nixt the chair I saw formest appeir,
 Upon a bardit curser stout and bald,
 MARS, God of strife enarmit in birneist geir.

XXXVIII.

Everie invasibill wapon on him he bair,
 His luik was grym, his bodie large and squair,
 His lymmis weill entailyet to be strang,
 His neck was greit, a span lenth weill or mair,
 His visage braid, with crisp broun curland hair,
 Of stature not our greit, nor yet our lang.
 Behaldand VENUS, O ye my lufe ! (he sang.)
 And scho agane, with dallyance sa fair.
 Hir knicht him cleipis, quhair sa he ryde or gang.

XXXIX.

Of gudlie folk in everie rank and age,
 With blenkis sweit fresche lustie grene curage,
 And dalyance thay riding furth in feir,
 Sum levis in hope, and sum in greit thirlage
 Sum in dispair, sum findis his panis fwage.
 Garlandis of flouris and rois chaipletis feir,
 Thay bair on heid ; and samin sang sa cleir,
 Quhill that thair mirth commovit my curage,
 Till sing this lay quhilk followand ye may heir.

XL.

Constrainit hart ! belappit in distres,
 Groundit in wo, and full of hevines,
 Complane thy panefull cairis infinite,
 Bewaill this warldis frail unsteidfastnes,
 Havand regrait, sen gain is thy gladnes,

And

And all thy solace returnit in dispite,
 O cative thrall involupit in despyte,
 Confes thy fatall wofull wretchedness,
 Devide in twane and furth diffound all tyte
 Aggreivance greit in miserable indyte.

XLI.

My cruell fate subjectit to pennance
 Predestinate, sa void of all plesance,
 Hes everie greif amid my hart ingrave,
 The slide inconstant destenie or chance,
 Unequallie dois hing in thair balance,
 My demerites and greit dolour I have,
 This purgatorie redoublis all the lave,
 Ilk wicht hes sum weilfair at obeyfance,
 Saif me, byfning, that may na grace refave.
 Deid the addres, and do me to my grave.

XLII.

Wo worth sic strang misfortune anoyous,
 Quhilk hes opprest my spreits maist joyous,
 Wo worth this warldis freuch felicitie,
 Wo worth my fervent diseis dolorous,
 Wo worth the wicht that is not piteous,
 Quhair the trespassour penitent thay se.
 Wo worth this deid that daylie dois me die,
 Wo worth CUPYD, and wo worth fals VENUS,
 Wo worth thame baith, ay waryit mot thay be,
 Wo worth thair court and curfit destenie.

XLIII.

Loud as I mocht, in dolour all destrenyiet,
 This lay I sang, and not ane letter fenyeit.
 Thon saw I VENUS on hir lip did bite,
 And all the court in haste thair horsis renyeit,
 Proclamand loude, Quhair is yone poid that plenyet,
 Quhilk deith deservis, comittand sic despite?
 Fra tre to tre thay seirching but respite,

Quhill

Quhill ane me fand, quhilk said and greit disdenyeit,
Avant villane ! thow reclus imperfite.

XLIV.

All in ane fevir, out of my muskane bowr,
On kneis I crap, and law for feir did lowre.
Than all the court on me thair heidis schuik ;
Sum glowmand grim, sum girnand with visage fowre ;
Sum in the nek gave me feil dyntis dowre.
Pluck at the craw, thay cryit, deplome the ruik ;
Pulland my hair, with blek my face they bruik ;
Sk'rymmorie Fery gave me mony a clowre,
For chyppynutie ful oft my chaftis quuik.

XLV.

With pane torment, thus in thair tenefull play,
Till VENUS bound, thay led me furth the way,
Quhilk than was fet amid a goldin chair ;
And sa confoundit into that fell affray,
As that I micht confidder thair array.
Me thocht the field ouirspred with carpettis fair
(Quhilk was to foir brint, barrane, vile and bair)
Wox maist plesand, bot all (the suith to say)
Micht nocht ameis my grevous panefull fair.

XLVI.

Enthronit sat MARS, CUPYD, and VENUS :
Thon rais ane clerk was cleipit VARIUS,
Me till accusen as of a deidlie crime,
And he begouth and red ane dittay thus :
Thou wickit cative, wod and furious,
Presumpteouslie now at this present time
My lady hes blasphemit in thy rime.
Hir sone, hir self, and hir court amorous,
For till betrais, awaitit heir sen Prime.

XLVII.

Now, God thow wait, me thocht my fortune fey,
With quaikand voce, and hart cald as a key,
On kneis I kneillit and mercy culd imploir,
Submittand

Submittand me, but ony langer pley,
 VENUS mandate and plesure to obey.
 Grace was denyit, and my travell forloir,
 For scho gave charge to proceed as befoir.
 Than VARIUS spak richt stoutlie me to fley,
 Injoynand silence till ask grace ony moir.

XLVIII.

He demandit my answer, Quhat I said?
 Than as I mocht with curage all mismaid,
 Fra time I understude na mair supplie,
 Sair abaifit, belive I thus out-braid:
 Set of thir pointis of crime now on me laid,
 I may be quite guiltless in veritie:
 Yit first agane the Judge quhilk heer I se,
 This inordinate court, and proces quaid,
 I will object for causes twa or thre.

XLIX.

Inclynand law (quod I) with piteous face,
 I me defend, Madame, pleis it your grace.
 Say on, (quod scho), Than said I thus but mair;
 Madame ye may noe fit into this cace,
 For Ladyis may be judges in na place.
 And mairattour I am na seculair,
 A spirituall man (thocht I be void of lair)
 Cleipit I am, and aucht my lives space
 To be remit till my Judge ordinair.

L.

I yow bezeik, Madam, with biffie cure
 Till give ane gracious interlocutur,
 On thir exceptiones now proponit lait.
 Thane suddenlie VENUS (I you assure)
 Deliverit sone, and with a voice so sture,
 Answerit thus, Thow subteil fmy, God wait,
 Quhat wenis thow to degraid my hie estait,
 Me to decline as Judge, curst creature?
 It beis not fa, the game gais uther gait.

LI.

LI.

As we the find, thow fall thoill Judgement,
 Nocht of a clerk we se the represent,
 Saif onlie falsset and disfaithfull taillis.
 First quhen thow come with hart and haill intent,
 Thow the submittit to my commandement.
 Now now thairof methink to sone thow faillis.
 I wene na thing but follie that the aillis.
 Ye clerkis bene in subtell wordis quent,
 And in the deid als schairp as ony snaillis.

LII.

Ye bene the men beywrayis my commandis,
 Ye bene the men disturbis my servandis,
 Ye bene the men with wickit wordis feill,
 Quilk blasphemis fresche lustie young gallandis,
 That in my service and retinew standis.
 Ye bene the men that cleipis yow sa leill,
 With fallis behest quhill ye your purpois steill,
 Sine ye forswear baith bodie, treuth, and handis,
 Ye bene sa fals ye can na word conceill.

LIII.

Have done (quod scho) Schir VARIUS, allwyth
 Do write the sentence ; lat this cative kyth
 Gif our power may demen his misdeid.
 Than God thow wait gif that my spreit was blyth !
 The feverous hew intill my face did myith
 All my mal-eis ; for swa the horribill dreid
 Haill me our set, I micht not say my creid :
 For feir and wo within my skin I wryith,
 I micht not pray forsuith thocht I had neid.

LIV.

Yet of my deith I set not half ane fle,
 For greit effeer me thocht na pane to die ;
 But fair I dred me for some uther jaip,
 That VENUS suld, throw her subtillitie,
 Intill sum bysning beist transfigurat me,

As in a beir, a bair, ane oule, ane aip ;
 I traistit fa for till have bene mischaip,
 That oft I wald my hand behald to se
 Gif it alterit, and oft my visage graip.

LV.

Lo thus amid this hard perplexetie,
 Awaitand ever quhat moment I fuld die,
 Or than sum new transfiguratioun,
 He quhilk that is eternal veritie,
 The glorious Lord, ringand in persounis thre,
 Provydit hes for my salvatioun,
 Be som good spreitis revelatioun,
 Quhilk intercessioun maid I traist for me,
 I foryet all imaginatioun.

LVI.

All haill my dreid I tho foryet in hy,
 And all my wo, bot yet I wist not quhy,
 Save that I had some hope till be relevit.
 I raistit than my visage haistelie,
 And with a blenk anone I did espy,
 A luik sicht quhilk nocht my hart engrevit :
 Ane hevinlie rout out throw the wod eschevit
 Of quhome the bountie gif I not deny,
 Uneth may be intill ane scripture brewit.

LVII.

With lawreir crownit in robbis fide all new,
 Of a fassoun and all of steidfast hew,
 Arrayit weill ane court I saw come neir,
 Of wise digest eloquent fathers trew,
 And plesand ladyis quhilks fresche bewtie schew,
 Singand softlie full sweit on thair maner
 On Poet wise, all divers versis feir,
 Historyis greit in Latine tounge, and Grew,
 With fresche indite and foundis gude to heir.

LVIII.

LVIII.

And sum of thame *ad Lyram* playit and sang
 Sa plesand verse quhill all the roches rang;
 Metir Saphik, and also Elygie.
 Thair instrumentis allmaist war fidillis lang,
 But with a string quhilk never a wreist yeid wrang;
 Sum had an harp, and sum a fair psaltrie,
 On lulis sum thair accentis subtellé,
 Devydit weill and held the measure lang,
 In foundis sweit of plesand melodie.

LIX.

I had greit wonder of thay Ladyis feir,
 Quhilks in that airt micht have na compeir,
 Of castis quent, rethorik colouris fine,
 Sa poetlike in subteill fair maneir,
 And eloquent firme cadence regulair.
 Thair veyage furth contenand richt as line,
 With sang and play (as said is) sa devine,
 Thay fast approching to the place weill neir,
 Quhair I was torment into my greit pine.

LX.

And as that hevinlie fort now nominate,
 Removit furth on gudlie wise thair gait.
 Toward the court quhilk was tofoir expremit,
 My curage grew, for quhat cause I nocht wait,
 Saif that I held me payit of thair estait;
 And thay wer folk of knowledge as it semit.
 Als into VENUS court full fast thay demit;
 Sayand, yone lustie court weill stop or meit,
 To justifie this bysning quhilk blasphemit.

LXI.

The suddane sicht of that firme court foresaid,
 Recomfort weill my hew, befoir as said,
 Amid my spreit the joyous heit redoundit,
 Behalding how the lustie Mufis raid,
 And all thair court quhilk was sa blyth and glaid,

Quhais

Quhais merines all hevines confoundit.
 Thair saw I weill in poetrie y-groundit,
 The greit HOMEIR, quhilk in Greik language said
 Maist eloquentlie, in quhome all witt aboundit.

LXII.

Sa greit ane preis of pepill drew us neir,
 The hundredth part thair names ar not heir,
 Yit saw I thair BRUTUS of *Albyon*,
 GEFFRAY CHAUCER, as *a per se* fans peir
 In his vulgare; and morall JOHN GOWEIR;
 LYDGATE the monk raid musing him alone.
 Of this natioun I knew also anone,
 Greit KENNEDIE and DUNBAR yit undeid,
 And QUINTINE with ane huttock on his heid.

LXIII.

Howbeit I culd declair and weill indite,
 The bounties of that court dewlie to write,
 War our prolEXIT transcending mine ingine,
 Tuitching the proces of my panefull site,
 Belive I saw thir lustie Mufis qnwhite,
 With all thair rout toward VENUS decline,
 Quhair CUPIDE sat with her in throne divine,
 I standand bundin in ane forie plite,
 Bydand thair grace, or than my deidlie pine.

LXIV.

Straicht to the Quene thir famin Mufis raid,
 Maist eloquentlie thair salutationis maid;
 VENUS again yaid thame thair salufing,
 Richt reverentlie, and on hir feit upbraid,
 Beseikand thame to licht: nay, nay thay said,
 We may not heir mak na lang tarying.
 CALLIOPE maist facund and laeding,
 Inquirit VENUS quhat wicht had hir mismaid,
 Or quhat was cause of hir thair sojourniing.

LXV.

LXV.

Sister, said scho, behald yone byfning schrew,
 A subtell smy, consider weill his hew,
 Standis thair bound ; (and bekinit hir to me,)
 Yone cative has blasphemit me of new ;
 For to degraid, and do my fame adew,
 A laithlie ryme dispiteful subtellé
 Compylet hes, reheirfand loud on hie,
 Sclander, dispite, forrow and velanie,
 To me, my sone, and eik our court for aye.

LXVI.

He hes deservit deith, he fall lie deid,
 And we remaine forsuith into this steid.
 To justifie that rebald rennegait,
 Quod CALLIOPE, sister away all feid,
 Quhy suld he die, quhy suld he lois his heid ?
 To slay him for sa small ane cryme, God wait,
 Greitar degrading war to your estait,
 To sic as he to mak counter pleid,
 How may ane fule your hie honour chek mait ?

LXVII.

Quhat of his lak ! Sa wide your fame is blaw,
 Your excellence maist peirles is sa knaw,
 Na wretchis word may depair your hie name,
 Give me his life, and modifie the law,
 For, on my heid, he standis now sic aw,
 That he fall efter deserve never mair blame,
 Nocht of his deith ye may report bot schame.
 In recompence for his misfettand saw,
 He fall your hest in everie part proclame.

LXVIII.

Than, Lord ! how glaid became my febill goist,
 My curage grew, the whilk befoir was loist,
 Seand I had sa greit ane advocait,
 That expertlie but prayer, price or cost,
 Obtenit had my friiwill actioun almost,

Quhilk

Quhilk was befoir perischit and desolait :
 This quhile VENUS stude in ane studie strait,
 Bot finallie scho schew till all the oist
 Scho wald do grace, and not be obstinait.

LXIX.

I will, said scho, have mercie and petie,
 Do slaik my wraith, and let all rancour be ;
 Quhair is mair vice than to be ouer cruell ?
 And specially in women sic as me.
 A lady, fy ! that usis tyrannie,
 A venomous atner and a serpent fell.
 A vennemous dragoun or ane devill of hell,
 Is na compeir to the iniquitie
 Of bald wemen, as thir wise clerkis tell.

LXX.

Greit God defend I suld be ane of tho,
 Quhilk of thair feid and malice never ho,
 Out on sic gram, I will have na repreif.
 CALLIOPE, sifter, (said to hir VENUS tho,)
 At your requeist this wretche fall freily go.
 Heir I remit his trespas ; and all grief
 Sall be forget, sa he fall say sum breif,
 Or schort ballat, in contrair pane and wo,
 Twitching my laude, and his plesand relief.

LXXI.

And secundlie, the nixt ressonabill command,
 Quhilk I him charge, se that he nocht gane stand.
 On thir conditionis sifter at your requeist,
 He fall gang fre. Quod CALLIOPE inclinand,
 Grant mercie sifter, I obleis be my hand,
 He fall observe in all pointis your behest.
 Than VENUS bade do slaik sone my arreist.
 Bellyve I was relevit of evrie band,
 Uprais the court, and all the parlour ceist.

LXXII.

LXXII.

Tho fat I down lawlie upon my kne,
 At command of prudent CALLIOPE,
 Yeildand VENUS thankis ane thousand fyith,
 For sa hie friendship, and mercifull petie,
 Excelland grace, and greit humanitie,
 The quhilk to me trespaffour did scho kyith.
 I the forgive, quod scho. Than was I blyth;
 Doun on ane stock I sat me suddenlie
 At hir command, and wrait this lay alswyth.

LXXIII.

Unwemmit witt deliverit of dangair,
 Maist happelie deliverit fra the snair,
 Relevit fre of service and bondage,
 Expell dolour, expell diseisis fair,
 Avoid displeasure womenting and cair,
 Ressave plesance, and do thy sorrow swage,
 Behald thy glaid fresche lustie grene curage,
 Rejoice amid thir lovers but dispair,
 Provide ane place to plant thy tender age,
 In lestand blis to remane and repair.

LXXIV.

Quha is in welth? Quha is weill fortunate?
 Quha is in pes disseverit fra debait?
 Quha levis in hope, Quha levis in esperance,
 Quha standis in grace, Quha standis in firm estait?
 Quha is content, rejoycit air and lait,
 Or quha is he that fortoun dois avance?
 Bot thow that is replenischt of plesance,
 Thow hes comfort, all weilfair delicate,
 Thow hes glaidnes, thow hes the happie chance,
 Thow hes thy will, thow be nocht desolait.

LXXV.

Incres in mirthfull consolatioun,
 In joyous sweit imaginatioun,
 Abound in lufe of purifyt amouris,

With

With diligent trew deliberatioun,
 Rander lovingis for thy salvatioun,
 Till VENUS, and under her guerdon all houris,
 Rest at all eis, but fair or fitefull schouris,
 Abide in quiet, maist constant wcillfair,
 Unwemmit wit deliverit of all dangeir.

LXXVI.

This lay was red in oppin audience,
 Of the Musis and in VENUS prefence.
 I stand content thow art obedient,
 Quod CALLIOPE, my companion and defence.
 VENUS said eik it was some recompence,
 For my trespas, I was sa penitent.
 And with that word all suddanelie scho went,
 In ane instant scho and hir court was hence :
 Yit still abaid thir Musis on the bent.

LXXVII.

Inclynand then, I said, CALLIOPE,
 My protectour, my help, and my supplie,
 My soverane lady, my redemptioun,
 My mediatour, quhen I was dampnit to die,
 I fall beseik the godlie majestie,
 Infinite thankis, laude and benifoun,
 Yow till acquite, according your renoun.
 It langis nocht my possibilitie,
 Till recompence ten part of this guerdoun.

LXXVIII.

Gloir, honour, laude, and reverence conding,
 Quha may foryeild yow of sa hie ane thing ?
 And in that part your mercie I imploir,
 Submitting me my life-time induring,
 Your plesance and mandate till obeyfing.
 Silence, said scho, I have eneuch heirfoir,
 I will thow wend and vesie wonderis moir.
 Than scho me hes betaucht in keiping,
 Of ane sweit nymphe maist faithfull and decoir.

LXXIX.

LXXIX.

Ane hors I gat maist richelie besene,
 Was harneist all with wodbind levis grene;
 Of the same fute the trappours law doun hang;
 Ouir him I straid at command of the quene.
 Then samin furth we ryding all bedene,
 Als swift as thocht with mony a merie sang.
 My nymph alwayis convoyit me of thrang,
 Amid the Musis to se quhat thay wald mene
 Quhilks sang and playit, but never a wreist yeid wrang.

LXXX.

Throw countreis feir, holtis, and rockes hie,
 Ouir vaillis, planis, woddis, wallis, fey;
 Ouir fludis fair, and mony strait mountane,
 We war caryit in twinkling of ane eye.
 Our horsis flaw, and raid nocht, as thocht me.
 We passit Eryx, and hill of Helicon,
 Baith dedicate to VENUS in certain.
 Ouir mont Cinthus, quhair God APOLLO schone,
 Straicht to the Musis CABALINE fountane,

LXXXI.

Beside that cristall well, sweit and digest,
 Thame to repois, thair hors refresche and rest,
 Alichtit doun thir Musis cleir of hew.
 The companie all haillelie, leist and best,
 Thrang to the well to drink, quhilk ran south west,
 Throw out ane meid quhair alkin flouris grew.
 Amang the laif full fast I did persew,
 To drink, bot sa the greit preis me opprest,
 That of the water I micht not taste a drew.

LXXXII.

Ouir horsis pasturit in ane plesand plane,
 Law at the fute of ane fair greene montane,
 Amid ane meid schaddowit with Ceder treis.
 Saif fra all heit, thair micht we weil remain.
 All kinde of herbis, flouris, frute, and graine,

With evrie growand tre thair men nicht cheis.
 The beryall streams rinnand our stanerie greis,
 Made sober noyis ; the schaw dinnet agane,
 For birdis fang, and founding of the beis.

LXXXIII.

The ladyis fair on divers instrumentis,
 Went playand, singand, danfand, our the bentis,
 Full angellik and hevinlie was their foun.
 Quhat creature amid his hart imprintis,
 The fresche bewtie, the gudolie representis,
 The merrie speiche, fair havingis, hie renown,
 Of thame, wald set a wise man half in fwoun.
 The womanlines wryithit the elementis,
 Stoneist the hevin, and all the eirth adoun.

LXXXIV.

The warld may not confidder nor describe
 The hevinlie joy, the blis I saw belive,
 Sa ineffable, abone my witt sa hie.
 I will na mair thairon my foreheid rive,
 Bot briefly furth my febill procefs drive.
 Law in the meid an palyeon picht I se,
 Maist gudlieft, and richeft that nicht be :
 My governour oftner than times five,
 Unto that hald to pass commandit me.

LXXXV.

Swa finally straicht to that royall steed,
 In fellowfchip with my leidar I yeid.
 We enterit sone, the portar was not thra,
 Thair was na stopping, lang demand, nor pleid.
 I kneillit law, and unheilded my heid,
 And thon I saw our ladyis twa and twa,
 Sittand on deiffis ; familiars to and fra,
 Servand thame fast with ypocras and meid,
 Delicate meitis, dainteis seir als wa.

LXXXVI.

LXXXVI.

With mirthis thus and meitis delicate,
 Thir ladyis feistit according thair estait.
 Uprais at last, commandand till tranoynt.
 Retreit was blawn loude, and than God waite,
 Men micht have sene swift horsis haldin hait,
 Schynand for sweit, as thay had bene anoynt.
 Of all that rout was never a prick disjoynt,
 For all our tary, and I furth with my mait,
 Mountit on hors, raid samin in gude point.

LXXXVII.

Ouir mony gudlie plane we raid bedene,
 Ouir waters wan, throw worthie woddis grene.
 And swa at last on lifting up our ene,
 We se the final end of our travail,
 Amid ane plane a plesand roche to waill;
 And everie wicht fra we that sicht had sene,
 Thankand greit God, their heidis law devaill.
 With finging, lauching, merines and play,
 Unto this roche we rydand furth the way.

LXXXVIII.

Now briefly to my purpoise for till gone,
 About the hill lay wayis mony one,
 And to the hicht bot ane passage ingrave,
 Hewin in the roche of slid hard marbell stane.
 Agane the sone like to the glas it schone,
 The ascence was hie, and strait for till confave.
 Yit than thir Musis gudlie and suave,
 Alichtit down and clam the roche in hie,
 With all the rout, out-tane my nimphe and I.

LXXXIX.

Still at the hillis fute we twa abaid;
 Than suddanlie my keipar to me said,
 Ascend galland: than for feir I quik.
 Be not affrayit, scho said, be not dismayit.
 And with that word up the strait rod abraid,

I followit fast, scho be the hand me tuick,
 Yit durst I never for dreid behind me luik.
 With meikle pain thus clam I neir the hicht,
 Quhair suddanelie I saw ane grissie sicht.

XC.

As we approchit neir the hillis heid,
 Ane terribill fewch birnand in flammis reid,
 Abhominabill, and how as hell to see,
 All full of brinstane, pick, and bulling leid,
 Quhair mony wretchit creature lay deid,
 And miserabill catives yelland loud on hie,
 I saw : quhilk den nicht weill compairit be,
 Till Xanthus the flude of Troy fa schill,
 Birnand at VENUS' hest contrair ACHILL.

XCI.

Amid our passage lay this ugie sicht,
 Nocht braid, but sa horribill to everie wicht,
 That all the warld to pass it suld have dreid.
 Weil I confidderit na upper mair I nicht,
 And to descend sa hidious was the hicht,
 I durst not aventure for this eird on breid.
 Trimbland I stude with teith chatterand gude speid,
 My nympe beheld my cheir, and said let be,
 Thow fall nocht aill, and lo the caus (quod sche.)

XCII.

To me thow art commit, I fall the keip.
 Thir pieteous pepill amid this laithlie deip,
 War wretchis quhilks in lustie yeiris fair,
 Pretendit thame till hie honour to creip ;
 Bot suddanlie thay fell on slewthfull sleip,
 Followand plesance, drownit in this loch of cair,
 And with that word scho hint me be the hair,
 Carpit me till the hillis heid anone,
 As ABACUK was brocht in Babylone.

XCIII.

XCIII.

This may suffice, quod scho, twitchand that part,
 Return thy heid, behald this uther art;
 Confidder wonders and be vigilant,
 That thow may better endyten efterwart,
 Things quhilkis I fall the schaw or we depart,
 Thow fall have fouth of sentence and not scant.
 Thair is na welth nor weillfair thow fall want,
 The greit PALICE OF HONOUR thow fall now se;
 Lift up thy heid, behald that sicht, quod sche.

XCIV.

At hir command I raifit hie on hicht,
 My visage till behald that hevinlie sicht;
 Bot to discrive this matter in effect,
 Impossibill war to ony eirdlie wicht.
 It transcendis feir abone my micht,
 That I with ink may do bot paper blek.
 I most draw furth, the yok lyis on my nek,
 As of the place to say my leude avise,
 Pleneist with plesance like to Paradise.

XCV.

I saw a plane of peirles pulcritude,
 Quhairin aboundit alkin thingis gude,
 Spyce, wine, corne, oyle, tre, frute, flour, herbis grene;
 All foullis, beistis, birdis, and alkin fude.
 All maner fisches baith of sey and flude,
 War keipit in pondis of poleist silver schene,
 With purifyit water as of the cristall clene.
 To noy the small the greit beistis had na will,
 Nor ravenous foulis the lytill volatill.

XCVI.

Still in the sessoun all thingis remanit thair
 Perpetuallie, but outhir noy or fair;
 Ay rypit war baith herbis, frute, and flouris.
 Of everie thing the namis to declair,
 Unto my febill wit impossibill wair.

Amid

Amid the meid replet of fweit odouris,
 The PALICE stude with mony royal towris,
 Quhair kyrnellis quent feill turrets men nicht find,
 And goldin fanis waifand with the wind.

XCVII.

Pinnakillis, fyellis, turnpekkis mony one,
 Gilt birneist torris, quhilk like to Phebus schone,
 Skarfment, reprise, corbell, and battellingis,
 Fullyery, bordouris of many precious stane,
 Subtill muldrie wrocht mony day agone,
 On butterys, jalme, pillaris and plesand springis.
 Quick imagerie with mony lustie syngis,
 Thair nicht be fene : and monie worthie wichtis,
 Befoir the yet arrayit all at richtis.

XCVIII.

Furth past my nymphe, I followit subsequent ;
 Straicht throw the plane to the first waird we went
 Of the Palice, and enterit at the port.
 Thair saw we mony staitlie tournament,
 Lancis brokin, knichtis laid on the bent ;
 Plesand pastance, and mony lustie sport,
 Thair saw we als, and sum time battell mort ;
 All thir, quod scho, on VENUS service vaikis,
 In deidis of armis for thair ladyis faikis.

XCIX.

Vesfyand I stude the principal place but peir,
 That hevinlie Palice all of cristall cleir,
 Wrocht as me thocht of polist berial stane.
 Bosiliall nor Oliab but weir,
 Quhilk *sancta sanctorum* maid maist riche and deir,
 Nor he that wroucht the temple of SALOMON,
 Nor he that buildit the royall YLION,
 Nor he that forgit DARIUS sepulture,
 Culd not performe sa craftilie ane cure.

C.

Studiand heiron my nympe unto me spak,
 Thus in a stair quhy standis thow stupifak,
 Gouand all day, and nathing hes vesite?
 Thow art prolix, in haist returne thy bak,
 Ga efter me, and gude attendance tak,
 Quhat now thow feis luik efterwart thow write.
 Thow fall behald all VENUS blis perfite.
 Thairwith scho till ane garth did me convoy,
 Quhair that I saw eneuch of perfite joy.

CI.

Amid ane throne with stanis riche ouirfret,
 And claith of gold, Lady VENUS was fet;
 By hir, hir sone CUPIDE quhilk nathing feis.
 Quhair MARS enterit na knawledge micht I get.
 Bot straicht befor VENUS visage but let,
 Stude emeraut stages twelf, grene precious greis,
 Quhairon thair grew thre curious goldin treis,
 Sustentand weill the goddes face beforne,
 Ane fair MIRROUR be thame quently upborne.

CII.

Quhairof it makit was I have na feill,
 Of beriall, cristall, glas, or birnist steill,
 Of diamant, or of the carbunkill gem;
 Quhat thing it was define may I not weill,
 Bot all the bordour circulair everie deill,
 Was plait of gold, cais, stock, and utter hem,
 With vertious stanis picht that blude wald stem.
 For quha that woundit was in the tornament,
 Wox haill fra he upon the mirrour blent.

CIII.

This royall rillik sa riche and radious,
 Sa polist, plesand, purifyit, precious,
 Quhais bounteis half to write I not presume.
 Thairon to se was sa delicious,
 And sa excelland schaddowis gracious,

Surmounting

Surmounting far in brichtnes, to my dome,
 The coistlie subtill spektakill of Rome,
 Or yet the mirrour sent to CANACE,
 Qnhairin men micht ful mony wonders se.

CIV.

Thair breisslie everie famous douchtie déid,
 That men in storie may se, or chronikill reid ;
 I micht behald in that mirrour exprefs,
 The miserie, the crueltie, the dreid,
 Pane, sorrow, wo, baith wretchitnes and neid,
 The greit invy, covetousness, doublenes,
 Tuitchand warldlie unfaithfull brukilness.
 I saw the feind fast folkis to vices tyft,
 And all the cumming of the Antechrist.

CV.

Plesand debaitments quha sa richt reportis,
 Thair micht be sene, and all maner disportis ;
 The falcounis for the river ; at thair gait
 Mewand the foullis *in periculo mortis*,
 Layand thame in be companeis and fortis,
 And at the plunge part saw I handillit hait.
 The werie hunter besie air and lait,
 With questing houndis seirching to and fra,
 To hunt the hart, the bair, the da, the ra.

CVI.

I saw RAF COILYEAR with his thrawin brow ;
 Craibit JOHNE the REIF, and auld COWKELBEIS fow ;
 And how the wran came out of Ailflay.
 And PEIRS PLEWMAN that maid his workmen few ;
 Greit GOWMACMORNE and FYN MAC COWL, and how
 Thay fuld be goddis in Ireland as thay fay.
 Thair saw I MAITLAND upon auld Beird Gray ;
 ROBENE HUDE ; and GILBERT with the quhite heind,
 How HAY of NAUGHTON flew, in Madin land.

CVII.

CVII.

The Nigromancie thair saw I eik anone,
 Of BENYTAS, BONGO, and Frier BACONE,
 With mony subtill point of juglairie;
 Of Flanders piis made mony precious stane,
 Ane greit laid sadill of a fisching bone,
 Of ane nutmug thay maid a Monk in hy,
 Ane paroche kirk of ane penny pye:
 And BENYTAS of an mussell maid an aip,
 With mony uther subtill mow and jaip.

CVIII.

And schortlie to declair the verity,
 All plesand pastance and gammis that micht be,
 In that mirrour war present to my sight.
 And as I wonderit on that greit ferlie,
 VENUS at last, in turning of her eye,
 Knew weill my face, and said be goddis micht,
 Ye bene welcome, my personair, to this hicht.
 How passit yow, quod scho, this hiddeous deip?
 Madame, quod I, I not mair than ane scheip.

CIX.

Na force thairof said scho, sen thou art heir,
 How plesis the our pastance and effeir?
 Glaidlie (quod I) madame, be God of hevin.
 Rememberis thou, said scho, withoutin weir,
 On thy promit quhen of thy greit dangeir,
 I the deliverit, as now is not to nevin.
 Than answerit I agane with sober stevin,
 Madame, your precept quhat sa be your will,
 Heir I remane ay reddy to fulfill.

CX.

Weill weill, said scho, thy will is sufficient,
 Of thy bowsome answer I stand content.
 Than suddanlie in hand ane buik scho hint,
 The quhilk to me betaucht scho or I went,
 Commandand me to be obedient.

And put in ryme that proces than quite tint.
 I promisit hir forsuith or scho wald stint,
 The buik reffavand, thairon my cure to preif,
 Inelynand fine, lawlie I taik my leif.

CXI.

Tuitchand this buik peraventure ye fall heir,
 Sum time after quhen I have mair lafeir.
 My nimphe in haist scho hint me be the hand,
 And as we samyn walkit furth in feir,
 I the declair, quod scho, yone mirroure cleir,
 The quhilk thow saw befoir Dame VENUS stand,
 Signifyis nathing ellis to understand,
 Bot the greit bewtie of thir ladyis facis,
 Quhairin lovers thinks thay behald all graces.

CXII.

Cum on, said scho, this Ordinance to visite.
 Than past we to the cristall Palice quhite,
 But I abade the entrie to behold,
 I bad na mair of plesance nor delite,
 Of lustie sight, of joy and blis persite,
 Nor mair weilfare to have abone the mold,
 Than for to see that yett of birnished gold,
 Quhairon thair was most curiouflic ingrave,
 All naturall thingis men may in eird confave.

CXIII.

Within that Palice than I gat ane sight,
 Quhair walkand went full mony worthie wicht
 Amid the clois, with all mirthis to waill.
 [For like PHEBUS with fyrie bemis bricht,
 The wallis schane, castand sa greit ane licht,
 It semit like the hevin Imperiall.
 And as the cedar furmountis the rammal
 In persite hicht, sa of that Court a glance
 Exceidis far all eirldlie vane plesance.

CXIV.

CXIV.

For loïs of sicht confidder nicht I nocht,
 How perfitelie the riche wallis war wrocht.
 Swa the reflex of chriftall ftanis fchone,
 For brichtnes fcarflie blenk thairon I mocht :
 The purifyit filver furelie as me thocht,
 Infteid of fymment was our all that wone ;
 Yit round about full mony ane beriall ftone,
 And thame conjunctlie jonit faft and quemit.
 The clois was paithit with filver as it femit.

CXV.

The durris and the windois all were breddit
 With maffie gold, quhair of the fynes fcheddit.
 With birneift Evir baith Palice and Towris
 War theikit weill, maift craftilie that cled it,
 For fa the quhitely blanchit bone ouirfpred it,
 Midlit with gold, anamalit all colouris,
 Importurait of birdis and fweit flowris,
 Curious knottis, and monie hie devife,
 Quhilks to behald war perfite paradise.]

CXVI.

Thefe war, faid fcho, quha fa the richt difcrives,
 Maift valyeand folk and verteuous in thair lives.
 Now in the court of Honour thay remain,
 Verteouflic, and in all plefance thrives.
 For thay with fpeir, with fwordis, and with knives,
 In juft battell war fundin maift of mane :
 In thair promottis thay ftude ever firme and plane :
 In thame aboundit worfchip and lawtie,
 Illuminate with liberallitie.

CXVII.

Honour, quod fcho, to this hevenlie ring,
 Differs richt far fra warldlie governing,
 Quhilk is bot pompe of eirdlie dignitie,
 Given for eftait of blude, nicht or sic thing :
 But in this countrie Prince, Prelate, or King,

Allanarlie

Allanarlie fall for vertew honourit be.
 For eirdlie gloir is nocht bot vanitie,
 That as we se sa suddenie will wend,
 Bot verteous HONOUR never mair fall end.

CXVIII.

Now thow fall se, surely, sen thow art heir,
 My Ladyeis COURT in thair gudolie atteir;
 For to behald thair myrth, cum on thy way.
 (Than hand in hand fwyith went we furth in feir,
 At a postern towart ane fair herbeir.)
 Thair the sweit flouris of Rethoray
 Our Ladyeis gadderis, and mony tender plant,
 For with all plesance pleniesht is yone hant
 Quhair precious stanis on treis dois abound
 Insteid of frute, chargit with peirles round.

CXIX.

Unto that gudlie garth than we proceid,
 Quhilk with a large fousie far on breid,
 Inveronit was, quhair fisches war anew;
 All water foullis war fwemand thair gude speid.
 Alse out of growand treis thair saw I breid,
 Fowlis that hingand be thair nebbis grew.
 Out our the stank of mony divers hew,
 Was laid ane tre our quhilk behovit us pass,
 Bot I can not declair quhairof it was.

CXX.

My nymphe went our, chargeand me follow fast.
 Hir till obey my spreitis wer agast,
 Sa perrilous was the passage till espy.
 Away scho went: and fra time scho was past,
 Upon the brig I enterit at the last,
 Bot sa my harnis tremblit besily,
 Quhill I fell our, and baith my feit flade by
 Out our the heid, into the stank adoun,
 Quhair as me thocht I was in point to droun.

CXXI.

CXXI.

Quhat throw the birdis fang, and this affray,
 Out of my swoon I walkinit quhair I lay,
 In the garding quhair I first down fell.
 About I blent, for richt clier was the day,
 Bot all this lustie plesance was away.
 Allace, allace, I thocht me than in pane,
 And langit fair for to have fwounit agane.
 'Till make an end, sittand under a tree,
 In laud of HONOUR I wrait thir versis thre.

CXXII.

“ O hie HONOUR, sweit hevinlie flour digest!
 Gem verteuous, maist precious, gudliest,
 For hie renoun thou art guerdoun conding,
 Of worschip kend the glorious end and rest,
 But quhome in richt na worthie wicht may left,
 Thy greit puissance may maist avance all thing,
 And puerall to meikall availl sone bring.
 I the require sen thou but peir art best,
 That efter this in thy hie blis we ring.

CXXIII.

“ Of grace thy face in everie place sa schynis,
 That sweit all spreit beith heid and feit inclynis,
 Thy gloir afoir for till imploir remeid.
 He docht richt nocht quhilk out of thocht the tynis,
 Thy name bot blame and royal fame divine is,
 Thou port at schort of our comfort and reid,
 Till bring all thing till glaiding efter deid,
 All wicht but sicht of thy greit micht ay crinis,
 O schene I mene nane may sustene thy feid.

CXXIV.

“ Haill rois maist chois till clois thy fois greit micht,
 Haill stane quhilk schone upon the throne of licht,
 Vertew quhais trew sweit dew our threw all vice,
 Was ay ilk day gar say the way of licht,
 Amend offend and fend our end ay richt,

Thow

Thow stant, or dant, as fant of grant maist wise,
 Till be supplie and the hie gre of price,
 Delite the cite me quite of site to dicht,
 For I apply schortly to thy devise."

*The Author directis his buik to the Richt Nobill and
 Illuster Prince JAMES the Feird, King of Scottis.*

Triumpous laud with palme of victorie,
 The lawret crowne of infinit glorie,
 Maist gracious Prince, our soverain JAMES THE FEIRD,
 Thy Majestie mot have eternallie,
 Supreme honour, renoun of chevalrie,
 Felicitie perdurand in this eird,
 With eterne blis in heivin by fatal weird!
 Reflave this roustie rural rebaldrie,
 Laikand cunning, fra thy pure laige unleird;

Quhilk in the sight of thy magnificence,
 Confidand in sa greit benevolence,
 Proponis thus my vulgar ignorance;
 Maist humbillie with dew obedience,
 Beseikand oft thy michtie excellence,
 Be grace to pardoun all sic variance
 With sum beneing respect of firm constance
 Remittand my pretended negligence,
 Thow quhais micht may humble thing avance.

Breif breiyal quhair! of eloquence all quite,
 With russet weid and sentence imperfite,
 Till cum in plane, se that thow nocht pretend the.
 Thy barrant termis, and thy vile indite
 Shall not be mine, I will not have the wite;

For

For as for me I quit clame that I kend the !
 Thow are bot stouth thift, lous licht bot lite,
 Not worth ane mite, pray ilk man to amend the !
 Fair on, uit-fite ! and on this wise I end the.

F I N I S.

VINCIT TANDEM VERITAS.

MACKENZIE and others have written that GAWIN DOUGLAS was Rector of *Heriot* ; and the authority they refer to is MILN's History of the Bishops of Dunkeld MS. in the Advocates' Library of Edinburgh. But, upon consulting that MS., the word is found to be neither *Heriot*, nor (as a late Biographer has it) *Harwick*, but *Hawick* ; which, however, must mean *Harwick*. The family of ANGUS, at that time, having extensive estates in Jedward and Selkirk Forests, Liddisdale, &c., GAVIN DOUGLAS was there in the midst of his kindred ; and, fortunately for his poetical genius, in the midst of the Scottish Arcadia. There, it is probable, he wrote his *Palice of Honour* ; perhaps also his *Translation of Virgil*, finished in July 1513. Under the date of September 30th, of the same year, his father, the Earl of ANGUS, being then Provost of Edinburgh, the following article occurs in the Town Council Records, with the marginal title *Ane preist made Burgefs* ; " Magister " GAVINUS DOUGLAS, prepositus ecclesiæ collegiatæ beati Egidii hujus " burgi effectus est Burgenfis pro commune bona villæ, gratis." He was then the Earl's only son, the two elder having perished with their Sovereign at Flodden on the 9th of that same month.

The article immediately preceding this in the Council Records, is not only curious, but highly interesting. It is a proclamation dated 10th September, the day after the battle ; and evinces clearly that the report of that disastrous day had then reached Edinburgh, although the battle did not commence till four o'clock in the afternoon. It is in these words :

" We do you to witt, forsamekill as thair is ane greit rumber now
 " laitlie rylin within this toun tutching our Sovrane Lord and his ar-
 " my, of the quhilk we understand thair is cummin na veritie as yir,
 " quhairfoir we chaarge straitlie, and commandis in our said Sovrane
 " Lord the Kingis nume, and the Presidentis for the Provost and Bail-
 " lies within this burgh, that all maner of persons, nyctbours within
 " the samyn, have reddy thair sensabill geir and wapponis for weir,
 " and compeir thairwith to the said Presidentis, at jowyng of the com-

" men

“ mon bell, for the keiping and defenss of the town aganis any that
 “ wald invaid the samyn.—And also chairgis that all wemen, and spe-
 “ cialie *vagabondis*, that thai pass to thair labours, and be nocht sene a-
 “ poun the gait clamorand and cryand, under the pane of banefing thair
 “ persounis but favour; and that the uther wemen of gude (*fort*) pass
 “ to the kirk, and pray quhane tyme requires, for our soverane Lord
 “ and his army, and nychtbouris being thairat, and hald thame at thair
 “ previe labours, off the gait, within thair houffes as effeiris.”

The President here mentioned was GEORGE OF TOWRIS, (perhaps a DOUGLAS,) who on the 19th of August had been chosen, with four other persons, “ by the Provost, Baillies, and Community, in respect that
 “ they war to pass to the Kingis army, till have jurisdiction during
 “ their absence.” From this proclamation it also appears that these Presidents, or Commissioners, were convinced that all was lost; and yet their orders are accurate and firm; without that pomp of words which, as LORD HAILES observes, by studying to conceal fear, betrays it. This was an eventful period to the House of ANGUS. The Provost in a few months died of grief; and his Grandson and heir, the nephew of GAWIN DOUGLAS, in the following August married QUEEN MARGARET, the widow of JAMES IV. From the progeny of *this*, and of the Queen’s *former* marriage, united in the persons of her two grandchildren, LORD DARNLEY and QUEEN MARY, both of them STEWARTS, are descended not only the Royal Family of Great Britain, but most of the crowned heads in Europe.

St. 106: *Ralph Collyear, John the Reif, &c.* These appear to be the heroes of popular tales, the greater part of which probably now lost. *Robene Hude* and *Pierfs Plowman* are well known. Of *Cowkelbie* some account has been given in page 379. *Ralph Collyear*, as mentioned before, was printed in 1572 by LEKPREVIK, but no copy seems now to be extant. LORD HAILES supposes *John the Reif* (mentioned by DUNBAR) to be JOHN ARMSTRONG of Gilnockie-hall, executed in 1529. No ballad relative to him is now known, excepting that which gives an account of his death. The probability is, that they are two different persons. *Gow Mac-morn*, and *Fyn Mac-Coul*, “reputed as gods in Ireland,” are the great heroes of OSSIAN, who appear to have been so generally known to our ancient Low-land poets and historians, that one is almost inclined to think that translations of some of their stories into Scots-Saxon may have existed two or three hundred years ago. Their names are thus mentioned by BARBOUR in 1375.

Quhan that the Lord of LORN saw

His menyie stand of hym sic aw,

That thai durst nocht solow the chaice,

Rycht angré in hys hairt he wes,

And soir wondert that he suld sa

Stonie thame, hym alane bot ma,

He

He sayd, "Methink *Martheokes* son
 " Rycht as GOW-MAC-MORNE wes won,
 " Tyl haif fra FYNGAL his menzie
 " Rycht sua fra us all hes hee."

The following account of the principal hero is given by HECTOR BOETHIUS, (*anno* 1527) as translated by BELLENDYNE. "It is said that
 " FYN MAC-COULE, the sonne of COELUS *Scottisman*, was, in thir
 " days, (of KYNG EUGENIUS, fifth century,) ane man of huge statoure
 " of seventeen cubits of hycht. He was ane gret hunter, and rycht
 " terrybill for his huge quantitie to the pepyll; of quhom *ar mony vul-*
 " *gar fabyllis amang us*, nocht unlyke to thir fabyllis that *ar reberfit* of
 " KYNG ARTHURE. But becaus his dedis is nocht authorist by *autentic*
 " authouris, I wyll rehers na thyng thairof, bot declair the remanent
 " gestis of KYNG EUGENIUS."

Bishop LESLEY's account (*anno* 1570) is in these words: "Multo-
 " rum opinio est, FINNANUM quendam, Cœli filium, nostra lingua FYN-
 " MAC-COUL dictum, ingentis magnitudinis virum, ea tempestate
 " (A. D. 430) apud *nostros* vixisse, et tanquam ex veterum gigantum
 " stirpe exortum."

In the Armorican Romance of the British History, written in the 10th or 11th Century, and translated into Latin by GEOFFREY of Monmouth about 1140, we have an account of a GOW MAGOG, a giant of 12 cubits high, who, with others of the same stately family, most uncourteously opposed the landing of the great grandson of ENEAS in Britain. He could unroot an oak as easily as an hazel wand. This GOW MAGOG, (says MR WARTON in his History of English Poetry,) is evidently borrowed by the Armorican author, from the giants, GOG and MAGOG, so frequently introduced by the Arabians into their extravagant fictions; his British fable having many other allusions to Oriental History. A Tale of this nature must have become known to the Irish and Scottish Bards soon after it had got among their brethren in Wales. A suspicion then here arises, that the giant GOW-MAGOG of GEOFFREY of Monmouth, might very easily by them have been transformed into GOW-MAG-MOR, that is, GOW-MAG *the Great*, which afterwards would naturally be written GOW-MAC-MOR; and by the Scoto-Saxons, or Picts, GOW-MAC-MORN. Or, the truth of the *Irish* story may be this: GOW MAG being set down as the enemy of their FIN-GAEL, or FIN-COILLE, it became necessary in self defence, to raise up a friendly giant of equal prowess; and him, according to BOETHIUS, (and also to the Limeric Schoolmaster, *anno* 1566,) they christened FYN MAC-COUL, or FYN MAC-HUYLE; to whom GOW-MAG *the Great* was but as a pigmy, for his height was seventeen cubits. The first Celtic Legends of their exploits may therefore have been composed about the end of the twelfth, or beginning of the thirteenth century. Sir DAVID LINDSAY, (*anno* 1550,) in his interlude of *The Dreichs*, gives a ludicrous ac-

count of GOG MAGOG, GOW MAC-MORN, and FYN MAC-KOWLL, all under the character of giants; but errs egregiously in their genealogy, making GOW MAC-MORN to be the son, and FYN MAC-COWLL the father of old GOG,

Who, quhan he danfit, the warld wald schog,

Ten thowsand ellis yied in his frog

Of Heland plaid, and mair.

He had a wyfe wes mekile of clift,

Hir heid wes heichar nor the lyft;

The hevin rerdit quhan scho wad rift;

The las was nathing schlender.

Scho spatt Loch Lowmond with hir lippis,

Thunder and fyre flawght fra her hippis;

Quhan scho was crabbit, the sone thold clippis;

The feynd durst nocht offend her.

DR KEATING, in his History of Ireland, throws some light on this subject. He says, however, it was not MAGOG himself, but his great-great-grandson GIGAS PARTHOLANUS, that landed on the coast of Munster the 14th day of May, in the year of the world 1978, and succeeded in his great enterprise; but the loose behaviour of his wife rendered his domestic life very unhappy, and provoked him to such a degree, that he killed—her favourite grey-hound. This, as the learned historian very properly observes, was the *first* instance of female falsehood and infidelity ever known in Ireland.

How and when these giants dwindled down to the size of ordinary mortals, is a subject worthy of *serious* investigation.

Of the other personages recorded in this stanza, nothing seems now to be known.

St. 107. *Bongo* and *Benytas*. The first may be THOMAS BUNGEY, a Franciscan Monk, and fellow labourer in Alchemy and other occult sciences with the celebrated ROGER BACON, in the reign of HENRY III. It is reported that they wrought together seven years to forge a Brazen Head which was to answer all questions propounded to it. BENYTAS may probably be an error of a transcriber or printer for the Roman BOETIUS, who, from his extensive knowledge in a dark age, was reported by the Necromancers to have been an adept in their profundities.

A DESCRIP-

A DESCRIPTION OF WYNTER WYTH HYS GRETE
STORMIS AND TEMPESTIS.

[It was mentioned above that GAVIN DOUGLAS finished his translation of VIRGIL'S Eneid in July 1513. To this purpose he informs us in the concluding verses :

Completit was this werk Virgiliane
Apoun the feist of Marye Magdalene,
Fra Christis birth, the date quha list to here
Ane thousand fyve hundreth and threttene yere :
Quhilk for uthir grete occupacion lay
Unsterit clois beside me mony ane day :
And neuirtheless, quhidder I serf thank or wyte,
Fra tyme I thareto set my pen to wryte
Apoun this wyfe, as God list len me graice,
It was compylit in auchtene monethis space :
Set I feil fyith sic twa monethis in fere
Wrate neuir ane word, nor micht the volume stere
For grave materis, and grete sollicitude,
That all sic laboure fer befyde me stude.

What these "grave materis" were; whether they related to the affairs of the family of DOUGLAS, or of the nation, has never been conjectured. It seems probable that this intermission of his labour was from October to December 1512.

In his Epistle Dedicatory to LORD STIRLING, son and heir of the Earl of Orkney, he thus also ascertains the time when he wrote his "Palice of Honour."

To

To you, my Lord, quhat is thair mare to say
 Reffave your werk, defyrit mony ane day,
 Quhairin also now am I fully qnytt,
 As twichand Venus, of my auld promytt,
 Quhilk I hir maid, weill twelf yeris to-fore,
 As witnesseth my PALICE OF HONOURE.

To each of the twelve Books, DOUGLAS thought fit to prefix a Prologue, two of which have been justly admired as natural and luxuriant descriptions of Winter, and of a May Morning; they are the Prologues to the Seventh and Twelfth Books.]

AS bricht PHEBUS schene, foverane hevinnis E,
 The opposit held of his chymes hie,
 Clere schynand bemes, and goldin sumeris hew,
 In lattoun cullour altering hale of new;
 Kything no signe of heit be his vissage,
 So nere approchit he his wynter stage;
 Reddy he was to enter the thrid morne
 In cludy skyes under CAPRICORNE:
 All thought he be the lampe and hert of hevin,
 Forfeblit wox his lemand giltty levin,
 Throw the declyning of his large round spere.
 The frosty regioun ryngis of the yere,
 The tyme and fessoun bitter, cauld and pale
 Thay schort dayis, that clerkis clepe BRUMALE:
 Quhen brym blastis of the northyn art
 Ouerquhelmyt had NEPTUNUS in his cart,
 And all to schaik the levis of the treis,
 The rageand stormes ouerwelterand wally seis.
 Ryveris ran rede on spate with watter broun,
 And burnis harlis all thare bankis down,

And

And landbirst rumbland rudely with sic were,
 Sa loud nevir rummyft wyld lyoun nor bere :
 Fludis monftouris, sic as mereswynis or quhalis
 For the tempeft law in the depe devalis :
 MARS occident retrograde in his fpere,
 Provocand ftryffe, regnit as lord that yere.
 Rany ORION with his stormy face
 Bywavit oft the fchipman by hys race :
 Frawart SATURNE chil of complexioun,
 Throw quhais afpect darth and infectioun
 Bene caufit oft, and mortall peftilence,
 Went progrefive the greis of his afcence :
 And lufly HEBE, JUNOIS dochter gay,
 Stude fpulyete of hir office and array :
 The fole yfowpite in to wattir wak,
 The firmament ourecast with cludis blak :
 The ground fadit, and fauch wox al the feildis,
 Mountane toppis flekit with fnaw over heildis :
 On raggit rolkis of hard harfk quhyn ftane,
 With frofyn frontis cald clynty clewis fchane :
 Bewty was loift, and barrand fchew the landis,
 With froftis hare ouerfret the feildis ftandis.
 (Sere birtir bubbis and the fchoutis fnell
 Semyt on the fwarde in fimilitude of hell,
 Reducing to oure mynde in every ftede
 Goufty fchaddois of eild and grisly dede :)
 Thik drumly fkuggis dirkinnit fo the hevin,
 Dym fkyis oft furth warpit fereful levin,
 Flaggis of fyre, and mony felloun flaw,
 Scharp foppis of fleit, and of the fnyppand fnaw :
 The dolly dichis war al donk and wate,
 The law valis flodderit all wyth fpate,
 The plane ftretis and every hie way
 Full of flufchis, dubbis, myre and clay ;
 Laggerit lewis wallowit fernis fchew,
 Broun muris kythit thare wiffinyt moffy hew ;

Bank,

Bank, bray and boddum blanschit wox and bare ;
 For gourl weddir growit beistis hare.
 The wynd maid waif the rede wede on the dyk,
 Bedowin in donkis depe was every fike :
 Ouer craggis and the frontis of rochys fere
 Hang grete yfe fchokkilis lang as ony spere :
 The grund stade barrane, widderit, dosk and gray,
 Herbis, flouris and gerffis wallowit away :
 Woddis, forestis with naket bewis blout
 Stude stripit of thare wede in every hout :
 Sa bustoullie BOREAS his bugill blew,
 The dere full derne doun in the dailis drew :
 Small birdis flokand throw ilk ronnyis thrang,
 In chirmynge, and with cheping changit thare fang,
 Sekand hidlis and hirnyis thame to hyde
 Fra ferefull thuddis of the tempestuus tyde :
 The wattir lynnys rowtis, and every lynd
 Quhislit and brayit of the fouchand wynd :
 Pure lauboraris and byffy husband men
 Went weet and wery draglit in the fen.
 The cilly schepe and thare litill hird-gromes
 Lurkis under lye of bankis, woddis and bromes :
 And utheris dantit greter beistial,
 Within thare stabill sesit in thare stall,
 Sic as mulis, hors, oxin or ky,
 Fed tuskit baris, and fat fwyne in sty,
 Sustenit war be mannis governance
 On hervist and on fomeris purviance :
 Widequhare with fors so EOLUS schoutis schill,
 In this congelit sesoun scharp and chill,
 The callour are penetrative and pure
 Dasing the blude in every creature,
 Made seik warme stovis and bene fyris hote,
 In doubill garmont cled, and welecote,
 With mychty drink, and metis confortive,
 Aganis the sterne wynter for to strive.

Repatirrit

Repatirrit wele, and by the chymnay bekit,
 At evin be tyme doun in ane bed me strekit,
 Warpit my hede, kest on claithis thrynfald
 For to expell the perrellus perfand cald :
 I crofit me, fyne bownit for to flepe :
 Quhare lemand throw the glas I did tak kepe
 LATONIA the lang irksom nycht
 Hir subtell blenkis sched and watry lycht,
 Full hie up quhirlit in hir regioun,
 Till PHEBUS richt in opposicioun,
 Into the CRAB hir propir mansioun draw,
 Haldand the hicht althocht the son went law :
 The hornyt byrd quhilk we clepe the nicht oule,
 Within hir caverne hard I schout and youle,
 Laithely of forme, with crukit camfcho beik,
 Ugsom to here was hir wyld elrische skreik.
 The wyld geis eik claking by nychtis tyde
 Attour the ciete fleand hard I glyde.
 On flummer I flade full sone, and slepyt found,
 Quhill the horifont upwart can rebound :
 PHEBUS crounit bird, the nichtis orlagere,
 Clappin his wingis thryis had crawin clere :
 Approching nere the breking of the day,
 Within my bed I walkynnyt quhare I lay,
 Sa fast declynnys CYNTHIA the mone,
 And kayis keklys on the rufe abone :
 PALAMEDES birdis crowpand in the fky,
 Fleand on randoun, schapin lyk ane Y,
 And as an trumpit rang thare vocis soun,
 Quhais cryis bene pronosticacioun
 Of wyndy blastis and ventositeis.
 Fast by my chalmer on hie wisnit treis
 The fary gled quhisllis with mony ane pew,
 Quharby the day was dawing wele I knew ;
 Bad bete the fyre, and the candyll alicht,
 Syne blissit me, and in my wedis dlicht ;

Ane schot-wyndo unſchet, ane litel on char,
 Perſavyt the mornynge bla, wan and har,
 Wyth cloudy gum and rak ouerquhelmyt the are ;
 The ſulye ſtiche, hafwert, rouch and hare ;
 Branchis brattlyng ; and blaiknyt ſchew the brayis,
 With hirtiſ harſk of waggand wyndil ſtrayis.
 The dew droppis congelit on ſtibbil and rynd,
 And ſcharp hailſtanys mortfundyt of kynd,
 Hoppand on the thak, and on the cauſay by :
 The ſchote I cloſit, and drew inwart in hy,
 Cheverand of cald, the feſſoun was fa ſnell,
 Schupe with hait flambis to ſteme the freſing fell.
 And as I bounit me to the fire me by,
 Baith up and doun the houſe, I did eſpy ;
 And ſeand VIRGILL on ane letteron ſtand,
 To wryte anone I eynt my pen in hand,
 And as I culd, with ane ſald diligence
 This nixt buke followand of profouud ſcience
 Thus has begun in the chill wynter cald,
 Quhen froſtis dois ouer flete baith firth and fald.

EXPLICIT TRISTIS PROLOGUS.

P. 431. l. 1. *Repatirrit uole*, i. e. Having repeated a good number of *Pater noſters*. In the Editions it is erroneouſly printed *Recreate*. Several other errors are corrected in this and the following Prologues, by the liſt of various readings which RUDDIMAN made from an ancient MS.

A MAY

A DESCRIPTION OF MAY, BY GAWIN DOUGLAS.

DIONEIA, nyct hird, and wache of day,
The sternes chafit of the hevin away ;
Dame CYNTHIA doun rolling in the feye,
And VENUS loist the bewte of hir eye,
Fleand eschamet within CYLLENIUS cave ;
MARS umbedrew for all his grundin glave ;
Nor frawart SATURNE from his mortall spere
Durst langare in the firmament appere,
Bot stal abak yound in his regioun far,
Behynd the circulate warld of JUPITER ;
NYCTIMENE affrayit of the licht
Went under covert, for gone was the nyct ;
As fresche AURORA, to mychty TITHONE spous,
Ischit of hir safferon bed and evyr hous,
In crammesy clede and granit violate,
With sanguyne cape, the selvage purpurate,
Unschet the wyndoys of hir large hall,
Spred all with rosis, and full of balme riall,
And eik the hevinly portis cristallyne
Upwarpis brade, the warlde till illumyne.
The twynkling stremouris of the orient
Sched purpoure sprayngis, with gold and asure ment,
Persand the sabil barmkin nocturnall,
Bet doun the skyes cloudy mantil wall ;
EOLUS the stede, with ruby hammys rede,
Abuse the feyis listis furth his hede,
Of culloure fore, and sum dele broune as bery,
For to alichtin and glade our emyspery ;
The flambe out brastin at the neifs thirlis,
So fast PHAETON with the quhip him quhirlis,

To roll APOLLO his faderis goldin chare,
 That schroudith all the hevynnys and the are;
 Quhil schortlie with the blefand torche of day,
 Abulyeit in his lemand fresche array,
 Furth of his palice riall ischit PHEBUS,
 With goldin croun and vissage glorius,
 Crisp haris, bricht as chrissolite or thopas,
 For quhais hew mycht nane behald his face;
 The fyrie sparkis braisting from his ene,
 To purge the are, and gilt the tendir grene,
 Defoundand from his sege etheriall
 Glade influent aspectis celicall;
 Before his regal hie magnificence
 Mysty vapoure upspringand fwete as fence,
 In smoky soppis of donk dewis wak,
 With hailsum stouis ouerheildand the flak.
 The auriate phanis of his trone soverane,
 With glitterand glance, ouerspred the ootiane,
 The large fludis lemand all of licht,
 Bot with ane blenk of his supernale sicht;
 For to behald it was ane glore to se
 The stabillyt wyndys, and the calmyt se,
 The soft fessoun, the firmament serene,
 The loune illuminate are, and firth amene;
 The silver scalit fyschis on the grete,
 Ouer thowrt clere stremes sprinkilland for the hete,
 With fynnyis schinand broun as synopare,
 And chesal talis, stourand here and thare;
 The new cullour alichting all the landis
 Forgane the stanryis schene, and beriall strandis:
 Quhil the reflex of the diurnal bemes
 The bene bonkis kest ful of variant glemes.
 And lusty FLORA did hir blomes sprede
 Under the fete of PHEBUS fulyeart stede:
 The swardit soyll enbrode with selkouth hewis,
 Wod and forest obumbrate with the bewis,

Quhais

Quhais blysful branchis porturate on the ground
 With schaddois schene schew rochis rubicund,
 Towris, turettis, kirnalis, and pynnakillis hie
 Of kirkis, castellis, and ilk faire ciete,
 Stude payntit, every fane, phioll and stage
 Apoun the plane ground, by thare awin umbrage :
 Of EOLUS north blaftis havand na drede,
 The fulye fprede hir brade bofum on brede,
 ZEPHYRUS confortabill inspiratioun
 For tyll reffave law in hir barne adoun :
 The cornis croppis, and the bere new brerde
 Wyth gladesum garmont revefting the erd ;
 So thyk the plantis fprang in every pete,
 The feildis ferlyis of thare fructuous flete ;
 Byffy dame CERES, and proude PRIAPUS
 Rejoyng of the planis plentuous,
 Plennyft fo plesand, and maift propirly
 By nature nuriffit wounder tendirly,
 On the fertyl fkyrt lappis of the ground
 Strekand on brede under the cyrkil round :
 The varyant vesture of the venuft vale
 Schrowdis the fcherand fur, and every fale
 Ouerfrett wyth fulzeis, and fyguris ful dyvers,
 The pray byfprent wyth fpryngand sproutis dyspers,
 For callour humours on the dewy nycht,
 Rendryng fum place the gyrs pylis thare licht,
 Als fer as catal the lang fomerys day
 Had in thare pasture ete and gnyp away :
 And blysful bloffomys in the blomyt yard
 Submyttis thare hedys in the young sonnys fafgard :
 Ivé levis rank ouerspred the barmkyn wall,
 The blomit hauthorne cled his pykis all,
 Furth of fresche burgeouns the wyne grapis ying
 Endlang the trazileys dyd on twistis hing ;
 The loukit buttouns on the gemyt treis
 Ouerspredand levis of naturis tapestryis,

Soft gresy verdoure eftir balmy schouris,
 On curland stalkis smyland to thare flowris :
 Behaldand thame fa mony divers hew
 Sum peirs, sum pale, sum burnet, and sum blew,
 Sum gres, sum gowlis, sum purpure, sum sanguane,
 Blanchit or broun, fauch yallow mony ane ;
 Sum hevinly colourit in celestial gre,
 Sum wattry hewit as the haw wally fe,
 And sum departe in freklis rede and quhyte,
 Sum bricht as gold with aureate levis lyte.
 The dasy did on brede hir crownel smale,
 And every flour unlappit in the dale ;
 In battil gers burgeouns, the banwart wyld,
 The clavir, catcluke, and the cammomyld ;
 The flourdelyce furth sprede his hevynly hew,
 Floure damas, and columbe blak and blew ;
 Sere downis smal on dentilioun sprang,
 The young grene blomit strabery levis amang ;
 Gimp jereflouris thareon levis unschet,
 Fresche prymrois, and the purpour violet ;
 The rois knoppis, tetand furth thare hede,
 Gan chyp, and kyth thare vernale lippis red ;
 Crysp skarlet levis sum scheddand baith attanis,
 Kest fragrant smel amynd fra goldin granis ;
 Hevinlie lyllyis, with lokkerand toppis quhyte,
 Opynnit and schew thare creiftis redemyte,
 The balmy vapour from thare sylkyn croppis
 Distilland halefum fugurat hony droppis,
 And sylver schakeris gan fra levys hing,
 With crystal sprayngis on the verdure ying :
 The plane powderit with semelie seitis soun,
 Bedyit ful of dewy peirlys round ;
 So that ilk burgeoun, fyon, herbe, or floure,
 Wox all enbalmyt of the fresche liquour,
 And baithit hait did in dulce humouris flete,
 Quhareof the beis wrocht thare hony fwete,

Be

Be mychty PHEBUS operatiouns,
 In fappy subtell exhalatiouns :
 Forgane the cummyn of this prynce potent,
 Redolent odour up from the rutis sprent,
 Halefum of smel, as ony spicery,
 Triakil, droggis, or electuary,
 Seropys, sewane, succure, and synamome,
 Pretius inuntment, fause, or fragrant pome,
 Aromatike gummes, or ony fyne potioun,
 Must, myr, aloyes, or confectioun.
 Ane paradise it semyt to draw nere
 Thir galyeard gardingis, and eik grene herbere :
 Mayst amyabil waxis the emerant medis ;
 Swannis fouchis throw out the resband redis,
 Ouer all the lochis and the fludis gray,
 Serband by kynd ane place quhare thay suld lay.
 PHEBUS rede fule his curale creist can stere,
 Oft strekand furth his hekkil crawand clere
 Amyd the wortis, and the rutis gent,
 Pikland hys mete in alayis quhare he went,
 His wyffis, Toppa and Partelot, hym by,
 As bird al tyme that hantis bygamy.
 The payntit powne payband with plumys gym,
 Kest up his tale, ane proud plesand quheil-rym,
 Ischrowdit in his fedderane bricht and schene,
 Schapand the prent of ARGOIS hundreth ene.
 Amang the bronys of the olyve twistis,
 Sere smale foulis, wirkand crafty nestis,
 Endlang the hedgeis thik, and on rank akis
 Ilk bird reiosand with thare mirthful makis.
 In corneris and clere fenesteris of glas,
 Full besely ARACHNE wevand was,
 To knyt hyr nettis and hyr wobbis fle,
 Tharewith to caucht the litil mige or fle.
 So dusty pouder upstouris in every strete,
 Quhil corby gaspit for the fervent hete.

Under

Under the bewis bene in lufely valis,
 Within fermance and parkis clois of palis,
 The buſtuous bukkis rakis furth on raw ;
 Heirdis of hertis throw the thyck wod ſchaw,
 Bayth the brokittis, and with brade burniſt tyndis ;
 The ſprutillit calfys ſoukand the rede hyndis,
 The young fownys followand the dun days,
 Kiddis ſkipband throw ronnyſ eftir rais ;
 In leſuris and on leysis litill lammes,
 Full tait and trig, ſocht bletand to thare dammes ;
 Tydy ky lowis, velis by thaym rynnīs,
 And ſnod and ſlekit worth thir beiftis ſkinnīs.
 On ſalt ſtremes wolk DORIDA and THETIS ;
 By rynnand ſtrandis, Nymphes and NAIADES,
 Sic as we clepe wenſchis and damyſſellis,
 In gerſy gravis wanderand by ſpring wellis,
 Of blomed branſchis and flouris quhyte and rede
 Plettand thare luſty chaplettis for thare hede :
 Sum ſang ring ſangis, dancis, ledis, and roundis,
 With vocis ſchil, quhil all the dale reſoundis ;
 Quhareſo thay walk into thare karoling,
 For amourus layis dois all the rochis ring :
 Ane ſang, *The ſchip ſalis ouer the ſalt fame,*
Will bring thir merchandis and my lemane hame ;
 Sum uther ſingis, *I wil be blyith and licht,*
My bert is lent apoun ſa gudly wicht.
 And thoctful luſſais rownyis to and fro,
 To leis thare pane, and plene thare joly wo ;
 Eftir thare giſe, now ſingand, now in ſorow,
 With hertis penſive, the lang ſomeris morow :
 Sum ballettis liſt endite of his lady,
 Sum levis in hope, and ſum alluterly
 Diſparit is, and ſa quyte oute of grace,
 Hys purgatory he fyndis in every place.
 To pleis hys luſe ſum thoct to flatter and fene,
 Sum to hant bawdry and unleiſum mene ;

Sum

Sum rownys till his fallow, thaym betwene,
 Hys mery stouth and pastyme lait yiftrene :
 Smyland fais ane, I couth in private
 Schaw the ane burd. Ha, quhat be that, quod he ?
 Quhat thing ? That moit be secrete, said the uthir.
 Gude lord ! mysbeleve ye your verry brothyr ?
 Na nevir ane dele, bot herkys quhat I wald,
 Thou man be prevy : lo my hand uphald :
 Than sal thou wend at evin : quod he, quhiddir ?
 In sic ane place here west, we baith togiddir,
 Quhare sche so freschlye sang this hinder nicht :
 Do cheis the ane, and I fall quench the licht.
 I fall be thare, quod he, I hope ; and leuch ;
 Ya, now I knaw the mater wele yneuch.
 Thus oft divulgate is thys schameful play,
 Na thing accordyng to our halefum *May*,
 Bot rathir contagiis and infectyve,
 And repugnant that fessoun nutritive ;
 Quhen new curage kitillis all gentil hertis,
 Seand throw kynd ilk thing spryngis and revertis.
 Dame naturis menstrualis, on that uthyr parte,
 Thare blisful bay intonyng every arte,
 To bete thare amouris of thare nychtis bale.
 The merle, the mavys, and the nychtingale,
 Wyth mirry notis myrthfully furth brist,
 Enforfing thaym quha nicht do clink it best :
 The kowschot croudis and pyrkis on the ryse,
 The stirling changis divers stevynnys nyse ;
 The sparrow chirmis in the wallis clyft,
 Goldspink and lintquhite fordynnand the lyft ;
 The gukkow galis, and so quhitteris the quale,
 Quhil ryveris reirdit, schawis, and every dale,
 And tendir twistis trymblyt on the treis,
 For birdis sang, and bemyng of the beis,
 In werblis dulce of hevinlie armonyis,
 The larkis loude releifchand in the skyis,

Lovis

Lovis thare lege with tonys curious ;
 Bayth to dame Natur, and the fresche VENUS,
 Rendring hie laudis in thare observance,
 Quhais suggourit throttis made glade hartis dance,
 And al smal foulis singis on the spray.

Welcum the lord of licht, and lampe of day,
 Welcum fosterare of tender herbis grene,
 Welcum quhikkynnar of flurist flouris schene,
 Welcum support of every rute and vane,
 Welcum confort of al kind frute and grane,
 Welcum the birdis beild apoun the brere,
 Welcum maister and reulare of the yere,
 Welcum welefare of husbandis at the plewis,
 Welcum reparare of woddis, treis, and bewis,
 Welcum depaynter of the blomyt medis,
 Welcum the lyffe of every thing that spredis,
 Welcum storable of al kynd bestial,
 Welcum be thy bricht bemes gladand al,
 Welcum celestiall myrrour and espye,
 Atteiching all that hantis sluggardry.

And with this wourd, in chawmer quhare I lay,
 The nynt morow of fresche temperit *May*,
 On fute I sprent into my bare fark,
 Wilful for to complete my langsum wark,
 Twiching the lattir buke of Dan VIRGIL,
 Quhilk me had taryit al to lang ane quhyle :
 And to behald the cummyng of this King,
 That was so welcum to al warldly thyng,
 With sic triumph and pompus curage glaid,
 Than of his soverane chymmes, as is said.
 Newlie arising in his estate ryall,
 That by his hew, but orliger or dyal,
 I knew it was past four houris of day,
 And thocht I wald na langare ly in *May*,
 Les PHEBUS fuld me losingere attaynt :
 For PROGNE had or than founng hir complaynt,

And

And eik hir dredful sister PHILOMENE
 Hir layis endit, and in woddis grene
 Hid hir selvin, eschamit of hir chance :
 And ESACUS completit his pennance,
 In ryveris, fludis, and on every laik :
 And PERISTERA biddis luffaris awake,
 Do serf my lady VENUS here with me,
 Lerne thus to make your observance, quod sche,
 Ladyis into my fwete-hartis presence
 Behaldis how I beinge. and dois reverence.
 Hir neck than scho wrinkliss, trasing mony fold
 With plumis glitterand, asure apoun gold,
 Rendring ane cullour betwix grene and blew,
 In purpure glance of hevinlie variant hew ;
 I mene our awin native bird, the gentil dow,
 Singand on hir kynde, *I come bidder to wow* ;
 So prikking hir grene curage for to crowde
 In amorus voce, and wowar soundis lowde ;
 That for the dynnyng of hir wantoun cry,
 I irkit of my bed, and mycht not ly,
 Bot gan me blis, syne in my wedis dressis :
 And for it was are morow, or tyme of messis,
 I hint ane scripture, and my pen furth tuke ;
 Syne thus began of VIRGIL the twelt buke.

In his Prologue to the 13th Book, or MATTHEUS' Supplement, our author presents us with the following picture of a Summer Evening :

Towart the evyn, amyd the someris hete,
 Quhen in the Crab APOLLO held hys sete,
 During the joyus moneth tyme of June,
 As gone nere was the day, and supper done ;
 I walkit furth about the feildis ryte,
 Quhilkis tho replenist stude ful of delyte,
 With herbis, cornes, cattel and frute treis,
 Plente of store, birdis and besy beis,

In emerand medis fleand eft and west,
 Eftir labour to tak the nychtis rest.
 And as I lukit on the list me by,
 All birnand rede gan waxin the evin sky;
 The son enfyrit hale, as to my ficht,
 Quhirllit about his ball with bemes bricht,
 Declynand fast towart the north in dede,
 And fyrie PHLEGON his dym nychtis stede
 Doukit fa depe his hede in fludis gray,
 That PHEBUS rollis doun under hel away:
 And HESPERUS in the west with bemes bricht
 Upspringis, as fore rydare of the nycht.
 Amyd the hawchis, and every lusty vale,
 The recent dew begynnys doun to skale,
 To meis the birning quhare the sone had schyne,
 Quhilk tho was to the nether warld declyne:
 At every pylis poynt and cornes croppis
 The teicheris stude, as lemand beriall droppis,
 And on the halefum herbis, clene but wedis,
 Like cristall knoppis or small silver bedis:
 The licht begouth to quenschying out and fall,
 The day to dirken, declyne and devall:
 The gummis risis, doun fallis the donk rym,
 Bayth here and thare skuggis and schaddois dym:
 Up gois the bak with hir pelit leddren flicht,
 The larkis discendis from the skyis hicht,
 Singand hir complene sang eftir hir gife,
 To take hir rest, at matyne houre to ryse:
 Out ouer the swyre swymmys the foppis of myst,
 The nicht furth spred hir cloik wyth fabyll lyft;
 That al the bewty of the fructuous feild
 Was wyth the erthis umbrage clene ouerheild:
 Bayth man and beist, firth, flude, and woddys wylde
 Involvit in the schaddois war insylde:
 Styll war the foulis fleis in the are,
 All store and cattall sesit in thare lare;
 All creature quhare so thame lykis best
 Bownis to tak the halefum nychtis rest,
 Eftir the dayis laubour and the hete:
 Clois warren all and at thare soft quiet,
 But sterage or removying, he or sche,
 Outhir beist, bird, fysche, foule by land or se.
 And schortly every thyng that doith repare
 In firth or feild, flude, forest, erth or are,
 Or in the scroggis, or the buskis ronk,
 Lakis, mareffis, or thare poulis donk:

Aftablit lyggis styl to fleip and restis
 Be the small birdis fyttand on thare nestis,
 The lytil mydgis, and the uresum fleis,
 Lauborius emottis, and the biffy beis;
 Als wele the wyld as the tame bestiall,
 And every uthir thingis grete and small:
 Out tak the mery nyctyngale *Philomene*,
 That on the thorne sat syngand fro the splene.

Day-break, or the dawning of the day, he describes thus:

Younder doun dwynis the evin fky away,
 And upspringis the bricht dawning of the day:
 In till ane uthir place, not fer in funder,
 That to behald was plesance, and half wounder,
 Furth quencheing gan the sternes ane be ane,
 That now is left bot *LUCIFER* allane.
 And forthirmore, to blasin this new day,
 Quhay nicht discryve the birdis blistul lay?
 Belyve on wyng the biffy lark upsprang,
 To salute the bricht morow with hir sang:
 Sone ouer the feildis schynes the licht clere,
 Welcum to pilgryme baith and lauborere:
 Tyte on his hynes gaif the Greif ane cry;
 Awalk, on fute, go tyl our husbandry:
 And the hird callis furth apoun his page,
 To drive the catall to thare pasturage:
 The hynes wiffe clepis up *Katherine* and *Gyl*;
 Ya, dame, said thay, God wate, with na gude will.
 The dewye grene powderit with dasyis gay
 Schew on the sward ane cullour dapil gray:
 The mysty vapouris spryngand up ful swete,
 Maist comfortabil to glaid al mannis sprete:
 Thareto thir birdis singis in thare schawis,
 As menstralis playis, *The joly day now dawis.*

In these two Prologues GAWIN DOUGLAS records the first lines of a few songs, undoubtedly the favourites of his day:

*The schip salis ouer the salt fame,
 Will bring thir merchandis, and my lemane hame.*

*I will be blyith and licht,
 My hert is lent apoun sa gudly wicht.*

I come bidder to wow.

The joly day now dawis.

All of them seem now to be irretrievably lost—both words and music; excepting the last, the air of which is generally supposed to be the well known *Hey tutti taity*; or,

Landlady count the lawin,
The day is near the dawin, &c.

No Scottish air possesses more genuine simplicity; and to no other is *Wedderburn's* godly parody on *Hey now the day dawis*, so well adapted as to *Hey tutti taity*. The measure, or construction of stanza, and the melody are singular; and appropriate to each other, to all appearance, exclusively.

Of this there seeming no reason to doubt, we may safely pronounce it to be at least as old as the time of JAMES IV. There is even a tradition that it was ROBERT the BRUCE's march at the battle of Bannockburn; but probably no martial music, or musical instrument was there used, excepting, by every man his own bagle, or bullock-horn. Be that as it may, it must be acknowledged that there is no evidence of any other known Scottish Air being older than *Hey now the day dawis*. It seems to be mentioned as a dance in the tale of *Cowkelbie*; see p. 308. According to DUNBAR's account, the *menstralis* (or pipers) of Edinburgh in his time knew hardly any other tune. In a satirical address to the merchants, he says,

Your commone menstralis hes no tune
Bot *Now the day dawis*, and *Into Joun*.

To this day it is often sung at merry-makings as a Ring-song, with the following words:

Weel may we a' be!
Ill may we neu'r see!
God blefs the King
And this companie!
Hey tutti taity,
Hey lilly pretty,
Hey tutti taity,
Merry let us be.

P. 437. l. 21. *Toppa* and *Partelot*. These are fictitious names given to two hens, the cocks paramours, or wyffis, as our author calls them. *Toppa* from the *top* or crest upon her head; *Partelot*, a darling, see p. 380.

OF LUF;

OF LUF; THE STRENGTH AND INCOMMODYTYS OF THE
SAMYN; BY GAWIN DOUGLAS.

WITH bemys schene, thow bricht CYTHERIA,
Quhilk only schaddowist amonge sterris lite;
And thy blynd wyngit son CUPID, ye tua
Fosteraris of birnyng carnale hete delite;
Your joly wo neidlingis moift I endite,
Begynnyng with ane fenyeit faynt plesance,
Continewit wyth lust, and endit wyth penance.

In fragil flesche your febill fede is saw,
Rutit in delyte, welth, and fude delicate,
Nurist with sleuth, and mony unsemly saw,
Quhare schame is loist, thar spredis your burgeons hate,
Oft to revolve ane unlesful confate,
Ripis your perellus frutis and uncorne:
Of wikkit grane how sal gude schais be schorne?

Quhat is your force, bot febling of the strenth?
Your curius thochtis quhat bot musardry?
Your fremmit glaydnes lestis not ane houris lenth,
Your sport for schame ye dar not specifye,
Your frute is bot unfructuous fantasye,
Your fory joyis bene bot janglyng and japis,
And your trew fervandis filly goddis apis.

Your sueit myrthys ar myxt wyth byttirnes,
Quhat is your drery game and mery pane?
Your werk unthrift, your quiet is restless,
Your lust lyking in langour to remane,
Frendschyp torment, your traist is bot ane trane:

O luf

O luf, quhidder art thou joy, or fulyfchnes,
That makys folk fo glayd of thayr dyftres?

SALOMON'S wit, SAMPSOUN thou revist his force,
And DAVID thou bereft his prophecy,
Men sayis thou brydillit ARISTOTELL as ane hors,
And crelit up the floure of Poetry;
Quhat fall I of thy mychtis notify?
Fare weil, quhare that thy lufly dart affalis,
Wit, strenth, riches, na thinge bot grace avalis.

Thow chene of luf, ha *benedicite*!
How hard strenyeis thy bandis every wicht!
The God above, for his hie majeste,
With thé yboud, law on ane maid did licht.
Thou vincust the strang gyand of grete mycht;
Thou art mair forfy than the dede fa fell;
Thou plennyft paradyse, and thou heriit hell.

Thou makis febil wicht, and thou lawest hie;
Thou knyttis freyndschip, quhare thare be na parage;
Thou JONATHAS confiderit with DAVYE,
Thou dantit ALEXANDER for all his vassalage,
Thou festynnyt JACOB fourtene yeris in bondage,
Thou teichit HERCULES go lerne to spyn,
And reik DEIANIRE his meis in lioun skyn.

For luf NARCISSUS perist at the well,
For luf thou stervist moist douchty ACHILL,
THESEUS for luf his fallow socht to hell.
The snaw quhite dow oft to the gray maik will;
Allace for luf, how mony thame self did spill!
Thy fury, luf, moderis tacht, for dispite,
To fyle handis in blude of ther ying childrin lite.

O Lord, quhat writis myne autor of thy force,
In his *Georgikis*? How thy undantit mycht

Constrenis

Constrenis some tyme so the stonyt hors,
 That by the sent of ane mere, fer of fycht,
 He bradis brayis anon, and takis the flicht;
 Na bridill may him dant, nor bustuous dynt,
 Nor bra, hie roche, nor brade fludis stynt.

The bustuous bullis oft for the young kye
 With horne to horne wirkis othir mony wound;
 So rummefin with mony law and cry,
 The feildis all doith of their routing resound.
 The meik hartis in belling oft ar found
 Mak feirs bargane, and rammys togiddir ryn,
 Baris with thare tuskis will frete otheris skyn.

Lo how VENUS can hir servandis acquite,
 Lo how hir passious unbridlis all thare wit;
 Lo how thay tyne thame selfe for schort delite,
 Lo from all grace how to myscheif thay flit,
 Fra weill to sturt, fra pane to dede; and yit
 Thare bene bot fewe exampill takis of other,
 Bot wilfully fallis in the fire, leif brother.

Be never ouerset, myne auctor teichis so,
 With lust of wyne nor werkis veneriane,
 Thay febil the strenth, revelis secrete, boith tuo
 Strife and debait engeneris, and feil has flane.
 Honest proues, drede, schame and luk ar gane
 Quhare thay habound: attempir thame forthy;
 Childer to engendir use VENUS, and not in vane,
 Hant na forset, drink not bot quhen thou art dry.

Quhat? Is this luf nyce luffaris, as ye mene,
 Or fals dissait, fare Ladyis to begyle?
 Thame to defoule, and schent your self betuene,
 Is all your liking with many subtell wile.
 Is that trew luf, gude faith and fame to fyle?

Gif

Gif luf be vertew, than is it leful thing ;
Gif it be vice, it is your undoing.

Sayis not your sentence thus, skant worth ane fas ;
Quhat honeste or renowne, is to be dram ?
Or for to droup like ane fordullit as ?
Lat us in ryot leif, in sport and gam,
In VENUS court, sen born thareto I am,
My tyme wel fall I spend : wenys thou not so ?
Bot all your solace fall returne in gram ;
Sic thewles lustis in bittir pane and wo.

Thou auld hafard leichoure ! fy for schame,
That flotteris furth evermare in sluggardry :
Out on the, auld trat, agit wyffe or dame,
Eschames ne time in roust of syn to ly :
Thir VENUS werkis in youtheid ar foly,
But into eild thay turn in fury rage.
And wha schameles doublis thar syn, ha fy !
As dois thir vantouris owthir in youth or age ?

Wald God ye purchest but youre awin mischance,
And ware na banereris for to perys mo ;
God grant sum time ye turne you to pennance,
Refrenyng lustis inordinat, and cry ho ;
And thare affix your luf, and myndis also,
Quhare ever is verray joy without offence,
That all sic beistly fury ye lat go hence.

Of brokaris and sic baudry how suld I write ?
Of quham the fylth stynketh in Goddis neis.
With VENUS hen wyffis, quhat wyse may I flyte ?
That straykis thir wenschis hedes, them to pleis :
Douchter, for thy luf this man has grete diseis,
Quod the bismere with the flekit speche :
Rew on him, it is merit his pane to meis.
Sic pode-makrellis for LUCIFER bene leche.

Eschame

Eschame young virgins, and fair damycellis,
 Furth of wedlok for to distyne your kellis;
 Traist not all talis that wantoun wowaris tellis,
 You to defloure purposyng, and not ellis:
 Abhore sic price or prayer; wourfchip failis
 Quhare schame is loist, and schent is womanhede;
 Quhat of beuté quhare honeste lyis dede?

Rew on your self, ladyis and madynnys ying;
 Grant na sic reuth, that ever may caus^e you rew:
 Ye fresche gallandis, in hate desire byrnyng,
 Refrene your curage, sic peramouris to persew;
 Ground your amouris on cherite all new,
 Found you on resoun; quhat nedis mare to preche?
 God grant you grace in luf as I you teich.

Lo thare! quhat thocht, quhat bittirnes and pane,
 Luf un-fely breidis in every wicht,
 Quhou schort quhile dois his fals plesance remane?
 His restles blis how sone takis the flicht?
 His kyndnes alteris in wraith within ane nycht;
 Quhat is bot torment all hys langsum fare?
 Begun with fere, and endit in dispere.

Quhat fussy, cure, and strange ymagyning?
 Quhat wayis unlesfull, his purpois to atteyne,
 Has this fals lust at his first begynnyng?
 How subtell wilis, and mony quiet mene?
 Quhat slicht dissait quentlie to flat and fene?
 Syne in ane thraw can not him selfyn hyde,
 Nor at his first estate no quhile abide.

Thou swelth devourare of tyme unrecoverabill,
 O lust infernale! furnes inextinguibill,
 Thy self consuming worthis infaciabill,
 Quent feyndis net, to God and man odibil:
 Of thy tragetis quhat tounge may tell the tribyll?

With the to wrestil, thou waxis euermare wicht;
 Eschewe thyne hant, and mynnis fall thy mycht.

Se how blynd luffis inordinate desire
 Degradis honour, and reffoun dois exile;
Dido of *Cartage* floure, and lampe of *Tyre*,
 Quhais hie renoune na strenth nor gift mycht fyle,
 In hir fanyt lust so mait within schort quhile,
 That honestye bayth and gude fame war adew,
 Syne for disdene, allace! hir felfin flew.

O quhat avalit thy brute and glorious name,
 Thy nobyll tressour and werkis infynyt?
 Thy cyeteis beilding, and thy riall hame,
 Thy realmes conquest, welesfare and delyte?
 To stynt all thinge sayf thyne awne appetite,
 So was in luf thy frawart destany.
 Allace, the quhile thou knewe the strange *Enee*

P. 445. l. 1. *Cytheria*. A name sometimes given to the goddess of Love; and hence, also to the evening star. "To shine with splendid beams" is an expression not usually applied to a star; but there is no room to suppose that DOUGLAS here fell into the same mistake with JAMES I. in his prologue to *The Quair*, by writing *Cytheria* instead of *Cynthia*,

Heigh in the hevynis _____
 _____ *Cytheria* the clere,
 Thro Capricorn hevit hir hornis bright.

In the time of JAMES I. it was not known that the evening star had phases like the moon. By the way, there is a remarkable similarity of language and manner between "Kings Quair" and the "Palice of Honour." Compare stanza 41 of this with st. 7 of "Kings Quair;" st. 28 with st. 31; st. 30 with st. 23, &c.

P. 448. last line. *Sie pode makrellis for Lucifer bene lecke*. *Makrellis* from the French *maquerelle*, or Dutch *makelaersker*, a Bawd. "For such filthy bawds, Lucifer is the fittest *Lege*, or Superiour;" or perhaps, "such filthy strumpets are the loyal or hearty *Lieges* or subjects of Lucifer."

SATYRE ON THE TYMES; QUHAIRIN THE AUCTOR SCHAWIS
THE STAIT OF THYS FALS WARLD, QUHOU ALL
THYNG IS TURNIT FRA VERTUE TYL VYCE.

[“MAYSTER GAVIN DOUGLAS, (we read,) was ane
“cunning clerk of many faculties, and the best poet
“in our vulgar tongue that ever was born in our
“nation.” “In his prologues, where he bath his
liberty (says HUME, in his History of the Family)
he sheweth a natural and ample vein of poesie, so pure,
pleasant, and judicious, that I believe there is none
that bath written before or since, but cometh short of
him: Particularly, there is not such a piece to be
found, as his prologue to the eighth book, beginning
Of drevilling and dremys, &c. at least in our lan-
guage.”

*This being the testimony of a competent judge of Poe-
try, it would be a glaring defect in this work to omit
such a favourite composition.]*

OF drevilling and dremys quhat doith to endite?
For as I lenit in an ley in Lent this last nycht,
I flaid on ane swevynyng, flomerand ane lite,
And sone ane felkouth sege I saw to my sycht,
Swownand as he swelt wald, and sowpit in site;
Was never wrocht in this warld mare woful ane wicht.
Ramand: “Resoun and rycht ar rent be fals ryte,

Frendschip

Frendschip flemyt is in *France*, and faith has tane flicht,
Leyis, lurdanry and lust ar oure laid sterne ;

Pece is put out of play,
Welth and welefare away,
Luf and lawte bayth tway
Lurkis ful derne.

Langour lent is in land, al lichtnes is loist,
Sturtin study has the stere dystroyand our sport,
Musing merris our myrth, half mangit almoist ;
So thochtis thretis in thra our breistis ouerthort,
Baleful besynes bayth blis and blythnes gan boist :
Thare is na sege for na schame that schrynkis at schorte
May he cum to hys cast be clokyng but coist,
He rekkyns nowthir the richt, nor rekles report :
All is wele done, God wate, weild he his wyll.

That berne is best can not blyn
Wrangwis gudis to wyn ;
Quhy suld he spare for ony syn
Hys lust to fulfil ?

All ledis langis in land to lauch quhat thame leif is,
Luffaris langis only to lok in thare lace
Thare ladyis lusely on louk, but lett or relevis,
Quha sportis thame on the spray sparis for na space :
The galyeard grume gruntschis, at gamys he grevis ;
The fillok hir deformyt fax wald have ane fare face,
To mak hir maikles of hir man, at myster mycheivis :
The gude wyffe gruffling before God, gretis eftir
grace,

The lard langis eftir land to leif to his are ;
The preist for ane personage,
The servand eftir his wage,
The thrall to be of thirlage
Langis ful fare,

The myllare mythis the multure wyth ane mett nocht
fkant,

For drouth had drunken up his dam in the dry yere ;
The cageare cawis furth his capyl wyth crakkis wele
cant,

Calland the colyeare ane knaif and culroun full quere :
Sum fchepehird flais the lardis fchepe, and fais he is
ane fant,

Sum grenis quhil the gers grow for his gray mere,

Sum sparis nowthir sprituall, spoufit wyffe, nor ant,

Sum fellis folkis sustenance, as God sendis the fere ;

Sum glasteris at the gangatoris, al for gude wull :

Sum spendis on the auld use,

Sum makis ane tume ruse,

Sum grenis eftir ane guse,

To fars his wame full.

The wrache walis and wryngis for this warldis wrak

The mukerar murnys in his mynd the meil gaif na
pryce,

The pirate preissis to peil the peddir his pak,

The hafartouris haldis thame haryit, hant thay not the
dyse,

The burges bringis in his buith the broun and the blak,

Byand befely bayne, buge, bever and byce ;

Sum ledis langis on the land, for luf or for lak,

To fembyl with thare chaftis, and sett apoun fyfe ;

The fchipman schrenkis the fchour, and settis to the
fchore ;

The hyne cryis for the corne,

The broustare the bere fchorne,

The feist the fidler to morne

Covatis ful fore.

The railyeare rekkinis na wourdis, bot ratlis furth
ranys,

For rude and ryot refouns bayth roundalis and ryme,

Sweyngouris

Sweyngeouris and skuryvagis, fwankys and fwanys,
 Gevis na cure to cun craft, nor comptis for na cryme,
 Wyth beirdis as beggaris, thocht byg be thare banys,
 Na laubour list thay luke tyl, thare luffis are bierd
 lyme :

Get ane bismare ane barne, than al hyr blys gane is,
 She wyl not wyrk thocht sche want, bot waiftis hir
 tyme,

In thigging, as it thryft war, and uthir vane thewis,
 And flepis quhen sche fuld spyn,
 Wyth na wyl the warld to wyn;
 This cuntre is ful of CAYNES kyn,
 And fyc fchyre schrewis.

Quhat wykkitnes, quhat wanthryft now in warld
 walkis ?

Bale has banist blythnes, boist grete brag blawis,
 Prattis are repute policy and perrellus paukis ;
 Dygnite is laide doun, derth to the dur drawis ;
 Of trattillis and of tragedyis the text of al talk is ;
 Lordis are left landles be unlele lawis,
 Burges bryngis hame the bothe to breid in the balkis ;
 Knychtis ar cowhubyis, and commouns plukkis craw-
 is ;

Clerkis for uncunnandes mysknawis ilk wycht ;
 Wyffis wald haif al thare wyl,
 Yneuch is not half fyl,
 Is nowthir reffoun nor skyl
 In erd haldin rycht.

Sum latit lattoun but lay lepis in loud-wyt ;
 Sum pynis furth ane pan boddum, to prent fals plak-
 kis ;
 Sum goukis quhil the glas pyg grow al of gold zyt,
 Throw cure of quentaffence, thocht clay muggis
 crakkis ;

Sum

Sum wernour for this warldis wrak wendis by hys
wyt ;

Sum treitchour crynis the cunze, and kepis corn
stakkis ;

Sum prig penny, sum pyke thank with prevy promit ;
un jarris with ane jed-staff to jag throw blak jakkis.
Quhat fenyet fare, quhat flattery, and quhat fals ta-
lis ?

Quhat mysery is now in land ?

How many crakkit cunnand ?

For nowthir aithis, nor band,

Nor felis avalis.

Preistis suld be patteraris, and for the pepyl pray :

To be Papis of patrymone now prelati pretendis ;

Ten teyndis ar ane trompe, bot gyf he tak may

Ane kinrik of parisch kyrkis, cuplit with commendis.

Quha ar wirkaris of this were, quha walknaris of wa,

Bot incompetabyl clergy, that Christindome offendis ?

Quha reiffis, quha ar ryotus, quha rekles bot thay ?

Quha peillis the pure commouns bot kyrkmen, wele
kend is ?

Thare is na state of thare style that standis content ;

Knycht, clerk nor commoun,

Burges, nor barroun,

All wald have up that is down ;

Welterit the went !"

And as this leid, at the last, liggand me seis,

With ane luke unlussum he lent me sic wourdis :

Quhat berne be thou in bed with hede full of beis ?

Graithst lyke sum knappare, and as thy grace gurdis

Lurkand lyke ane longeoure ? Quod I, Loune, thou
leis.

Ha, wald thou fecht, quod the freik, we have bot few
swordis ;

Thare

Thare is sic haift in thy hede, I hope thou wald neis,
That brangillis thus with thi boist, quhen bernis with
thé bourdis.

Quod I, Churle, ga chat the, and chide with ane uthir.
Moif the not, said he than,
Gyf thou be ane gentyl man,
Or ony curtasy can,
Myne awin leif bruthir :

I speik to the into sport ; spel me thys thyng,
Quhat lykis ledis in land ? Quhat maist langis thou ?
Quod I, Smaik, lat me slepe ; sum skynnar thé hing :
I wene, thou biddis na bettir bot I brek thy brow :
To me is myrk myrrour ilk mannis menyng ;
Sum wald be court man, sum clerk, and sum ane cache
kow,
Sum knycht, sum capitane, sum Caifer, sum King,
Sum wald have welth at thare wil, and sum thar
waime fow,
Sum langis for the levir ill to lik of ane quart,
Sum for thare bontay ar boune,
Sum to se the new mone ;
I lang to haif our buke done,
I tel the my part.

Thy buke is bot bribery, said the berne than,
Bot I fall lere the ane lessoun to leis al thy pane :
With that he raucht me ane roll : to rede I begane,
The royetest ane ragment with mony ratt rime,
Of all the mowis in this mold, fen God merkit man,
The moving of the mapamound, and how the mone
schane,
The pleuch, and the poles, the planettis began,
The Son, the sevin sternes, and the *Charle* wane,

The

The elwand, the elementis, and *Arthuris* huffe,
 The Horne, and the Hand staffe,
Prater *Jbone* and *Port Jaffe*,
 Quhy the corne has the casse,
 And kow weris clufe.

Thir romanis ar bot ridlis, quod I to that ray,
 Lede, lere me ane uthir lessoun, this I ne like.
 I persais, fyr Persoun, thy purpois persay,
 Quod he, and drew me doun derne in delf by ane dyke,
 Had me hard by the hand, quhare ane hurd lay,
 Than prively the pennys begouth up to pike :
 Bot quhen I walknyt, al that welth was wiskit away,
 I fand not in all that feild, in faith, ane be bike :
 For as I grunfchit at that grume, and glisnyt about,
 I gryppit graithlie the gil,
 And every modywart hil ;
 Bot I mycht pike thare my fyl,
 Or penny come out.

Than wox I tene, that I tuke to sic ane *trussuris* tent,
 For swevinnyis and for swevyngouris that slumberis
 not wele,

Mony marvellus mater never merkit nor ment
 Wil segeis se in thare slepe, and sentence but sele :
 War al sic sawis suthfast, with schame war I schent,
 This was bot faynt fantasy, in faith, that I feil ;
 Never wourd in verite, bot al in waist went,
 Throw riotnes and raving, that made myne ene reil,
 Thus lysnyt I as losingere sic lewdnes to luke :

Bot, quhen I saw nane uthir bute,
 I sprent spedily on fute,
 And under ane tre rute

Begouth this aucht buke.

St. 1. l. 4. *Selkouth sege*, strange person; from the *Ang. Sax. sel-cotb*, *rarus*; and *seeg*, miles, or simply, vir. In the 2d line, *ley* means bed.

P. 453. l. 12. *Glasters at the gangatoris*. Rails against, or teizes the *gangiateres*, that is, the officers appointed to inspect weights and measures. The edition 1710 reads "Sum glasteris, and thay gang at all for gate woll." In the first line of this page it also reads "wyth ane mett skant."

—— l. 23. *Bayns, buge, bever*, and *byce*. In *Belg. Bauwen* is a woman's gown, and *buys*, a soldiers coat. *Buge*, lambs-fur. It is doubtful if *bever* then meant the skin of the animal now so called. The first word of the line probably means "Calling out."

P. 454. l. 30. *Sum lattit lattoun*, &c. This difficult line, according to RUDDIMAN, means "Some, contrary to law, make counterfeit money of mixt or soft metal washed over with white lead." His edition reads "*lepis in lawde lyte*," apparently an error, for *loud-wyt*, *Belg. Cerufs*, or white lead. The next line but one, "Some Alchemysts foolishly wait to see their crystal vessel filled with gold dust."

P. 455. l. 6. *Jed-staf*. *Jedburgh* staves are thus described by JOHN MAJOR, f. 48. "*Ferrum chalybeum 4 pedibus longum in robusti ligni extremo Jeduardienses artifices ponunt*." So that the meaning of the line seems to be, "Some spend their time in learning to use the Jed-staff, or spear with dexterity."

—— l. 28. *Welterit the went*! "Thus the course of human affairs is turned upside-down,"

A Specimen of VIRGIL's Æneid, as translatit be
GAWIN DOUGLAS.

OF ENEAS SACRIFYCE BY NYCHT,
AND HOW TO HEL HE TUIK THE WAY FUL RYCHT.

THIS beand done, SIBYLLAIS commandement
ENEAS addres performe incontinent.
Thare stude ane dirk, and profound cave fast by,
Ane hidduous hol, depe gapand and gryfly,
All ful of cragis, and uthir scharp flynt stanys,
Quhilk was weil dykit and clofit for the nanys
With ane foule laik, als blak as ony craw,
And skuggis dym of ane ful derne wod schaw ;
Above the quhilk na foule may fle but skaith,
Exalatiouns or vapouris blak and laith
Furth of that dedely golf thrawis in the are,
Sic wyse na bird may thidder mak repaire ;
Quharfore Grekis AVERNUS clepis this stede,
The place but foulis, to say ; or pit of dede.
Here first ENEE, at this ilk entre vyle,
Foure young stottis addressit, blak of pyle ;
The Nun SIBYLLA refavis thaym, and syne
Amyd thare forhedis quhelmyt on coupis of wyne ;
And of thare top, betuix thare hornes tuay,
The ouermest haris has sche pullit away,
And in the haly ingill, as was the gise,
Kest thaym, in manere of the first sacrifice,
Apoun HECATE cryand with mony ane yell,
Mychtfull in hevin, and depe doungeoun of hel.
Sum fleuit knyffis in the beistis throttis,
And utheris (quhilk war ordant for sic notis)
The warme new blude keppit in coup and pece ;
ENEE hymself ane yow, was blak of flece,
Brytnit with his fwerd in sacrifice ful hie

Unto

Unto the moder of the furies thre,
 And hir grete sifter, and to PROSERPYNE
 Ane yeld kow all to trinschit: and eftir fyne
 To the infernale King, quhilk PLUTO hate,
 Hys nycht altaris begouth to dedicate;
 The haile boukis, of beistis bane and lyre
 Amyd the flambis keist and haly fyre;
 The fat olye did he yet and pere
 Apoun the entrellis, to mak thaym birne clere.
 Bot lo ane litil befor the son rising
 The ground begouth to rummys, croyn and rynn
 Under thare fete, and woddy toppis hie
 Of thir hillis begin to move thay fe;
 Amang the schaddois and the skuggis merk
 The hell houndis herd thy youle and berk,
 At cummyn of the Goddes PROSERPYNE.
 SIBYLLA cryis, the prophetes divyne,
 Al ye that bene prophane, away, away,
 Swyith outwith, al the sanctuary hy you hay:
 And thou quod sche, hald on thy way with me;
 Draw furth thy fwerd, for now is nede, ENEE,
 To schaw thy manhede, and be of ferme curage.
 Thus fer sche sayd, smyte with the godlie rage,
 And therwith enteris in the opin caif:
 ENEAS unabasit, fra al the laif,
 Fallowis his gyde with equale pace ful richt.

Thay walkit furth so dirk oneith thay wyft
 Quhiddel thay went amyddis dym schaddois thare,
 Quhare ever is nicht, and neuer licht doith repare,
 Throw out the waist dungeoun of PLUTO king,
 Thay vode boundis, and that gousty ring:
 Sicklyke as quha wald throw thick woddis wend,
 In obscure light quhare none may not be kend,
 As JUPITER the King Etherial
 With erdis skug hydys the hevynnys al,

And

And the myrk nycht wyth hir vyfage gray
From every thing has rest the hew away.

Fra thine strekis the way profound anone,
Depe unto hellis flude of ACHERONE,
With holl bisme, and hidduous swelth unrude,
Drumly of mude, and skaldand as it war wode,
Populand and boukand furth of athir hand,
Unto COCYTAS al his slike and fand :
Thir riveris and thir watteris kepit war
Be ane CHARON, ane grisly ferryar,
Terribyl of schape, and fluggard of array,
Apoun his chin feill chanos haris gray,
Liart felterit tatis ; with birnand ene rede,
Lyke tua fyre blefis, fixit in his hede ;
His smottrit habit ouer his schulderis lidder,
Hang peuagely knyt with ane knot togidder.
Himself the cowbil with his bolm furth schewe,
And quhen him list halit up salis fewe.
This ald hafard caryis ouer fludis hote
Spretis and figuris in his irne hewit bote,
All thocht he eildit was, or step in age,
Als fery and als fwipper as ane page.
For in ane God the age is fresche and grene,
Infatigabil and immortall as thay mene.
Thidder to the bray swermyt al the rout
Of dede goistis, and stude the bank about :
Baith matrouns, and thar huibandis al yferis,
Ryall princis, and nobyl cheveleris,
Small childer and young damifellis unwed,
And fair springaldis lately dede in bed,
In faderis and moderis presence laid on bere ;
Als grete nowmer thidder thikkit infere,
As in the first frost eftir hervist tyde
Levis of treis in the wod dois flyde ;
Or byrdis flokkis ouer the fludis gray,

Unto

Unto the land sekand the nerrest way,
 Quhen the cauld seffoun thame cachis ouer the see,
 Into sum benar realme and warme cuntre.
 Thare stude thay prayand sum support to get,
 That thay micht wyth the formest ouer be set,
 And gan upheving pietuously handis tway,
 Langand to be apoun the forthir bray.
 Bot this soroufull boteman, wyth bryme luke,
 Now thir, now thame within his weschell tuke;
 And uthir sum expellit, and made do stand.
 Fer from the river syde apoun the sand;

Awounderit of this sterage, and the preis,
 Say me, virgine, sayd ENEE, or thou ceis,
 Quhat menis sic confluence on this wattir syde?
 Quhat wald thir faulis? quhy will thay not abyde?
 Quhilk caufis bene, or quhat diversite,
 Sum fra the brayis thame withdraw I se;
 Ane uthir fort eik of thir faulis dede
 Rollit ouer this ryver cullourit as the lede?

This ancient religious woman than,
 But mare delay, to ansure thus began.
 ANCHISES get! heynd childe, curtes and gude,
 Discend undoutable of the Goddis blude!
 The deip stank of COCYTUS dois thou se,
 And eik the hellis pule hate STYX, quod sche,
 Be quhais mychtys the Goddis ar sul laith,
 And dredis fare to swere, syne fals thare aith:
 Al thir thou seis stoppit at the schore,
 Bene helples folk unerdit and forlore:
 Yone grisslie feriare, to name CHARON hate,
 Thay bene al beryt he caryis in his bate:
 It is not til him leful, he ne may
 Thame ferry ouer thir rowtand fludis gray,
 Nor to the hidduous yonder coistis have,

Quhil

Quhil thare banis be laid to rest in grave.
 Quha ar unberyit ane hundreth yere mon bide
 Waverand and wandrand by this bankis fyde.
 Than at the last to pas ouer in this bote
 Thay bene admittit, and coistis thaym not ane grote.

A PROTESTATION TO THE READER.

NOW I protest, gud Readers, be your leif,
 Be weill avisit my werk or ye repreif,
 Consider it werly, rede ofter than anys,
 Weil at ane blenk fle poetry not tane is.
 And yit forsoith I set my besy pane
 (As that I couth) to mak it brade and plane,
 Kepand no *Sodroun*, bot oure awin langage,
 And speke as I lerned quhen I wes ane page:
 Na yit so clene all *Sudroun* I refuse,
 Bot sum worde I pronounce as nychboure dois;
 Like as in *Latine* bene *Grewe* termes sum,
 So me behuffit quhilum, or be dum;
 Sum bastard *Latyne*, *Frensche*, or *Ynglis* ois,
 Quhare scant wes *Scottis*, I had nane uther choïs;
 (Not that oure toung is in the selvin skant,
 Bot for that I the fouth of langage want,)
 Quhare as the cullour of his propirte,
 To keip the sentence, thareto constrenit me;
 Or that to mak my sayng schorst sum tyme,
 Mare compendius, or to likly my ryme.
 Tharfor gude freyndis, for ane gympe or ane bourd,
 I pray you note me not at every worde.
 Bot rede lele, and tak gude tent in tyme,
 Ye nouthir magil, nor mismeter my ryme,
 Nor alter not my wourdis, I you pray:
 Lo this is all, bew schirris, have gude day.

ANE EXCLAMACIOUN AGANIS DETRACTOURIS AND UNCURTAS REDARIS, THAT BENE OUER STUDIOUS, BUT OCCASIOUN, TO NOTE AND SPYE OUT FALTIS IN THYS VOLUM, OR ONY UTHIR THRIFTY WERKIS.

LO quhat dangere is ocht to compile, allace !
Herand thir detractouris in evry place,
Or euer thay rede the werk, biddis birne the buke :
Sum bene sa frawart in malice and wangrace,
Quhat is wele sayd thay loif not worth ane ace,
Bot castis thame euir to spy out falt and cruke,
Al that thay find in hiddillis, hirne, or nuke,
Thay blaw out, sayand in evry mannis face ;
Lo here he failyeis, lo here he leis, luke.

Fer ethar is, quha list fyt doun and mote,
Ane uthir sayaris faltis to spye and note,
Than but offence or falt thame self to wryte.
Bot for to chyde sum bene so birnand hote,
Hald thay thare pece, the word wald skald thare throte ;
And has sic custume to jangil and bakbyte,
That, bot thay schent, sum thay fuld birst for fyte ;
I say no more, quhen al thare rerde is rounge,
That wicht mon speik, that cannot hald his toung.

ADDITIONAL



ADDITIONAL NOTES TO THE REIGN OF JAMES THE
THIRD.

In the reign of Edward the Fourth, corresponding with that of our James the Third, a Chronicle of England was composed in rhyme by John Harding, "of Northern extraction, and educated in the family of Lord Henry Percy. He appears, says Wharton, to have been indefatigable in examining original records, chiefly with a design of ascertaining the fealty due from the Scottish Kings to the crown of England: and he carried many instruments from Scotland for the elucidation of this important enquiry, at the hazard of his life, which he delivered at different times to Henry the V. and VI. and to Edward IV." A favourite topic of Harding seems to have been the subjugation of Scotland by force of arms, as appears from the following instructions, delivered by him to Edward the Fourth about the year 1462; which may afford some amusement to those readers who search for curiosities rather than for poetry.

JOHN HARDYNG'S ITINERARIE THROUGH SCOTLAND.

NOWE to expresse unto your noble grace,
The verie waie, bothe by sea and lande,
With the distaunce of townes, and every miles space,
Through the chiefeſt parte of all Scotlande,
To conveigh an armie that ye maie take in hande;
Herafter ſhall ſolowe, in as good ordre as I maie,
The true deſcription and diſtaunce of the waie.

From Berwike to Donbarre, twentie miles it is,
 And twentie miles forward unto Haddyngtoun,
 And twelf miles from thence to Edenburgh I wis.
 To Lithko twelfe; and so North-west to bowne,
 Twelfe miles it is unto Sterlyng toun,
 Besouth Foorth, that river principall,
 Of right faire waie, and plentifull at all.

Where that your navy at Leith maie rest safely,
 With all your vitales, a mile from Edenburgh.
 And after at the Blaknesse whiles as ye ly,
 At Sterlyngtoun, which is the Kynges burgh,
 And wyne that shire, all whole out through,
 So shall your navy at your necessitie,
 Bee at your hande still your armie to supplie.

From Sterlyng than, ouer the river of Foorth,
 Pass alongest the bridge to Camskinelle;
 And if it be broken toward the North,
 Unto the soorde of Frew, under the fell,
 Then spede you Westward thre miles as men tell,
 Where ye maie passe to the Doune of Menteth,
 Which passeth from the Foorth thre miles unneth.

Then from the Doune, a waie ye have right faire,
 Through out Menteth, and eke Clakmannan shire,
 And so through Fiffe to Falklande to repaire,
 Thirty long miles without mosse or mire,
 For so it is compted with horse and carte to hire.
 From Sterlyng Eastward, and the high Oghilles,
 Which some men call montaignes, and some felles.

From Falkland then, to Disert toun south-east,
 Twelfe miles it is of faire ready waie;
 And from Falklande to Saint Andrewes, east,
 But other twelfe miles without any naie,
 Wher the Bishoppis see is, and castle as thei saie.
 And at Kyngorne and Disert maie ye mete,
 You for to vitail, all your Englishe flete.

Then ride north-west from St. Andrewes toun,
 Alongest the southe side of the water Taye,
 Up to the burgh of Saint Jhonstoun,
 Right north from Fiffe, a countrie freshe and gaie,
 And from St. Andrewes twenty-four miles thei saie,
 A pleasant ground, and frutefull countree
 Of corne and cattell with prosperitee.

Which

Which countrie of Fife along the Scotishe fee,
And from St. Andrewes to the Oghles, thei faie,
Is fortie thrie miles long of good conntree,
And sometyme in bredth fixe miles of faire waie.
But from Loch Leven, eastward without naie,
Of right good waie, briefly to conclude,
Twelſe miles contein it dooeth in latitude.

At Ennerkethen, and St. Margaretes-hope
Your navy maie receive vitail in that countrie,
Alongest the water of Foorth, as I can grope,
With hulke and barge of no small quantitee,
You to supporte in your necessitee,
So that ye maie not in those countrees faill,
To have for your armie ready vitaill.

Then to St. Jhon's toune, upon the water of Tay,
Within Strathren, that standeth faire and strong,
Ditched aboute fixtene foote I faie,
And twenty feete on bredth ouerthwarte to fong.
It is north-east twenty miles full long,
And nere to Scone Abbay within miles three,
Where alwaies thei croune their kynges majestee.

Which the water of Tay is so navigable,
From the East to St. Jhon's toune,
For all such shippes as bee able
Fourty tunne of wyne to cary up and doune.
For vitaillyng and kepyng of the toune,
Unto the whiche so floweth the water of Tay,
That all the dirches it filleth night and daie.

At the whiche toune, passe over the bridge ye shall
With all your armie hostyng through that land;
Where in Angus, that countree principall,
The Kerse of Gowry dooth lie I understande.
A plentifull countree, I you warrande,
Of corne and catell, and all commoditees,
You to supporte in your necessitees.

Betwixt the mounthes and the water of Tay,
Whiche some do call mountaignes in our language,
Passe Eastward with your armie daie by daie,
From place to place with small cariage.
For your navie shall you mete in this voyage
At Portincragge, shorte waie from Dundé,
With vitailles to refreske your whole armie.

Beside the stuff and vitail of that lande,
Which ye shall finde in the countree as ye go,
And market made alwaies to your hande,
Of all their vitailles although they bee your fo:
Now from St. Jhon's toune, the sothe to saie is so,
Eightene miles it is to the toune of Dundee,
The principal burgh by North the Scotishe see.

Then ride north-east all alongest the see,
Right from Dundee to Arbroith as I mene;
Then to Monroffe and to Barvie,
And so through the Meernes to Cowy as I wene.
Then twelfe miles or more passe to Aberdyne,
Betwene Dee and Done, a goodly citee,
A marchaunt toune and uniuersitee.

Of the whiche waie, thirty miles there is
Of good corne lande, and twenty large extente
Full of catell and other goodes I wisse,
As to moor lande, and heth dooth well appente.
From Brichan citee to the orient,
Where dooth stande upon the see,
A goodly porte and haven for your navie.

Where that the same maie easely you mete,
To vitale your armie wheresoeuer you go,
Ouer all the mountaignes, drie mosses and wete,
Where the Wild Scottes do dwell then passe unto:
That is in Mare and Garioch also,
In Athill, Roffe, Sutherlande and Chatnesse,
Mureffe, Lenox, and out isles I gesse.

And when ye have that lande whole conquered,
Returne againe unto Strivelyne;
And from thence to Glasco homeward,
Twenty and foure miles to St. Mongo's shrine,
Wherwith your offryng ye shall from thence declyne,
And passe on furthwarde to Dumbertayne,
A castle strong and harde for to obtayne.

In which castle St. Patrike was borne,
That afterward in Irelande did winne,
About the whiche floweth even and morne,
The westerne seas without noyse or dinne;
When furthe of the same the streames dooe rinne,
Twise in twenty-foure houres, without any faile,
That no manne maie that strong castle assaile.

Upon a rocke so hie the same dooth stande,
That if the walles wer beaten to the roche,
Yet wer it full heard to climbe with foote or hande,
And so to wyne, if any to them approche.
So strong it is to gette without reproche,
That without hunger and cruell famishment,
It cannot bee taken, to my judgement.

Then from Glasgo to the toune of Aire,
Are twenty miles and foure, well accompted;
A good countree for your armie every where,
And plenteous also, by many one recounted.
For there I was, and at the same I mounted
Toward Lamarke toune, twenty-foure miles
Hemeward trudging, for fere of Scottish giles.

From the toune of Aire in Kile to Galloway,
Through Carriſt passe unto Nithisdale,
Where Dumfriſe is a prettie toune alwaie,
And plentifull also of all good vitail,
For all your armie without any faile.
So that keping this journey by my instruccion,
That realme ye shall bryng in subjeccion.

Then from Dumfriſe to Carlill ye shall ride,
Twenty and foure miles of very redy waie;
So maie ye wyne the lande on every side
Within a yere withouten more delaie.
For castles there is none that withstande you maie,
Nor abide your siege against your ordinance,
So simple and weake is their purveyance.

And if ye like, good lorde, at home to abide,
With little cost your wardens ye maie sende,
Chargyng them all with hostes for to ride
In propre persone, through winter to sende
With morow forraies, thei maie them sore offende
And burne Jedburgh, Hawike, Melrose, and Lauder,
Codyngham, Donglasse, and the toune of Dombarre.

Then sende an hoste of footemen in
At Lammeſſe next through all Lawderdale;
And Lammermore woddes and mossis ouer rin,
And eke therwith the Stowe of Weddale,
Melrose lande, Etrike forrest, and Tividale,
Liddisdale, Ewisdale and Ryngwodfeld,
To the Crike crosse, that riden is fulfeld.

The wardens then, of bothe the marches two,
 To be their staile, and eke their castles strong,
 Them to reskewe from enemies where euir thei go,
 With fleying stailes to folow them ay emong.
 Lesse nor their fooes theim suppressie and song,
 And every night to releve to the hoste,
 And lodge together all upon a coste.

And also then, at the next Mighelmesse,
 The west warden to Domfrise ride he maie,
 Foure and twenty miles from Carelil, as I gesse,
 And then passe forthward through Galowaie.
 To Carrike after, into good araie,
 And then from thence to the towne of Aire,
 In Kile that countree, plentifull and faire.

Next, then from Aire unto Glasgou go,
 A goodly citee and universitee,
 Where plentifull is the countree also,
 Replenished well with all commoditee.
 There maie the warden of the east marche bee,
 And mete the other twaine, as I wene,
 Within ten daies, or at the most fiftene.

The thirde armie from Barwike passe it shall,
 Through Dumbarre, Edenburgh, and Lichko;
 And then to Sterlyng with their power all,
 And next from that unto Glasgo,
 Standyng upon Clide, and where also
 Of corne and cattell is aboundaunce,
 Your armie to vitail at all suffisaunce.

Thus these three armies at Glasgo shall mete,
 Well araied in their armour clene,
 Which homward from thence thei shall retorne complete,
 Foure and twenty miles to Lamarke so shene.
 To Pebles on Twede is sixtene miles I wene,
 To Solray as muche, then twenty miles with spede
 From thence retorne thei shall to Wark on Twede.

Within a moneth this lande maie be destroyed,
 All a south Furth, if wardens will assente,
 So that our enemies shall be sore annoied,
 And wasted bee, and eke for ever shente.
 If wardens thus woorke after myne intente,
 They maie well quenche the cruel enmitee
 This daie be south all the Scotishe see.

Like as I could espie, and diligently enquire,
Which of it maie your highnesse well contente,
It is the thyng that I hertely desire,
And of your grace no more I dooe require,
But that your grace will take in good parte
Not onely my paines, but also my true harte.

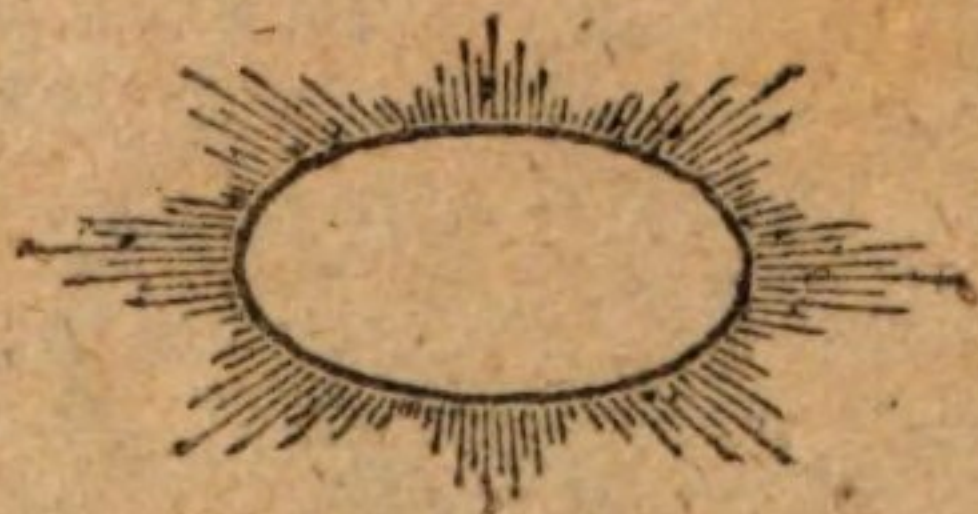
*Of Ebranke, the great grand-son of Brutus, and king
of Albion, our poet gives us the following information:*

In Albany he made and edefyed
The castell of Alclude, which Dumbrytain,
As some autoures by Chronicles hath applyed;
And some say on the *Pight* wall certain,
At the west end it stode, that now is plaine.

He made also the *Mayden-castell* stronge,
That men now calleth the castell of Edenburgh,
That on a rocke standeth full hye out of throng,
On mount *Agwet*, where men may se out through
Full many a toune, castle and borough.

Respecting the name of *Mayden-castle*, a conjecture shall be offered in the preliminary observations to the *Glossary*. Whether *Agwet* be the same with the *Guidi* of Bede, must be left to the decision of Antiquaries.

In the above Itinerarie, no difficulty occurs in the names of places, excepting *Solray*, which may have been erroneously transcribed or printed for *Selkirk*; or *Soltray*, *Soutray*, as *Camskinelle* may also have been for *Cambuskenneth*; and *Weddale* for *Tweeddale*.



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